BIRTH CONTROL—By Father Ignatius W. Cox, S. J., and Dr. Eric Matsn

AUG. 28, 1937

★Liberty

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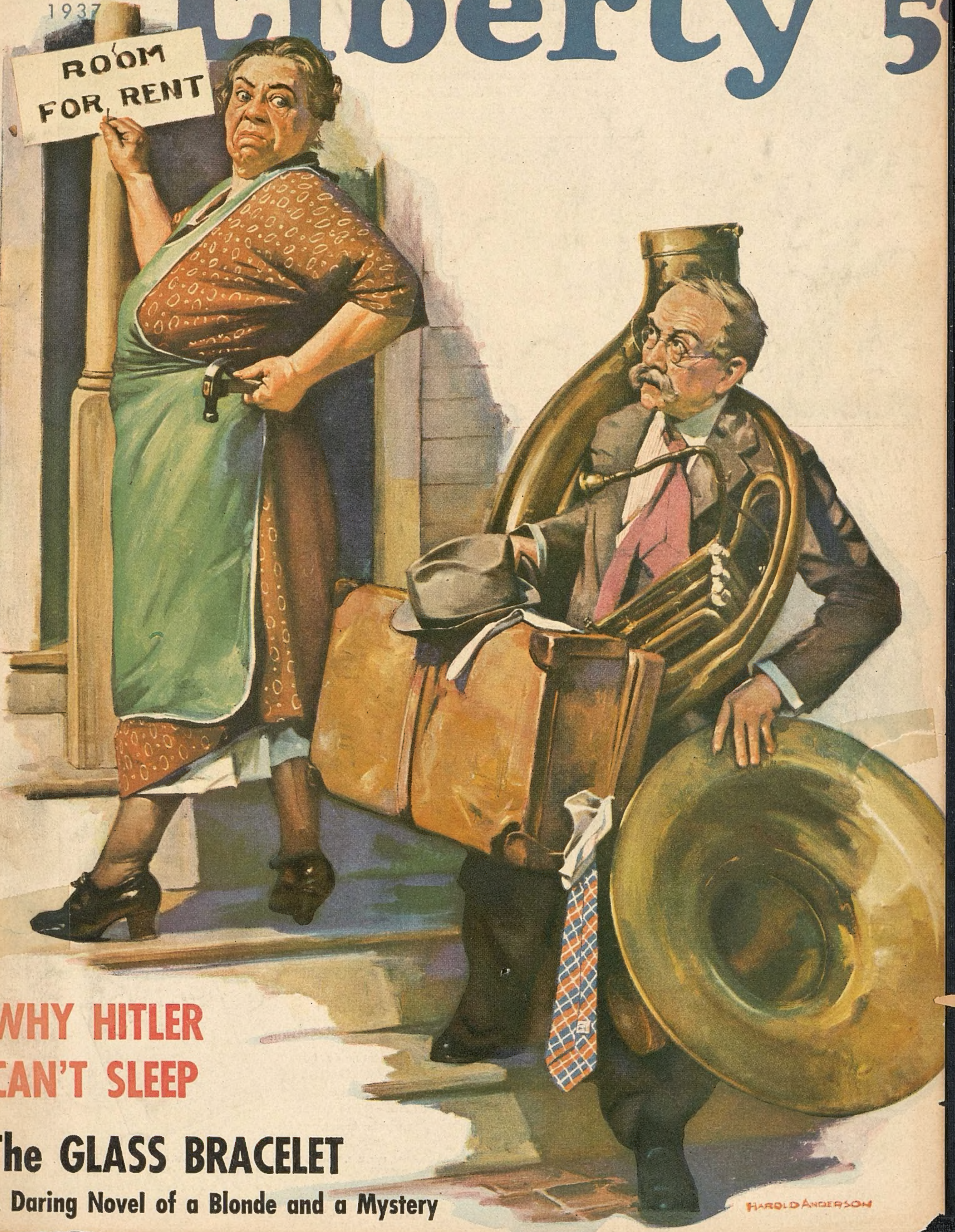
ROOM FOR RENT
HAROLD ANDERSON

WHY HITLER CAN'T SLEEP

The GLASS BRACELET

A Daring Novel of a Blonde and a Mystery

SPRINGBOARD ACE. Jane Fauntz Manske says: "It's Camels for me! I smoke Camels and my digestion runs smoothly." The best of meals digests easier when you have an abundant flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids. Smoking Camels encourages this flow.

THREE-TIME OLYMPIC WINNER in the high dive. Dorothy Poynton Hill, of Los Angeles, appreciates Camel's mildness. "As an athlete," she says, "I prefer Camels because they don't get on my nerves."

WHAT SOME OF AMERICA'S AQUATIC STARS SAY ABOUT SMOKING...

LENORE KIGHT WINGARD *(left)*. She has broken 7 World's Records—16 Nat'l Records—in speed swimming. Lenore comments on smoking: "Camels are certainly mild. They never jangle my nerves. I think it is grand, after an exhausting swim, to get a 'lift' with a Camel."

AQUAPLANE EXPERT. "I always think of smoking Camels and eating as going together," Miss Gloria Wheeden says. "I enjoy smoking Camels at mealtimes."

HAROLD "DUTCH" SMITH, *(right)* who holds Olympic diving championships, says: "I've found great pleasure in Camels. I long ago discovered that a Camel restores my energy after a strenuous meet."

PETE DESJARDINS *(left)*—internationally famous diver—speaking: "Divers like a *mild* cigarette that doesn't upset their nerves. That's why I prefer Camels."

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

DRIVING SCHOOL PICKS PLYMOUTH

"GREENHORNS" PROVE IT'S TOUGHEST

The Car that Stands Up Best— ***Plymouth has made a remarkable record of reliability for William H. Kopf, owner of West New York Auto Driving School. He uses Plymouth to teach driving. Read his story.***

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AUTO DRIVING SCHOOL

"I'VE USED every kind of low-priced car for this work," says Mr. Kopf. "Now I'm using a Plymouth ... and I'll never again use anything else *but* Plymouths.

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Compare "All Three" low-priced cars ... see for yourself *why* Plymouth is the biggest value, by far the best buy. It's the car that stands up best.—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

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MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour—Columbia network—Thurs., 9 to 10 p.m., E.D.S.T.

BIGGEST, yet costs less to run. Pictured above is the beautiful Plymouth De Luxe Four-Door Touring Sedan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

AUGUST 28, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 35

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

OUR *Fighting* STATESMEN IN WASHINGTON

THE country is safe. The Court-packing bill has been swept aside. It will doubtless never be resurrected, and the fierce struggle on the Senate floor for constitutional government has brought into the limelight outstanding fighting statesmen.

Many of our citizens have thought that Congress was composed almost entirely of politicians . . . that their duties were to a large extent routine . . . that properly to control the "pork barrel" was their principal responsibility . . . and that they gave but little attention to protecting constitutional government.

But such citizens were badly mistaken, and many apologies are due.

When certain forces in Washington made efforts to centralize all governmental activity in that city, and the principles of the Constitution were attacked in the Senate, the defense of our system of government was magnificent.

A bitter, caustic attack was aimed at the senators who dared to support this nefarious bill . . . the debate was filled with heated argument . . . it was sarcastic and deadly at times, and slowly, day by day, the country at large grasped the full significance of this menacing plan, and even some of the senators who had thoughtlessly supported it, due to party loyalty or to want of consideration of its destructive nature, were finally convinced of their mistake as indicated in the final vote on the bill.

The public at large has not had overmuch respect for our Washington lawmakers, and there was a general lack of confidence in the future of this country under their guidance among some of our leading citizens.

Socialistic and other governmental plans had scared conservative folks. Where were we going? Were we losing our balance altogether? Was the old-time American governmental system to be discarded? These are only a few of the questions that were frequently asked.

But the debate on this controversy should be a source of unlimited satisfaction to business leaders and to intelligent citizens everywhere. We are in safe hands. You cannot buy or scare the statesmen who fought this heated battle in the United States Senate. They belong to the old-time brand of Americans. Regardless of whether the huge relief fund was to be properly allocated in their states, they fought for what they believed to be right . . . they ignored the menace of political threats. They were still convinced that the ideals of our government are the best in the world, and we owe a debt of gratitude to these hardheaded fighters that can never be paid.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Something should be done in the states they represent, to honor and reward them for their steadfast defense in this acrid controversy. They fought a great battle and their victory should be acclaimed by every substantial citizen of this country.

There was Bailey of North Carolina, Burke of Nebraska, Gerry of Rhode Island, King of Utah, McCarran of Nevada, O'Mahoney of Wyoming, Van Nuys of Indiana, and Wheeler of Montana, and many others. Their names should be engraved deeply in the hearts of the people of this country. They may have political ambitions, but first and foremost they are statesmen, and the fire and fervor of true Americanism stirred them to their innermost depths in the bitter contest they fearlessly waged to save the United States Supreme Court.

What we have been preaching, for the last six months especially, is now an accomplished fact. A Congress, partisan by an overwhelming majority, has cast party loyalty and patronage aside to serve the American public conscientiously. There is no record of any Congress with a brighter chapter of devotion to public welfare than is evidenced by the defeat of this measure.

Once again we have proved that the American system works . . . that democracy can still function successfully.

We are not opposed to progress. We are for liberalism and recognize the need of change to meet changed conditions, but we and the readers of Liberty are liberals with common sense. Faced with the issue of constitutionalism against hysterical and ill-considered methods to accomplish an end, liberals with common sense will stick to the Constitution and attain their ends more effectively.

Bernarr Macfadden

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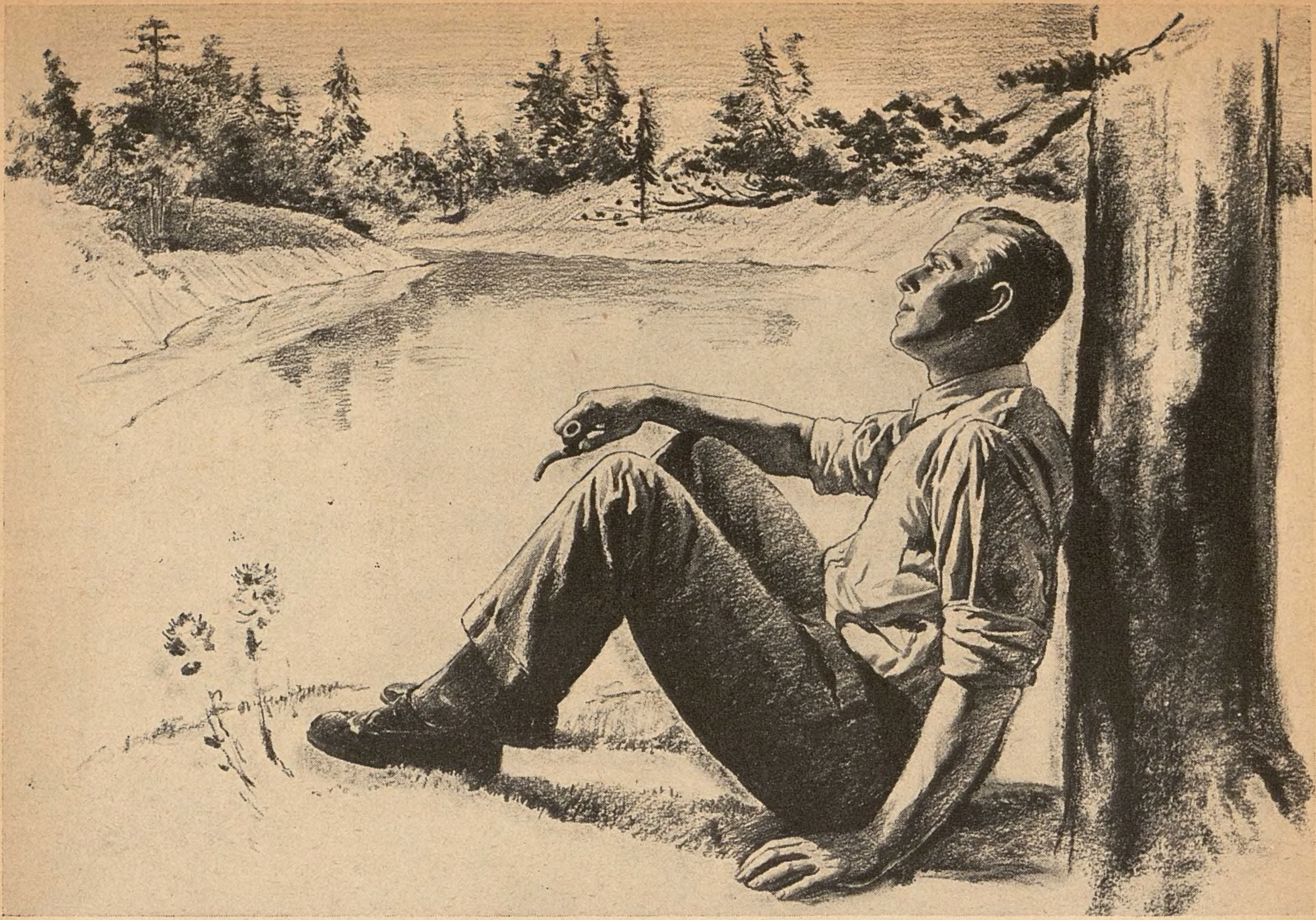

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BEGINNING

THE GLASS BRACELET

ILLUSTRATED
BY JULES
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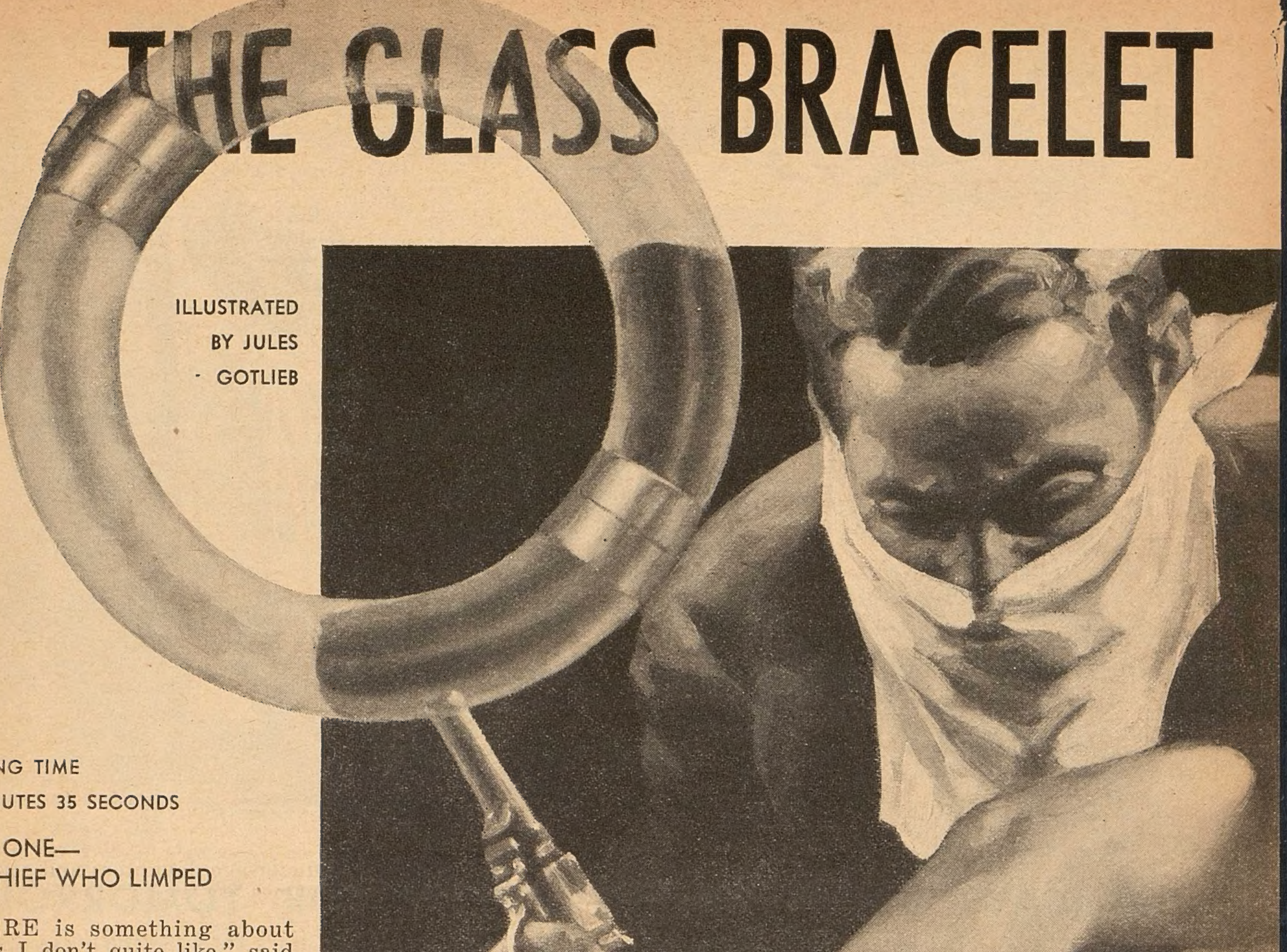


"A dark young man, with a silk muffler covering the lower part of his face

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART ONE—
THE THIEF WHO LIMPED

"THERE is something about this I don't quite like," said Macomber of the London office. "The cable states it to have been an ordinary glass bracelet of no particular value. Even if it was stolen, I can't understand why Lady Moray should have a nervous collapse over it."

He put the cable aside and removed his steel-rimmed glasses. "This is the ship's maiden voyage," he said, "and we have gone to elaborate precautions to make the cruise a success. The Star of Alaska is our challenge to these confoundedly efficient British.

"Jeff," he said kindly, "I hate having to postpone your vacation back home, but this matter lies in your department. I want you to fly to Naples, board the vessel there, find out just what is biting this female, and try to soothe her ladyship's feelings."

The commission floored Jeff Corning. Ever since the Star of Alaska had started her world cruise from San Francisco, her passenger list made known, he had schemed to avoid the 59,000-ton liner, wheedling Macomber into giving him a leave of absence to go to America at a time when the ship would be in the vicinity of England. And now he was actually being ordered aboard her!

The Lost, Strayed, and Stolen Luggage Department was a routine business which, after almost two years of it, he seldom found exciting and usually dull beyond compare. A glass bracelet! Surely the trivial complaint of Lady Moray—he pigeonholed her according to pattern—could be settled by the purser—or even by the cabin boy.

Macomber said: "How soon can you start?"

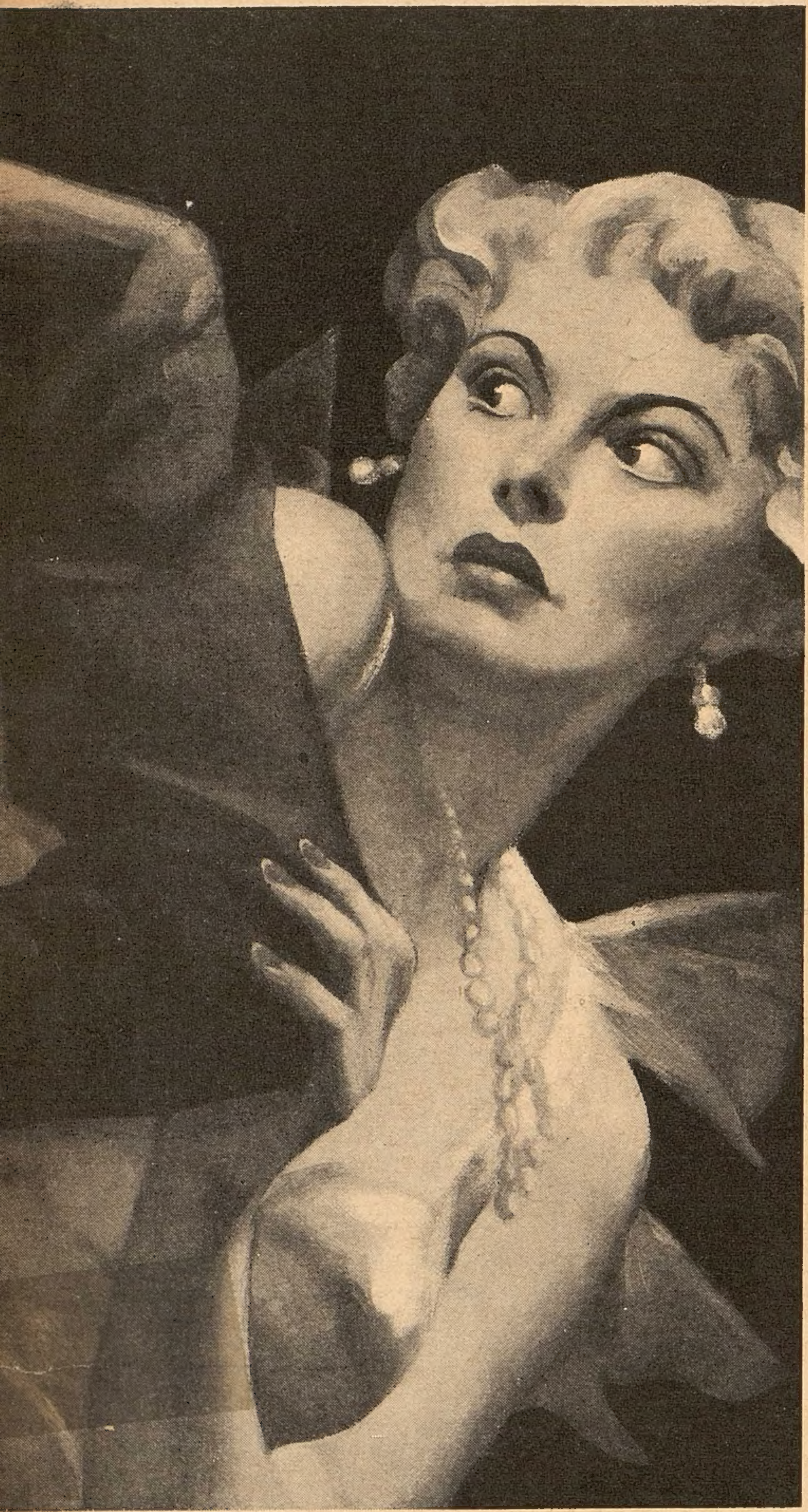
"Whenever you say, sir."

"Good lad. Then, if you please, within the hour. I'll have a plane waiting for you at Hendon."

Corning left orders with his secretary to cancel his social engagements, took a taxi to his flat off Pall Mall,

Love, intrigue, sudden death; strange adventure at sea! . . . A daring novel of a blonde and a baffling mystery

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES



ointed a gun at her and tore the bracelet off her wrist."

packed a Gladstone bag, and gazed for a few moments at the photograph of a girl on his bureau. The camera had caught all the character in her lovely face—the tender warmth of her lips, her innocence, and the heroic quality of her soft-brown eyes.

To Jeff, with all my love. CONNIE.

Now within a few hours he would come face to face with her after an absence of two years and, since her brain-shattering and last message, a five-months silence:

Married Jay Montrose today. CONNIE.

The Star of Alaska appeared gargantuan as Corning approached her by launch from Naples. Bellowings from somewhere a mile above him, a ladder put down, and he was aboard.

It was after dinner, the orchestra playing for dancing. On the way to the purser's office, hardly daring to look right or left, Corning felt the vibration of the ship's engines. They were under way.

Later, from his stateroom on A Deck, where he had showered and dined before getting into evening clothes, a steward conducted him to the first officer's quarters. Captain Traike was there, a pleasantly dignified man of sixty, more like a lawyer than the dyed-in-the-wool sailor he was. He greeted Corning with cordiality.

"You weren't much bigger than a grasshopper, and twice as lively, the last time I clapped eyes on you."

"I remember it well, sir. My first trip to China, in one of my father's tramp steamers."

"That's it. Twenty years ago. And now I'm commanding the Star of Alaska and I'm proud to welcome the son of her owner aboard." He introduced his first officer and went to the door. "I'm reserving a place at my table."

"Thank you very much, sir."

Corning at once made his position clear to First Officer Kane, a tall rangy New Englander. "I'd like to fly back to London as soon as I can, Mr. Kane. I'm here simply to have a word with Lady Moray and investigate her claim against the company—if there is a claim."

I THOUGHT it best to give you a line on her first," Kane said. "She's a queer woman, flighty, irresponsible. It's my belief she dreamed the bracelet was stolen and made up this yarn to attract attention to herself."

"Just what is her story?" Corning inquired.

"She says she went to her stateroom around ten o'clock Wednesday evening, and found a man there who pointed a gun at her, tore the bracelet off her wrist, and vanished."

"A man with a gun!" There had been no word of that in the cable.

"That's her story. A dark young man of medium height, in dinner clothes, a white silk muffler covering the lower part of his face, showing only his black eyes, the pupils of which were enlarged as though, she decided, the man were a dope fiend. She also said he walked with a decided limp. We've searched high and low, and there isn't," Kane said militantly, "such a person on board this vessel."

"I'd like to have a word with her this evening, if possible," Corning suggested.

Lady Moray was reached by telephone, and the first officer accompanied Corning to her stateroom, made the introduction, and left them alone.

The gadding wife of Sir Gregor Moray, scientist, had been a radio singer. She was now, Corning discovered, one of those baby-voiced, plump, and silly women of thirty-five or so, given to eye rolling and flirtation.

It wasn't, she explained, the loss of the bracelet that had caused her to complain, but rather the vicious manner of its theft. And as she proceeded to relate what had happened, displaying a scratch on her wrist occasioned by the violent snatching off of her bracelet, Corning was half inclined to believe she was telling the truth.

"The strange thing about it," she falsettoed, "my real jewels were untouched—absolutely ignored."

She repeated her description of the thief and said she didn't scream for help because she had fainted.

"What sort of bracelet did he take?"

"It was glass. A solid circlet of pale-green aventurine flecked with gold."

"Had it any value?"

"Not intrinsically. A sentimental one, shall we say?" She smiled coyly. "Given me by a most charming and mysterious man in Yokohama."

Something about the way she delivered that gushing remark took the substance out of her story. Corning felt foolish for having almost believed her.

"We will do all we can to replace it for you, Lady Moray." He bowed to her. "And to catch and punish the thief. In the meantime, we are prepared to make whatever redress you demand for what appears to have been an outrage."

Avoiding the more frequented parts of the ship, he went to the wireless cabin and sent a code message to the London office, describing the stolen bracelet and Lady Moray's incredible story of its theft.

Reaching his stateroom, he put through a phone call for the ship's detective, Rainey, who proved, when he materialized, to be a slight innocuous-looking little man with a scar over his right eye.

"What," Corning asked him directly, "do you think of this bracelet robbery?"

"The lady is cuckoo! Now look here," Rainey said, producing a plan of the ship and pointing to the accommodation space on the exclusive A Deck. "Unless the thief occupied a stateroom up here, he had to come up from below, and must have passed through the Green Lounge or the Supper Club or along one of these two promenade decks. A man with piercing black eyes and a limp would have been noticed. And he couldn't have worked from one of these A-Deck staterooms, because every occupant is known and accounted for."

THE ship's detective had made pencil notes on his plan. Stateroom 118 was marked Moray, and, with a start that made his heart leap, Corning noticed that Apartment 135 was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jay Montrose!

"Now, the so-called robbery occurred after we had left Athens," Rainey continued. "Sixteen new passengers came aboard there, and we've checked up on all of them. Eight are down on B Deck, all middle-aged husbands and wives. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson are in 146, and the Princess Dalakhine and her army of attendants in Suite A—120, 122, 123, and 125."

"Princess Dalakhine?" Corning repeated with interest.

"Russian nobility—what's left of it. She keeps to her suite most of the time—has her meals served there. En route to New York—probably to sell her jewels. They say she has enough to fill a lifeboat."

"Good pickings there, then?" Corning remarked.

"She has her own bodyguard along with her—male secretary, butler and maid. I've been ordered to see that she has additional protection."

After Rainey left, Corning was too excited to sleep. For this the story told by Lady Moray was not in the least responsible. It was the presence on board ship of Connie that charged everything with electricity.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Montrose! Corning had never met her husband, but the man was a well known figure in New York, Europe, and the divorce courts, enormously wealthy, his name frequently in the papers in connection with his prodigality and excesses. And Connie had—God!

To account for the marriage, Corning had seized on every vestige of excuse for her, without finding a satisfactory answer. She was alone and had had to earn her own living; but that was equally true of thousands of other girls similarly brought up.

He thought of her only brother, Winston Hope, whom she had idolized. He had been in the United States diplomatic corps. Up to a year ago he had provided her with money and background. Then in the Mexico City Embassy he had suddenly gone smash, his moral and patriotic fiber coming loose, after which he completely disappeared, leaving his sister disillusioned and more alone than ever.

Could that account for it? Or that malicious report that he, Corning, was engaged to Margaret Dowson? He had cabled her not to believe that.

He felt the need of a drink, and went out to the cocktail bar, where he ordered a whisky-and-soda. A bronze-haired woman in yellow, who reminded him of some one he had seen on the screen, perched on a near-by stool. She was in animated chatter with a man in white tie and tails, tall, broad-shouldered, and a trifle intoxicated. Above thickish lips he had a thin silken mustache which, Corning judged, the barber must handle just so.

Two very young unescorted girls flew in and roosted like parakeets at Corning's left. "Ah!" one of them announced openly. "A new man on board, and handsome beyond my wildest dreams."

Corning acknowledged this with a deep bow.

"Perhaps he's the thief," the other parakeet said. "One of the staterooms was entered last night and a diamond necklace pinched."

"Really?"

"Our deck steward told maw. He said it was done at the point of a gun."

"Gawd! I wish something exciting would happen to me."

It was, Corning realized, ridiculous to think that Lady Moray could be prevented from talking. Once these two Southern girls got going with the story—

The spot of whisky encouraging him, he walked through the Green Lounge and took the elevator to the lower deck. The grandeur of the new liner made him gasp. "Dad," he thought fondly, "certainly dug down into the old sock before he put this little yawl on the briny."

It struck him that Mr. and Mrs. Jay Montrose, on an extended honeymoon, were probably tucked away in some secluded corner, looking at the moon; so he decided on a few rounds of the promenade deck before turning in.

He had not walked far in the velvety darkness before his path crossed that of a tall woman whose face he couldn't see, her jeweled hand lightly clasping the ermine wrap over her shoulders. Definitely not Connie. Apparently they had the deck to themselves; and, in order not to intrude on her reverie by repetitious repassing, Corning went to the rail and leaned on it.

Intuitively he became aware that some one was watching him. Instinct turned his head toward the stern. It was quite dark there; but a light was suddenly turned on and off in one of the staterooms, and in that second it revealed the face of a man in dinner clothes standing near the turn of the deck.

There was something horrible, revolting, in that face; and the eyes were— Instantly Corning thought of Lady Moray's description of the thief who had entered her stateroom. He immediately walked in the man's direction, simulating a casual stroll. But, without sound, the stranger was gone; and it puzzled Corning vastly to know just where and how he could have disappeared.

The memory of that face was the first thing he thought of the following morning, and he was positive that he could pick the man out the moment he saw him again.

His steward, a cockney named Beatty, came in with a cup of tea. "Y' know, sir," he began, "I bin traveling the seas for nigh on to thirty years, and I got a nose for smelling danger—icebergs, storms, any sort of trouble. I can smell it now, sir."

"What sort of danger?" Corning asked.

"I dunno, sir. Can't rightly put me finger on it. But mark my words, sir! There's trouble brewing."

"I'd lay off those Welsh rabbits if I were you," Corning laughed, swinging his long legs to the floor.

HE dressed and breakfasted in the A-Deck grill. The two young girls he had seen last night entered and fluttered to rest at an adjacent table. Their chatter now was of a planned visit to Monte Carlo that evening, one of them enthusing over a roulette system she had tried out at Agua Caliente—"with simply terrific good luck, my dear—if I'd only stopped in time."

Corning smiled at them and pushed back his chair.

The morning was glorious. A fresh breeze wafted into him the necessary bravado to roam the vessel with less apprehension of meeting Connie; in fact, since he planned to return to London that evening, it would disappoint him not to have at least a glimpse of her.

It wasn't until afternoon that his search was rewarded. Following a final chat with Lady Moray, satisfactory to both, he got into flannels and blazer and meandered to the tennis court in the hope of a game.

And there it happened!

She was sprawled on a deck chair watching a doubles match, and the sight of her stopped him like a bullet. Numbed as he was, he saw in a flash that something had changed her. For one thing, her modesty, that Quaker-like demureness he had loved in her, had certainly gone by the board. She was in tennis shorts and revealing silk blouse, and her shapely legs were thrust forward apart. The tall half-empty glass beside her indicated the remains of a Tom Collins.

How long he stood watching her he didn't know, but all at once she was staring at him. Then abruptly she sat up and gasped:

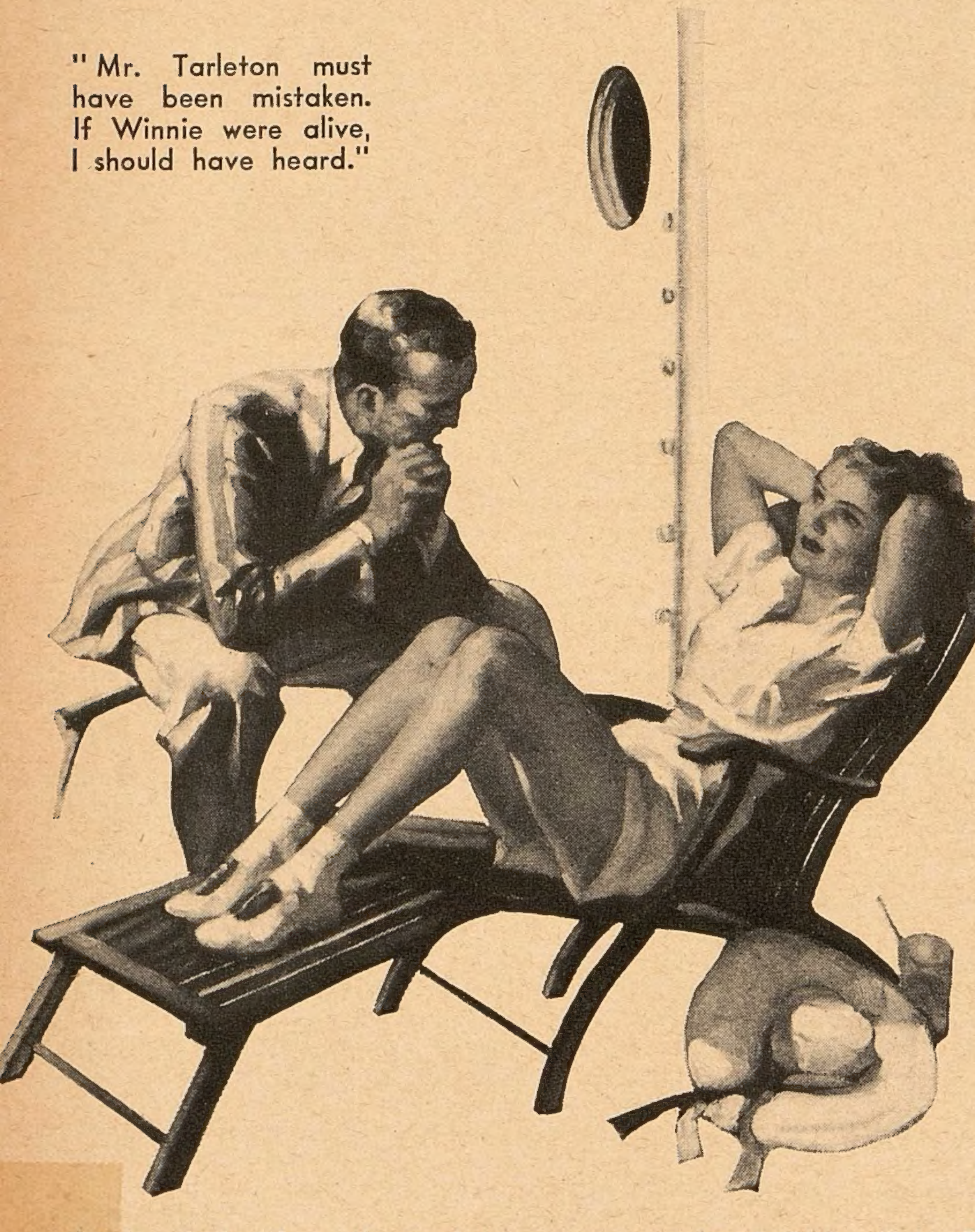
"Jeff!"

He walked over to her, forcing a smile. She was, he observed, firmer, harder, both in body and face. Sophistication, marriage, had given her a new, a more vivid beauty. But the bloom of her had flown.

"Jeff Corning!" Her lovely eyes, her voice, were governed wholly by surprise; there was little or no welcome there. "What—why—when did you come aboard?"

"Last night—Naples."

A faint pallor invaded her cheeks, but her attitude remained casual and free from embarrassment. "Lord," she laughed, "but it's good to see you again, Jeff!"



"Mr. Tarleton must have been mistaken. If Winnie were alive, I should have heard."

"It's good to see you, too, Connie."

Corning told her he was on the Star of Alaska in an official capacity, a trifling matter of lost property, and that he was flying back to London from Monaco that evening.

The conversation lapsed, and, to find a mutual yet impersonal subject, Corning said: "Any news of your brother Winston?"

He might well have pricked her with a rapier. Her expression became set; her lips tightened.

"No," she answered shortly. "No news at all."

"I met Ronny Tarleton about two months ago—you remember him, of course—and he told me he could have sworn he caught sight of Winston in Yokohama last Christmas."

"In—in—in Yokohama?"

Jeff Corning nodded, aware of a curious distraction in her. "Across the dining room of the principal hotel there—whatever it is called. Ronny said he looked very well, seemed affluent and gay. But when he tried to reach him, Winston had disappeared, and nobody at his table seemed to know him by name."

"Mr. Tarleton must have been mistaken," she said. "If Winnie were alive, I should have heard."

The subject, Corning realized, was painful, and to ease the situation he plunged with forced cheerfulness into banter.

"Well," he grinned, "how's married life?"

"Simply swell."

"I must say you look exceptionally well."

"You think so?" she inquired, again looking at him with that questioning stare. Then, as though something within her recommenced clicking, she reverted to her casual, lighthearted tone. "Lord!" she exclaimed, "I haven't got over the shock of you yet. Jeff Corning! It must be a dream. Some one I used to see every day, and then, suddenly, never saw again."

"You found a panacea for that," he observed.

She sprang to her feet. "You must meet him," she said, getting into a white polo coat and impetuously taking his hand. "He's heard much about you. We'll rout him out from the bar where he's plying Betty Weldon with liquor."

"Betty Weldon, the movie actress?"

"Great friend of mine. Come!"

Dragged through the lounge and down the broad stairs to the main deck, Corning found himself in a small cocktail room deserted save for the bronze-haired woman he had seen in the bar the night before, and her companion—the fellow with the silken mustache.

To his amazement, Connie hailed the couple and presented him: "Jeff Corning—Miss Weldon, and my husband."

Montrose slid off his stool, tightening a bathrobe about an ample waist, and offered a humid hand. His teeth flashed an explanatory grin in the direction of Betty Weldon. "Connie's former boy friend," he said.

Her red lips widened in a glistening smile.

"We're two up on the sidecars," Montrose indicated. "May I offer you—"

"Thank you, no."

"Let's see," Montrose remarked. "You're connected with the line, aren't you, Corning?"

"In a minor capacity."

"Know your father is, of course. Will you drink something, Connie?" Montrose haphazardly considered her.

"You betcha. An old-fashioned."

She was wrong there, Corning concluded. The former fashion of her ways, like her speech, had been surrendered to whatever gods she now made obeisance to. Anyway, the gods pleased her, although he surmised that the apparent cordiality between her and Betty Weldon had in it the element of gunpowder.

"Now we're all here," Montrose expanded, "we might make up a foursome at Monte Carlo this evening."

"Oh, let's!" Connie yelled. "Jeff darling, what say?"

"I'm sorry," he told her. "Afraid I'll be on my way to London this evening." He glanced at his watch. "As a matter of fact, I've neglected to inquire into the matter of air transportation," he said. He smiled in excuse of his palpable desire to get away. "I'll probably see all of you again before we drop anchor."

He went, unsteady from the revelation of it all. Connie, Montrose, Weldon! There was something bewilderingly wrong there, and Connie was false as hell! The pain occasioned by his loss of her had evaporated.

Within an hour events happened that swept Connie and all thoughts of her clear from his brain.

A steward named Matthews had found a piece of broken glass on D Deck, and Lady Moray pronounced it part of her stolen bracelet. Corning was examining the glass in his stateroom when a code cable arrived from the London office. Deciphered, it read:

> LONDON WASHINGTON ADVISE
> BRACELET ROBBERY GRAVEST SIG-
> NIFICANCE STOP OTHER PASSENGERS
> WEARING SIMILAR BRACELETS IN
> DANGER IMMINENT DEATH STOP
> PRESERVE UTMOST SECRECY STOP
> YOUR OWN LIFE IN DANGER

He stared at the message, stifling the desire to laugh. "What in the name of —" Then he tore the cable and his written translation of it into shreds and, in the bathroom, flushed them into the Mediterranean.

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

A Welshman by birth, now makes his home in this country. Before he settled down in New York to write fiction, he spent two years as a surveyor in the Canadian Northwest, served overseas with the Dominion troops, and sampled life in Hollywood.

Re-examining the gold-flecked piece of green glass, he estimated that the bracelet had been worth about a shilling! Well, he had better get rid of that, too, if—

A knock on his door brought him sharply to the alert, and he put the piece of glass in his pocket before admitting Detective Rainey.

The little man looked worried. "Strange goings on aboard this vessel all of a sudden," he said. "Mind if I have a squint at that glass Matthews found? I understand that you have it."

Something warned Corning to be on his guard. "I did have it," he lied evenly. "I examined it as to composition and value—we have to get her another bracelet like it, you know—then I pitched it overboard."

"That's too bad," Rainey regretted, eying Corning reflectively. Well, it wasn't so important perhaps, he said, stating that he now had a bigger job on hand than a missing bracelet.

"A missing woman," he said, lowering his voice. "We're trying to keep it from the passengers and crew, but the fact is, Mrs. Somerset Terrill, in Stateroom 131 on this deck, a widow from San Francisco, traveling with her own maid, has plumb disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"No trace of her. Since morning we've searched the ship from top to bottom. Disappeared last night. According to her maid, she came back to her stateroom from the picture show and went out on deck for a final turn before going to bed. That was the last seen of her."

Corning was galvanized by an intuitive suspicion—no! an absolute conviction—that Mrs. Terrill— And he heard himself saying:

"Did her maid notice if she was wearing—" That much was out before three crucial words flashed in front of his gaze: *Preserve utmost secrecy.*

"Black velvet gown," Rainey said, "ermine wrap—"

Ermine wrap! Then—good God!—that was the woman he had seen on deck last night just before a sudden light showed up the repellent face of a man watching him!

The detective's small eyes were boring into him like gimlets, and Corning wanted desperately to take him into confidence. But now the very purr of the ship's engines took up the warning: Preserve utmost secrecy! Preserve utmost secrecy! Preserve utmost secrecy!

RAINEY departed, leaving Corning with a definite impression that he was suspected of something. He flopped into a chair, feeling rather helpless and completely at a loss as to what he should do about it all.

And there he stayed until the Star of Alaska glided into place off Monaco shortly before seven o'clock, and dropped anchor. By this time Corning was consumed with a violent curiosity to interview Mrs. Terrill's maid and to find out if the missing woman owned a bracelet similar to the one formerly possessed by Lady Moray.

It was a grape-bloom evening, exquisitely inviting and attended by stars. From Corning's window the Principality of Monaco looked like a fairyland.

Practically every passenger would be going ashore, and Corning decided to wait until the launches had accommodated them. He had an hour and three quarters to spare before making that plane, and he wanted to avoid every possible chance of seeing Connie again. To excuse his unfriendliness he ordered a dozen American Beauties delivered to her with his card.

His bag packed, he walked down the corridor and knocked on the door of Stateroom 131.

A thin, pale young woman who had evidently been crying opened the door. He had come, Corning explained, to ask her a few questions about her mistress. When Mrs. Terrill left her stateroom late last night, had the maid noticed what jewelry she wore?

"Yes, sir. Her emeralds."

"Any other jewelry that you can recall?"

"No, sir—that was all. Except her rings—"

"Bracelets?" The word was torn out of him.

"Oh, yes—but that had no value, sir. It was a glass bracelet, pale green with gold specks in it. A souvenir she got in Yokohama."

ON his way to his stateroom, the ship ominously silent and seemingly deserted of life, Corning could almost smell danger. Of one thing he was determined. He must report his findings to the London office without waste of time. But he wouldn't do it through the ship's wireless; he'd wait until he got ashore.

It was now five minutes past eight, and he went to the main dining room for a pick-up meal. The vast hall presented a field of empty chairs and tables. Most of the lights had been turned off, and the few stewards in their white jackets changing the silverware for the morning's breakfast flitted about like moths.

Corning dropped into a chair and signaled a steward, telling him to make speed. It was then he noticed he was not the only late-comer. Across the way, a table was occupied by two men and a woman. She was a blonde, olive-skinned and arresting in a gold-cloth gown. At Corning's distance her eyes looked green. Her momentary appraisal of him was cold and so penetrating that he felt obliged to transfer his attention elsewhere.

With her, he had quickly noted, were two men wearing dinner coats. One, tall, thin, sporting a monocle, had the appearance of a Russian; the other, dark, swarthy, short, and powerful-looking, suggested Mongolian or Korean blood, and seemed completely out of place at the table. An odd lot!

And then he suddenly decided that this was the Princess Dalakhine and part of her suite, dining in public now there were no vulgar eyes to stare at her.

Corning was checking up on the time at his disposal when, to his amazement, Connie came through the doors—alone.

Her white satin evening gown, its rich and clinging texture molding itself to the lissom grace of her body, was decorated with a rose, a single bloom of the same variety and color as those he had ordered for her. She looked taller, more serious; not the girl he had seen on the tennis court, but another person entirely—a woman!

But what arrested him most were her eyes. Betraying a preoccupation of mind, they had that fey look he had once seen in the eyes of a trapped deer.

Why was she alone? Surely Montrose hadn't gone ashore with Betty Weldon, leaving his wife—bride of a few months?

Corning rose instantly with the intention of joining her. And with that action, as with her sudden appearance in the dining room, the trend of his whole life was changed.

But that he didn't know then.

As he neared her—she hadn't yet seen him—he stopped short, electrified, unable to move, seeing only one thing, his stark eyes riveted on it.

On her wrist was a green aventurine glass bracelet!

Does the unlucky bracelet mean danger for Connie? Will the black-eyed limping man attack again? Don't miss next week's installment, in which Jeff Corning becomes more tangled than ever in the strange twisted strands of mystery and romance.

WHY HITLER *Can't* SLEEP

From secret sources . . . things never told before—A startling look at the new terrors that stalk Der Führer

By RENE KRAUS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

HITLER sleeps badly—especially in Berlin. His lungs need the healthy air of the Bavarian mountains; that, at least, is the opinion of his personal physician, Dr. Sauerbruch—a most distinguished medical man, and the one man in Germany who enjoys freedom of speech. He always prescribes a rest in the mountains; so the Führer always has an excuse to escape from Berlin to his "eagle's nest," the only spot where he feels reasonably safe. Why run risks, when life is so beautiful—in the daytime?

At night, ghosts walk. Ernst Roehm was Hitler's most intimate friend. He was also a professional soldier, adventurer, libertine, seducer of youth, and government minister. He built up for the Führer those civilian armies of Brown Shirts and Black Shirts with whom the Nazis seized power. A little over a year after they did so, on the 30th of June, 1934, that German night of St. Bartholomew, Hitler had his bosom friend assassinated. A personal bodyguard fired the fatal shots; and he himself, the Führer, stood by, his expression unmoved, while the murder was accomplished.

Apparently Roehm did not grasp what was happening. He lay in bed in a hotel in the small Bavarian resort of Wiessee after a debauch. He was allowed no time to seize a weapon, no time for explanations. The justice of the Nazis works quickly. As soon as Adolf Hitler has conceived a suspicion against a man, sentence is already passed. Efficiency!

Since then more than three years have gone by. Out of suspicion of one man, Roehm, who it seems wanted to restrict the political power of the Führer, there has grown a suspicion and fear of thousands, millions, nay, the whole world. And yet this fear cannot be called an aberration. In this one matter Hitler's mind seems to function quite normally. Death does lurk in every corner. It can wear any disguise. For a concealed group of men are determined to avenge murder with murder.

These men call themselves Roehm's Revengers. They form the most dangerous secret society of our time. They flocked together from the legions that after the end of the World War carried on a small private warfare on all the borders of Germany; also from the bands of freebooters who had put down the Communist disturbances in Saxony and Bavaria. Of their number are the assassins who shot from ambush two of the most hated ministers of the Republic, Rathenau and Erzberger. When they first gathered, noblemen were among them, and officers, peasants, students, unemployed, professional revolutionaries, and idlers.

The human magnet that drew them all together was Ernst Roehm, a former captain in the German army who had gone to Bolivia, when there was no more fighting to be had in Europe, to conduct a war in the green hell of the Gran Chaco. Hitler fetched him back to the Fatherland and turned over to him the organization of the party army. All the bold spirits in Germany gathered around the plump man with the bloated, scar-corroded face and the high soprano voice. Though the outward appearance of Captain Ernst Roehm must certainly have frightened the good German burghers, boys and men of the same inclinations as his own were brought under his spell.

They called themselves patriots. Actually they were anarchists, nihilists, cynics. Their morality consisted in contempt for women; their faith, the myth of blood brotherhood; their principle, never under any conditions to pay a debt; their argument, a length of rubber hose and a revolver. With every upheaval these elements are spewed forth from the lower darkness. Hitler, perhaps, was forced by a compulsion that always exists under the circumstances when, seeking to suppress this vicious ring, he passed judgment on its leaders—Roehm was only one of the many bloody victims of the 30th of June—and, without trial, put them to death.

The barbarous way in which these executions were done created new hatred. From liberals and Communists, from organized workers, browbeaten capitalists, persecuted Christians, baited Jews, and disgruntled aristocrats Hitler has little to fear. He knows how to deal with them, and where his education is lacking, it is well supplemented by Herr Himmler and Herr Heydrich, two dissolute students who head the Gestapo, Hitler's dread secret police. Only his own former supporters and disciples who for the past three years have been his deadly foes—they cannot be checked.

Roehm's Revengers are not to be tamed. Concentration camps? Death sentences? Executions? What is there about dying to frighten these men? "Drink and you're done for, don't drink and you're done for; so you might as well drink"—those are the words of their favorite toast. It is also their philosophy of life.

They are hidden in all parts of the political machine. The police chief of the town of Breslau, Heines, was one of them. He was hauled out and shot. Did the premier of Saxony, Manfred von Killinger, a former U-boat captain in the imperial navy and one of Hitler's first partisans, belong to them? He had already been transferred to the death cell of the Dresden prison; then Hitler pardoned him, and today Herr von Killinger lives in a small village, of course under the strictest police supervision. Microphones that have been set up in his modest house transmit every word that is spoken under his roof.

One of the most active of Roehm's Revengers was the engineer Formis. His specialty was the sabotaging of the Führer's radio speeches. The Gestapo picked up his trail—Formis disappeared. He succeeded in escaping to Czechoslovakia. But their agents followed him, and in a village near Prague caught up with him. His body, horribly mutilated, was found the next morning. The murderers, back in Germany, were honored as national heroes. Now they themselves are on Roehm's Revengers' proscribed list.

How tormenting is Hitler's fear of this secret society one can gather from the mistakes of the Gestapo. Not long ago twenty-year-old Helmuth Hirsch, an American citizen and son of a well-to-do Jewish family living in Czechoslovakia, was sentenced to death for illegal possession of explosives, and it was only due to the intervention of the American consul in Berlin that the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Among the initiated it was well known that young Hirsch was charged with belonging to Roehm's Revengers. It stands to reason that he never did, for Roehm's Revengers are no less fanatically anti-Semitic than the Führer himself.

AT all events, Hitler sees ghosts. Sometimes he also sees the letters R. R., signature of Roehm's Revengers. As if intent on driving him mad, these two letters dog his footsteps. Mail addressed to him always includes correspondence stamped R. R. The initials were once found on a treaty that had been laid before him to be signed. Once they were even stenciled in scarlet ink on the trench coat in which he appears in public.

On that day Professor Dodd, the American ambassador, received a telephone call from the chief of protocol of the Foreign Office. The Chancellor regretted that he was forced once more, by urgent affairs, to put off an already postponed diplomatic reception. Diplomats racked their brains over the nature of these urgent affairs. Actually, the Führer was at that moment fleeing by airplane to his house in the Bavarian mountains. Only there, on the Obersalzberg near Berchtesgaden, can he breathe in peace. The only road that leads to Villa Wachenhorst—Hitler's house—is guarded on both sides by specially selected troops. No living being can pass through unnoticed.

It is no accident that he built his villa right on the Austrian border. This spot was the setting for the one important romance of his life. Elfie was the heroine of that romance—his niece. According to the official story, she managed his household. One day she killed herself. Nobody knows why. It is only possible to surmise what happened between these two, what peculiarities the young girl discovered in her idolized uncle. Villa Wachenhorst is first, then, the place from which he can see his own Austria—to him, the Promised Land; secondly, it contains the memory of the one girl who was important to him, more important than film actresses like Leni Riefenstahl or the momentarily reigning Pola Negri; thirdly, and above all, it is his refuge. Here two hundred and fifty towering young men, each over six feet tall, crack shots, instructed in jujitsu, with chain-mail vests under their shirts, share his hermit's existence: the bodyguard.

These young men stand above all laws. They have the right to shoot without challenging if any one makes the slightest movement that seems to them suspicious. They are as strong as bears and drilled like machines. Money has no part in their salary. Women are brought to them, but only for a single visit. They may not marry; they may have no friendships, no relationships of any kind outside of their own group.

They inhabit the parks and the corridors, the halls and the rooms of Villa Wachenhorst. They superintend the preparation of the Führer's breakfast; they stand near by when any visitor is received; they search every nook and corner before Hitler retires. And yet, several weeks ago the two letters R. R. glared forth in dazzling red on the wall of his bedroom.

Among the German people nothing is ever known of the Führer's whereabouts. It is known that he seldom comes to Berlin, but that is about all. When he is there, his car travels at a hundred kilometers an hour through closed-off streets. Black Shirts of the S. S. are drawn up in a double row, facing both street and sidewalk. The windows of the houses that he races past must remain locked. Wherever an inquisitive face shows itself, a detective of the Gestapo immediately appears.

When Hitler attends an exhibition, it is in the evening, after the public has been locked out. He no longer goes to see plays and moving pictures. Films are shown in his palace, and the role of host in the civic theaters he has passed on to General Goering, who always wears a bulletproof vest under his glittering uniform. The Führer himself goes only to the Wagner festival in Bayreuth. He feels that he owes this to Frau Wagner, the widow of Siegfried Wagner and Richard Wagner's daughter-in-law, who opened her salon to him in the days when German society would have nothing to do with him.

He has not taken a train in more than two years. The last time he entrusted himself to one he was traveling to East Prussia. At a small deserted station the locomotive suddenly failed. Accident or sabotage? Today it is still not certain. Hitler got into a motorcar—and a dozen rail officials, from the station head to the locomotive driver, vanished, never to be seen again.

Automobile riding was for years Hitler's hobby. Today he uses a motorcar only when absolutely necessary. At least twice, it is known, his car was shot at from ambush on country roads. He himself was not hit; but once the driver was injured, and once Heydrich was.

So now Hitler makes all his journeys by airplane—and only afterward do the German people learn exactly where he has been.

In Bavaria he used to frequent hotels, beer cellars, cafés. Now, just once a year, on the party anniversary in Nürnberg, he appears in the hall of the largest hotel at a beer festival. This is almost the sole opportunity for the masses to see their Führer near at hand. Not too near, at that. His box on the assembly field is closed off from the spectators' stands and a triple circle of life guards surrounds him. This system of protection he borrowed, along with many other tricks, from the Soviets. A functionary of the G. P. U. named Ulajinski, who fled from Russia and entered the service of the Gestapo, recommended it.

ON the last party anniversary in Nürnberg, Hitler's double made his first appearance. Nobody knows exactly who the double is. Some say he is a mechanic called Anton Schmaelzle, who was famous in Würzburg for his resemblance to the Führer. Others believe him to be the actor Friedrich Leisenbogh. It is a fact that both Schmaelzle and Leisenbogh have disappeared from their old surroundings. In Nürnberg it was remarked that Hitler was apparently to be seen at the same time in different places—nowhere was he clearly recognizable. Gradually the rumor circulated that Nürnberg harbored not one Adolf Hitler but at least two, and perhaps even three. Elsewhere, for public appearances, his double more or less takes his place. On the 1st of May, for example, when he drives out to the Tempelhofer Field near Berlin, the automobile with the banner of the head of the state bears the mechanic from Würzburg or the actor. The Leader himself goes in an unpretentious black vehicle, at a hundred kilometers an hour.

Whether Roehm's Revengers can be cheated by such maneuvers is very doubtful. These companions in arms and followers of former days know their Hitler too well. Ever vigilant, they await their day—which will perhaps fall on a 30th of June, an anniversary of the German massacre of St. Bartholomew. Hitler realizes the dread significance of this fateful day. He will probably spend it next year on another northern sea voyage on the armored cruiser Deutschland, which once before bore him far away into safety for a few summer days.

But is there any place in the world where safety from those two letters R. R. can be found?

THE END

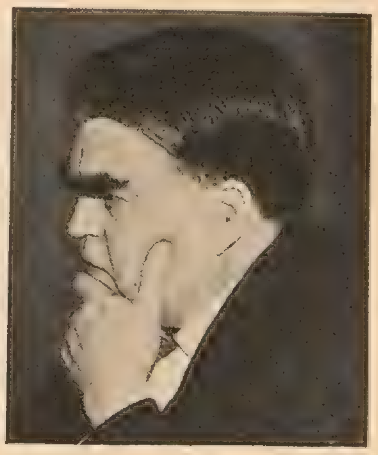
An Open Letter to JOHN L. LEWIS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A sudden member of the C. I. O. asks his leader some questions

By REUBEN MAURY

Reuben Maury


John L. Lewis

DEAR JOHN:

We have never met, but I feel entitled to call you John because I find myself a member of your C. I. O. When the Supreme Court held the Wagner Act constitutional, it looked to me as if any wage earner who could had better join a labor union. So I joined the American Newspaper Guild, which was then affiliated with the A. F. L.—and suddenly the Guild's national convention, deftly shepherded by our national president, Heywood Broun, voted to affiliate with the C. I. O.

Where do you plan, John, to take the hundreds of thousands who are joining our C. I. O. via our assorted organizing committees? It has been said publicly, without denials or lawsuits on your behalf, that your favorite organizers and tacticians are Communists, avowedly or in spirit. Do these Communists get dumped over the side pretty soon? At this writing you have made no observable move toward giving them the heave ho.

Myself, I don't believe you are plotting a Soviet America; but I wonder if you realize how many millions of Americans do. In their eyes, John, you are a Red menace. Now, if I feel sure of anything, it is that the American people will not let Communism get to first base in this country in our time. Consequently the evidences of this widespread belief and fear concerning you call up visions of American *Fascist* youths on the march; of a lot of working-people shot down; of believers in democracy suffering and rotting in concentration camps. It happened in Germany, John, and in Italy. And the American mass temperament is much more like the German or Italian than like the Russian.

In other words, the odds are heavily in favor of Fascism here if things ever come to a showdown between Communism and Fascism.

Can't you please say something pretty soon, John—something definite—to the effect that you are not seeking to overthrow American democracy? That what you are after mainly is to bring about a repetition in this country of the trade-unions' rise to power—power with responsibility—in Great Britain?

A good many of the "lunatic fringe" have joined our C. I. O., as happens to every new movement. They feel they have a license from it to say and do anything that pops into their screwy heads. The things said and done by some of your purported lieutenants in the General Motors strike didn't help our C. I. O. one little bit.

Do you intend, John—or don't you—to cast off the Reds and the nuts as fast as you can, and step up the leavening of common sense—of liberals with common sense—in the C. I. O. leadership?

What is your conception of industrial organization as applied to newspapers? And of loyalty to our C. I. O. in case a reporter runs into facts unfavorable to it, or an editorial writer conscientiously forms some opinion adverse to it? These questions are important. The American people have gotten by up to now as well as they have largely because they have had the world's freest press.

In your old United Mine Workers days, I gather, your idea about coal miners who disapproved of your policies was to have them slapped down. If we newspaper C. I. O.-ers don't give the C. I. O. the best of it in everything, do we get slapped down? Do I, for example, for writing this open letter to you?

The A. F. L. has always refused to hook up with a political party or to form its own. The American Labor Party, now being built up, is understood to be allied with the C. I. O., and it is predicted that this party will put up a candidate for President in 1940 and will expect all C. I. O.-ers to vote for him. Do you really think that this is smart, John, or that Bill Green of the A. F. L. is such a fool? Like politicians, political parties win national elections by promising large helpings of pie. The Labor Party, to win, will have to promise more than either the Democrats or the Republicans, and make its promises sound convincing. And yet most of our voters are habituated to believing Democratic or Republican promises. How many can shift over in one campaign to believing Labor Party promises?

There is now absolutely no sign of a big enough depression before 1940 to work a near miracle for a new, unfamiliar third party.

And supposing the American Labor Party doesn't win in 1940, John, where will you and our C. I. O. be then?

I think it would be nice, too, if you would tell the world what you consider the limits of your one-big-union idea to be. Suppose sometime the textile workers, all enrolled in the C. I. O., decide to strike for pay raises, work-time cuts, or something. Are we C. I. O.-ers who are not in textiles to go out on strike to help them? Go out when we have no grievance against our own bosses and can't know whether the textile strike is justified?

My impression is that you don't propose to go that far; but you haven't said publicly, up to the time this is written, what your policy is.

I do hope you have given ample thought to the fact that every boss has only so much money, so much opportunity to make more, and so much patience. Forget that fact, John, or fail to impress it on us C. I. O.-ers, and the whole system which you hope to milk for our economic advancement may die on your hands.

And how about good old human nature in collision with the one-big-union idea? In every industry there are intraplant scorns and dislikes among the different departments and branches. They are based on a very deep-rooted human instinct: pride in one's own special skill. The more complex the industry, the more of them you will find in it—and they will prove to be centrifugal forces tending to rip your one-big-union scheme wide open.

I don't attempt any suggestion as to how you can counteract this fact of life in the C. I. O. But I do want to suggest, as urgently as can be, that the C. I. O. is a big boy now and had better begin acting like one.

Sincerely yours,

REUBEN MAURY
(American Newspaper Guild
Card No. 3-7123)

A PURELY *Physical* APPEAL

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

NORMA HARRIMAN smiled at the man—believing, unfortunately, that he was one of Leonie Randall's friends from Saranac.

That was a natural mistake. All summer long the Harrimans' place was swarming with people. There was always a tribe of Norma's own friends; there were the bridge-playing fanatics that Norma's mother liked to have around; there were even a few of her father's cronies, pompous old gentlemen of finance who barged about in panamas and white flannels. The members of these various groups seldom disturbed one another—the house in the Adirondacks was an enormous rambling structure jutting sturdily over the lake, and in the background was an endless expanse of virgin forest.

Norma smiled at the man. It didn't matter that Leonie had forgotten to introduce him. Leonie was absent-minded these days, because she was mending her broken heart. Shortly before she had left New York she had quarreled with Dickie Purcell, son and heir of Purcell the Biscuit King, sole manufacturer of Purcell's Nibble-Nubblies. Now she was being rather tiresome—prone to bursting into tears whenever she heard a rumba.

Norma would have been more sympathetic if, for example, Leonie had broken a leg—or lost her emerald clips. From Norma's point of view there was no great difference in attractive young men.

Yet there was one reassuring thought in the back of Norma Harriman's mind: If she ever did happen to fall in love, she probably wouldn't waste away for lack of response. That was, in her more pensive moments, an agreeable reflection. . . . Now she stood on the veranda steps, wearing the infinitesimal scrap of blue silk that Lucie Soeurs et Cie. had sold as a bathing suit. She was trailing a corded white robe over one shoulder, and swinging a blue rubber cap from her forefinger. Her hair, a mop of brown curls, caught glints of gold in the sun. She was pleased to observe that the strange young man hadn't turned his eyes away in horror. She told herself, in quiet satisfaction, that it was her beautiful body again. . . .

"Have you seen anything of my father?" she asked aloud, letting her eyes wander over the group. "I promised him I'd stick around. He's bringing some one back from town—one of the young men from his office. You know it's that cockeyed idea he has—a sort of fresh-air fund for the wage slaves."

"Norma—" said Leonie.

"Oh, it's all right!" said Norma gaily. "But he always has to load *me* with 'em, and they're always so impossible! The last one was going on about the government. Heaven only knows what this one will be like. I mean my father's Mr. Faulkner—"

Her eyes wandered back to the strange young man.

"I'm your father's Mr. Faulkner," he said.

There was a silence, embarrassing to every one but Norma. Norma flashed her smile—and held out her hand.

"Back in school they called me *Faux Pas* Harriman." She turned to her other guests. "I'm going to take Mr. Faulkner for a swim," she said blithely.

. . . . .

Ten minutes later she watched him dive from the springboard into the lake. It was a single clean dive—no waving heels. He swam around for a while, then he climbed on the float and fished a package of cigarettes from his bathrobe pocket.

They smoked. He was a good-looking dark young man of exceptional poise.

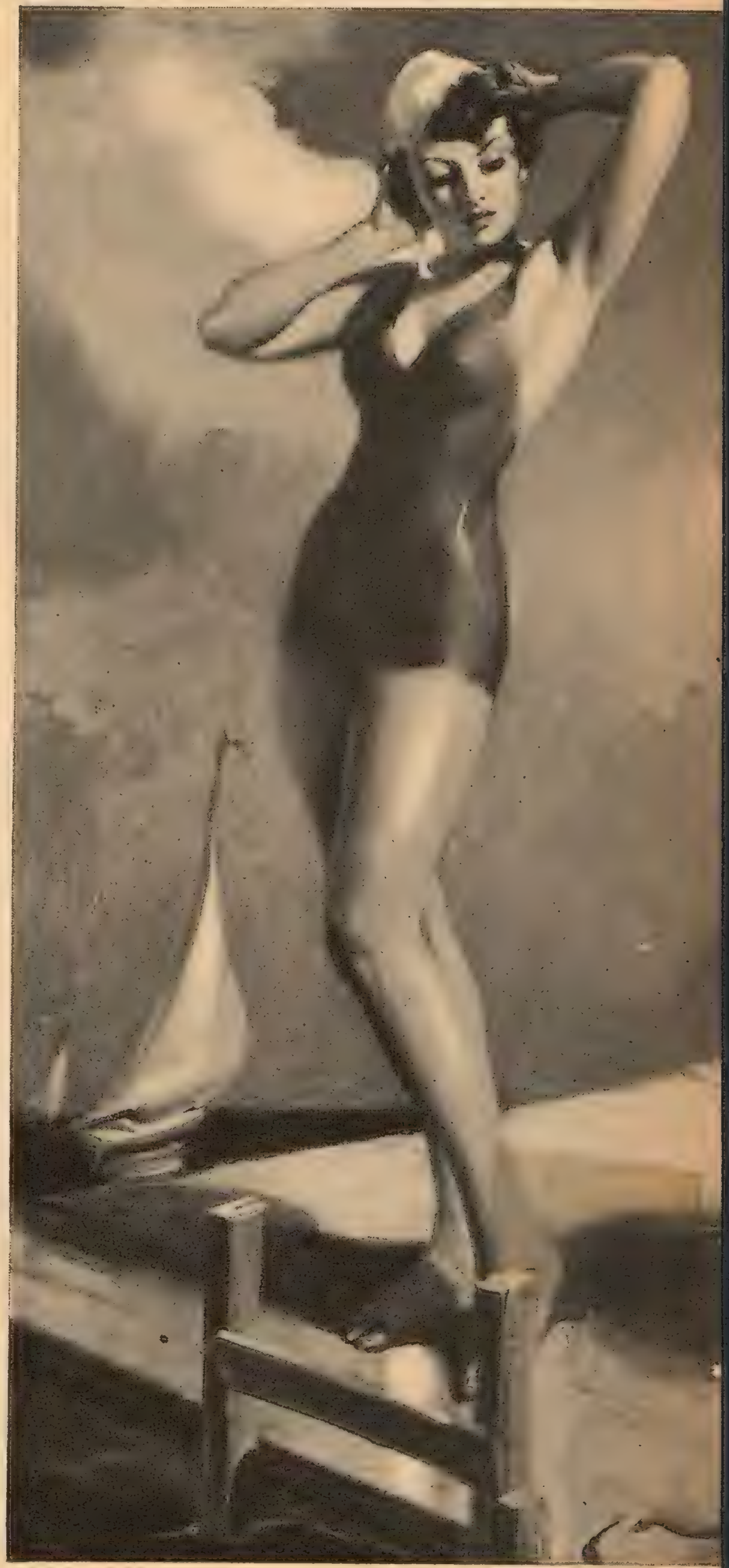
"You're not sore," she demanded, "about what I said?"

"No."

"All of dad's other young men certainly *were* pretty awful!"

"I knew one of them," he told her after a moment or two. "Forsythe—he came up here the summer before last."

"Oh, yes! I remember him. He was the one who made



Norma leaped lightly to her feet. "I'll say good-by to

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

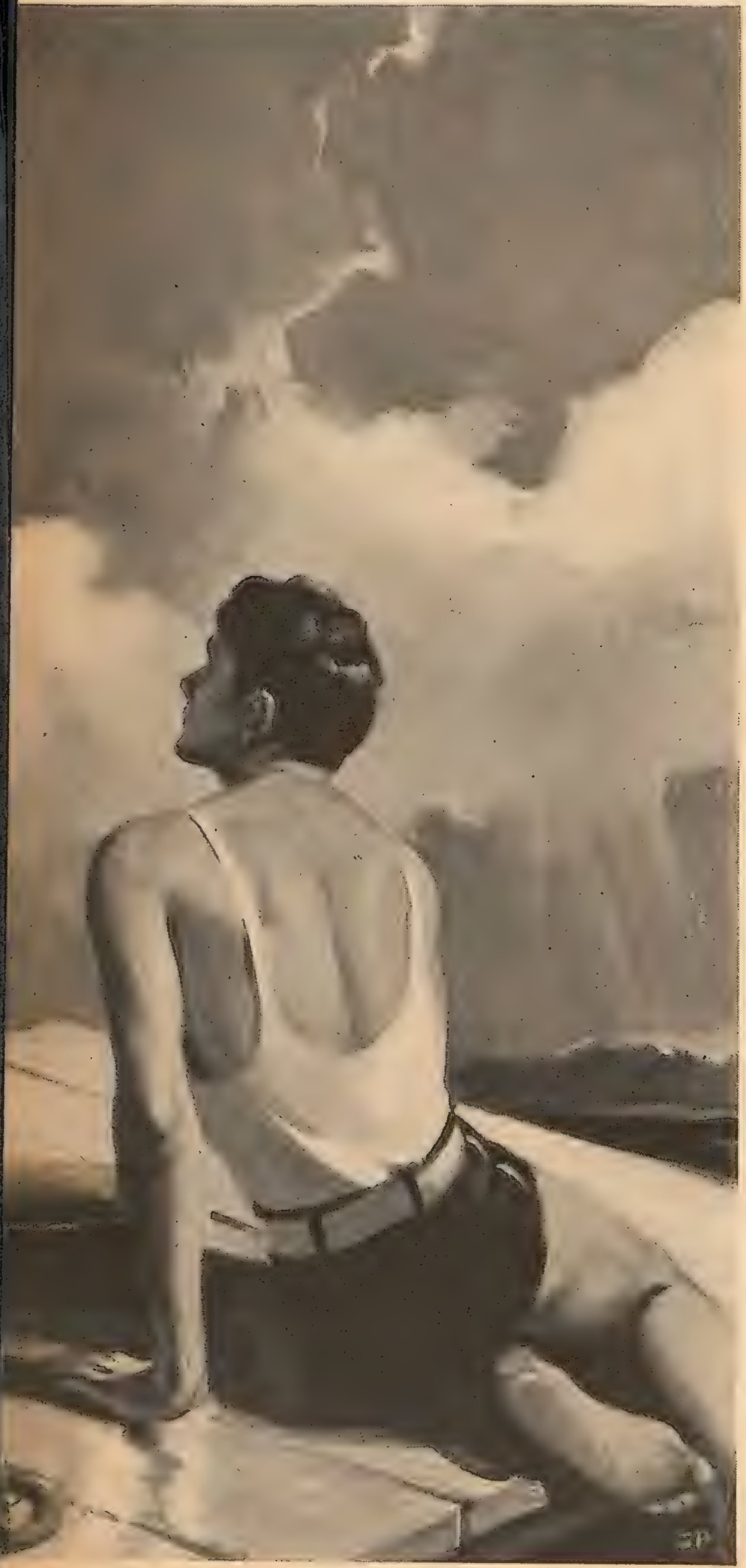
ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

The lively story of a 1937 maid who didn't believe in love at first sight

you feel the muscles of his strong right arm. That Tarzan business."

"Possibly a defense," Keith said, rather coldly. "Poor old Bill Forsythe may have been out of his element. Nobody likes to be patronized—much!"

Norma propped herself up on one elbow and glared.



ow, Keith. I promised Rupert a spot of golf before lunch."

"I didn't patronize him! I'd never patronize one of my father's guests!"

"Even when you loathe 'em?"

"Especially when I loathe 'em!"

She was fighting for a hold on her temper, and in the meantime this cool young man was casually flicking the ash from his cigarette. Perhaps he hadn't heard about that famous temper of hers. . . .

He had completely misunderstood her criticism of those young men from the office. Maybe he thought that *money* mattered to her! But some of her best friends hadn't any money. There was, for instance, Rupert Wheeler. Rupert didn't have a penny. He simply depended on his friends—a sort of perennial house guest. And there were others. . . .

"I may be a good many things," she announced suddenly, "but I won't have you thinking I'm a snob!"

"But I don't think so," he assured her gravely.

"Well, what do you think? Will you kindly tell me what on earth you *do* think?"

"Oh," he said lightly, "I only think you're a little remote from reality. That's what made you so dumb about poor old Bill Forsythe. It's not your fault exactly. You'd snap out of it in no time if somebody gave you eight dollars a week and shoved a typewriter under your nose. You've got, I should say, the makings."

She was pale with wrath.

"You think I could learn to typewrite!" she said.

"That's not what I meant—and you know it."

"You're rude! You're deliberately insulting!"

"All right," he said. "But not 'deliberately'—leave that word out of it."

"Oh, you weren't rude at all!" she said instantly and contritely. "I asked you a straight question and you gave me a straight answer. Now, what was there rude about that, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know," he said, a little dazed. "You've got me going around in a circle."

He smiled suddenly—and she noticed that his eyes were very clear and blue; that his smile was extraordinarily attractive.

She was horrified. She emphatically did not believe in love at first sight. She disliked people who yielded—the morons!—to a purely physical appeal.

"*Physical!*" she muttered between her teeth.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh—nothing!" she said hastily.

Then she leaped to her feet and plunged into the lake.

. . . . .

DURING the course of the days that followed, she noted strange symptoms in herself. Her heart would leap upward suddenly, and then sink down.

Keith was being very nice to Leonie Randall. Leonie liked him. As a matter of fact everybody liked him, with the possible exception of Rupert Wheeler. Keith Faulkner was one of those people who are immensely popular wherever they may happen to be. He was a rather clever person, too, apparently—he was very young to be the city editor of the Chronicle, which was Mortimer Harriman's most successful newspaper. And then there was all this charm that Leonie Randall went on talking about. . . .

"But what's it got to do with me?" Norma asked herself, furiously. "What's one single miserable man in a world so overpopulated that you wouldn't miss a couple of million men! Keep that thought in your mind, my girl. Try, darling—just *try* not to be such a sap!"

Thus exhorting herself, she wandered aimlessly in the comparative seclusion of the Winthrops' rock garden. The Winthrops, whose house was across the lake from the Harrimans', were giving a dance. Norma, glancing through the lighted windows, could see Leonie Randall floating about in Keith Faulkner's arms. Leonie was clinging lightly but intimately to Keith's shoulder. Norma bit her lip and turned away.

The shadow of a giant pine would hide her from Rupert. That was the important thing. She really couldn't bear any more of Rupert tonight.

He had chosen that very evening for his seventh proposal. Encouraged by a certain dreaminess in Norma's gaze, he had even outlined his plan for an elopement. A regular old-fashioned elopement, he pointed out, would be an awfully amusing thing to stage. He admitted that Norma's father didn't think much of him now, but once they were married, they'd have his blessing all right. Norma had shaken her head and slipped away. . . .

Keith and Leonie came out to the veranda, and carried on a conversation which drifted all too clearly to the vicinity of Mr. Winthrop's rocks and pines.

"You *are* a darling!" Leonie was saying happily.

She caught his hands and looked up at him ardently.

"Then it's all settled?" he said.

"All settled! You said ten o'clock, didn't you?"

YES. You meet me by the garage door, Leonie—or in that general neighborhood."

"I don't think Norma will have any suspicion," said Leonie softly and eagerly. "She's usually swimming around that time. . . . Oh, Keith, I do think you're *wonderful!*"

It was not what Leonie said, Norma thought grimly. It was the way she said it.

A moment later Rupert found Norma in the rock garden. There were two dances with Rupert before there was a dance with Keith. But even now, Leonie, over somebody else's shoulder, was smiling at Keith. Leonie's smile was like a sign saying, "We Have a Secret."

Norma talked, glibly, about the Winthrops. Then they talked about the music.

"I like Gershwin," she said. "Don't you?"

"Yes," Keith said. "But this isn't Gershwin—it's Irving Berlin."

"No," said Norma. "Gershwin."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Berlin."

They were dancing by the boy with the saxophone.

"Who wrote that thing?" she demanded.

"Irving Berlin," said the boy.

The dance was over. Norma slipped out of Keith's arms and walked right back to her rock garden. She was struggling with purely irrational tears. Keith followed her, laughing a little.

"I don't really see why you have to get so mad about it! I'll break down and tell you how I happened to know. You see, in my lighter moments I play around with a saxophone myself. I'm terrible."

She smiled uncertainly.

"Why do we always argue the way we do?" he said. "Look at the moon!"

She looked at the moon. It was shining down from an indigo sky. There was a shimmering golden band across the water and a lovely glancing light over Mr. Winthrop's rock garden. It certainly didn't matter about Irving Berlin. . . . She turned away in panic and caught her heel on a flagstone. She stumbled and felt herself caught, suddenly, in Keith Faulkner's arms.

She lifted her face. She wasn't very tall but his mouth, in that moment, was surprisingly near her own. She looked at him, and for a moment she forgot to be on her guard.

"Norma—" he began uncertainly.

She stepped back from him.

"You didn't need to be afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of me!"

"My dear girl—" he said. He was amused.

"I'm *not* your dear girl! Don't be so—so darned patronizing!"

"No," he said solemnly. "I'd never patronize one of your father's children!"

He was smug. He was indulgent. The temper rose swiftly—Norma thought she was going to choke.

"*Now* what?" he said sympathetically. "Have I said anything—"

"You attach too much importance to what you say," said Norma grandly. "It doesn't concern me!"

"All right. But then—what are you in such a tantrum about?"

"I—I'm excited, that's all!" She hurled the words like a hand grenade: "I'm going to be *married!*"

She observed his astonishment in a sort of bitter satisfaction.

"I'm going to be married tomorrow!" she said triumphantly.

"Oh, no, Norma!" Then he laughed.

"It's true!" she cried furiously. "I'm going to marry Rupert Wheeler—I'm going to elope! I'm going to meet Rupert in my car at three o'clock this morning down by Sutter's Landing. And we're going to drive to New York to be married! *Now* do you believe me?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "But your father—"

"Oh! You've got to promise me you won't say one single word to dad!"

"I promise—of course."

"Well!" she said proudly. "Now you know!"

He looked at her for a long time.

"I don't believe you," he said.

"And why not?" she demanded.

"Oh," he said casually, "I don't think you're in love with that chap—a very nice chap, but you're not in love with him. But," he added, with growing warmth, "it's just like you to pull something like this! You're a spoiled, tyrannical, unreasonable little idiot! You're a hot-headed, impulsive, scatterbrained little—"

"You—you stop that!" cried Norma, beside herself.

"Very well," he said coldly. "But you can understand this right now: I'm not going to let you get away with it! Why, it would wreck your father's life!"

She stared at him blankly.

"My *father's* life!" she said.

Then she turned on her heel and, not stumbling this time, rushed back to the house.

. . . . .

Now, of course, nothing on earth could have stopped that elopement. The arrangements were made, tersely, with a dazed and gratified Rupert. Then the Harriman party left the Winthrops' in a small fleet of motorboats. . . .

Norma hurled things into a small square suitcase. "I'll *show* him!" she muttered, as she fished for handkerchiefs. "*Now* maybe he'll believe me!" she said, as she rummaged for stockings. But not once did she give a thought to her betrothed.

She slipped out of the house safely, and down the path past the boathouse to the woods. A narrow trail through the pine trees followed the shore of the lake. Norma, her heart beating insanely, came at last to the road to the highway and espied her own roadster—which Rupert had promised to get out of the garage.

THE Harrimans never turned back. That was why Mortimer Harriman was a power in three continents. And there was a good deal of old Mortimer in his daughter. She lifted her chin and prepared to smile gallantly upon Rupert.

But he wasn't there.

"Hello!" said Keith. "So glad I didn't keep you waiting!"

Norma said nothing. She flung the suitcase into the rumble, and climbed into the car beside him. If this man had decided to marry her himself—and had tossed poor Rupert into the lake—well, she wasn't really in a mood for argument.

He smiled at her.

"All set? Here—we'll have a cigarette."

He cupped his hand about a match flame, and for a second their heads were together. Norma sighed deeply.

"It's marvelous here at this time of morning," Keith said. "Makes you think of the beginning of the world."

"I know," she said softly. "So still—and yet so alive."

They looked at each other, smiling. Then he turned back to the wheel. He glanced over his shoulder automatically, to the empty road; turned the car around.

“We're going back!” she cried in astonishment.

“Of course. You didn't think I was going to drive you to some rendezvous with Wheeler—or did you?”

“Oh! Where *is* Rupert?”

“In his room. I locked him in.”

“You locked him in his room! I'd like to know what *right* you had!”

He smiled grimly.

WELL, it was for your father's sake, really. Remember—I'm your father's Mr. Faulkner.”

“Oh, I see. You simply took it upon yourself—”

“Sure. You're such an impulsive little thing. I thought you might want to talk it over with your father in the morning. . . . Here we are. If you've got the key, we'll get in with nobody being the wiser.”

. . . . .

At breakfast time Norma found Rupert on the veranda, eating nectarines.

“What could *I* do about it? Some so-and-so locked me in my room, that's all. And there I was, darling.”

“Why didn't you climb out the window?”

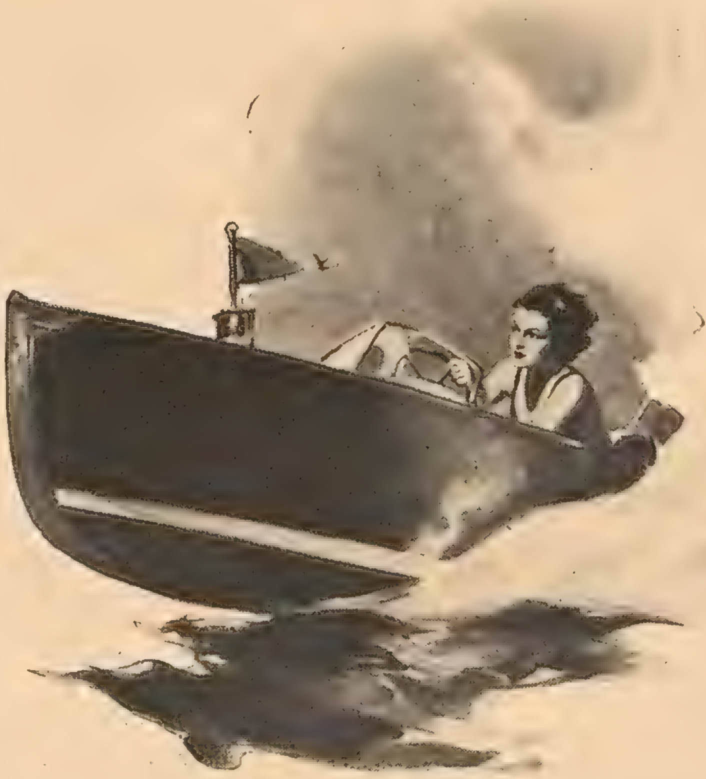
“And break my neck?”

“Why not?” cried Norma.

“Now, Norma, I know you're disappointed—and so am I—but we'll make the same plans for tonight, and this time—”

“No,” said Norma, shaking her head. “No, Rupert. From now on I'm going to be known as Take-me-or-leave-me Harriman.”

She broke off—with a glance at her watch. It was not quite ten, but time, she thought, to leave Rupert with his nectarines and his reflections.



Norma was in the Harrimans' fastest motorboat.

Leonie was meeting Keith Faulkner by the garage door. Joyfully she was flinging her arms around his neck. Then they were climbing into Keith's battle-scarred roadster—they still had the air of conspirators.

Norma edged around the corner. Keith had thrown a monkey wrench into her love affair. She'd just throw a monkey wrench into his love affair! Fair enough—but the method was not precisely clear. She approached her own car and carefully removed Abigail, the ginger-colored cat, and her three ginger-colored kittens from the driver's seat.

She fancied that Abigail was looking at her with a certain placid contempt. Abigail, obviously, had encountered and won the cat of her desire. . . .

Norma left the little family in her father's Hispano-Suiza and backed her car from the garage. There was only one road that ran along the lake shore to meet the highway.

“I suppose I've lost my self-respect,” she thought. But she cheered herself with the fleeting thought of Abigail who had not stayed calmly at home while the splendid cat she loved went prowling into the village.

. . . . .

Keith did not drive directly into the town of Tupper Lake. He stopped on the way before a little house with starched lace curtains in the windows. This, as Norma realized in horror, was the home of the Rev. Thomas Beasley.

Leonie ran up the steps, with Keith at her heels. They were admitted into the house, and shortly they emerged—laughing and joking, obviously in the best of good spirits. When it was safe, Norma pulled her own car to the curb and raced up those same well scrubbed steps.

Mr. Beasley opened the door and beamed.

“Why, it's little Norma Harriman!” he said. “My goodness, how you've *grown!*”

“Yes,” said Norma. “But, Mr. Beasley, I wanted to ask you—please—those two people who were here just now—”

“A Miss Randall and a Mr. Faulkner,” said Mr. Beasley, nodding benignly. “Delightful young couple—friends of yours?”

“In a way,” faltered Norma. “Mr. Beasley! You didn't—you didn't *marry* them, did you?”

“Oh, no, not this morning!” The amiable old gentleman hesitated a moment and smiled. “I don't want to give away any secrets, but we were making arrangements for a wedding. It's to be a rather hurried affair, I gather, but little Miss Randall said she wouldn't really feel like a bride unless she were married by a proper clergyman. . . . Charming little person, isn't she?”

. . . . .

Norma drove listlessly into the village. She was no longer following Keith and Leonie. She was merely going to call at the post office for the mail. . . . She met them on the post-office steps.

“I—I just wanted some stamps,” Leonie said. “Keith was good enough to drive me in.”

Keith likewise looked a bit sheepish.

“I'll see you later,” Norma said. “I've got to dash back—every one's screaming for mail!”

She ran lightly down the steps. She'd gone through that scene rather well, she thought. Certainly neither of them could have guessed how miserable she was. . . .

. . . . . .

Keith found her sitting on the edge of the float. She was in the blue bathing suit—the rubber cap was flung aside and her brown curls were wet and tousled.

“Where's Leonie?” she asked solicitously.

“Getting into a bathing suit, I believe. . . . Norma!”

She looked at him and her heart tightened. He was easily the most attractive object on earth. . . .

“I've got some pretty wonderful news,” he told her.

“Yes,” she said, in a bright metallic voice. “I was just going to congratulate you!”

“You *know* about it?”

“Of course. It's splendid for you. All the—all the luck in the world!”

He looked at her happily.

IT means I'll have to dash right back to New York—to see about things.”

“Of course. She leaped lightly to her feet. “I'll say good-by to you now, Keith. I—well, I promised Rupert a spot of golf before lunch.”

“Well, then—good-by,” he said rather lamely.

Neither of them could have said, afterward, how it happened. He had put out his hands impulsively—and in the space of three seconds she was in his arms. She shut her eyes and responded blindly to his kiss.

She drew away from him, her cheeks blazing. She would never know if he had meant to kiss her. Possibly he'd only meant to give her a little brotherly hug. And then she'd looked so miserable, he'd been sorry for her—sorry for her! Involuntarily she clenched her fists.

“Now what are you going to do?” he demanded in astonishment. “*Hit* me?”

“Don't you dare laugh! Don't you dare!”

“I'm not laughing.”

“Well, *I* am!” she said. “I think that was very amusing! Good-by, Mr. Faulkner.”

He looked at her with anger hot in his eyes. "Good-by!" he said.

"Oh!" cried Norma. "How I'd *hate* to have your temper!"

"I should think so," he said. "You've got a much better one of your own."

"I didn't mean that!"

"Of course not. You don't mean anything you say! You ought to be spanked!"

"Here's Leonie," said Norma frostily. "Don't let *her* hear you being so coarse and rude and impossible! The poor girl's got illusions about you!"

Keith turned sharply. Leonie ran into his arms and kissed him.

"Keith!" she said. "Oh, Keith!"

Norma looked at them. They swam before her eyes.

"Well," she said courteously, "I'll go away."

"No," said Keith. "I'll go."

AND he did. He said good-by to them both formally; he picked up a couple of suitcases and flung them into his car. He drove off hurriedly.

"Oh!" said Leonie, drawing a quick breath. "Did Keith tell you? Are you simply furious, Norma?"

Norma's cheeks flamed.

"Why should I be?"

"Well," said Leonie, "they *are* your servants—after all!"

"Servants!" repeated Norma in complete astonishment. "What have the *servants* got to do with it?"

"Well," said Leonie meekly, "they *do* snoop! You know they do, Norma! And I wanted my long-distance calls to Dickie to be strictly confidential. And Keith Faulkner was such a nice understanding sort of man that I confided in him so he could drive me to the village every day and I could phone from a pay station. . . . Of course that's awfully insulting, me being your house guest—"

Norma uttered a sudden cry.

"Dickie's coming up here and we're going to be married," Leonie went on. "I went to see a darling old clergyman—but I was going to surprise you, Norma!"

"Yes," said Norma. "You did! But tell me! What was Keith Faulkner's 'wonderful news'?"

"I don't know," said Leonie. "But I saw your father call him into the library just after we got back—" She was talking to the empty air.

Norma burst into the library, to find her distinguished father teaching Foible, the new Scotty, to sit up with a biscuit bone on his nose.

"Norma! Will you just look at that little devil—"

"Dad! What was Keith's wonderful news?"

"Oh—young Faulkner! A bright boy, that. I've just made him managing editor of the Morning Chronicle."

"Yes— Dad! If you love me—wait a minute—no—yes!—just your watch, dad! Just *lend* it to me—"

In the Harrimans' fastest motorboat, Norma clipped through lake water. She jumped off at Sutter's Landing and ran to the highroad. Three seconds later a familiar snub-nosed roadster hiccoughed, faltered, and turned to the side of the road.

Norma got in.

"Look!" she panted. "Your watch!"

Keith stared at an old-fashioned gold timepiece attached to a massive chain. He took it into his hand. There was an inscription:

To Mortimer Harriman
In appreciation
From the Boys of the Inside-Straight Club
March 19, 1892.

"It's yours, isn't it?" asked Norma, reddening. "I thought you'd left it behind, and—"

"No, my dear. I may be wrong—I'm just taking a wild shot—but I think it belongs to your father."

"Why," said Norma, "how extraordinary!"

"Yes," he said, a little unsteadily, "something's extraordinary—I don't know what."

"I don't see," she said coldly, "why you're forever having to find fault about something!"

"But I'm not!" he protested indignantly.

"You are!"

"*You* are!"

"I certainly am not!"

"All right," he said then, desperately. "We both are and we both aren't. What was it about anyhow?"

"Oh, I don't know!" she wailed. "I don't know why I came here in the first place—you *know* I thought it was your watch!"

"Naturally. . . . Oh, of course I wasn't born in 1892 and certainly I wasn't drawing to an inside straight—and you're much too pigheaded to admit that you acted on a decent friendly impulse—"

"That's what it was!" said Norma, glowing. "A friendly impulse! Well, I didn't want you to go away thinking I was rude, did I? Of course I knew it wasn't your watch—but I had to have some excuse, didn't I?"

YES. I don't know. I suppose so. But listen. Time off before we fight again. I want to explain one thing—why I was so pleased about that job!"

"Of course," she said. "A job like that would mean—"

"Listen! *You're* not explaining! It's me. Where was I? Oh! You see, my dear, I had this crazy wild idea that landing that job really meant I was on my way. It's quite a leap from the city desk to where I am now. It means—oh, well, just for example—that I could ask a girl to marry me—that a girl wouldn't be marrying somebody who was just her father's son-in-law. Are you following this at all?"

"Yes," said Norma tremulously. "But I—oh, darling, can't you make it just a little simpler?"

"Let's not talk," he said.

Nor did they for a long time.

"You have the most beautiful eyes in all the world," he said at last reflectively.

"*You* have!"

"We're not arguing, are we?"

"Oh, no!" she protested hotly. "You and me? We *couldn't!*" She became thoughtful. "Dad's going to be pleased, don't you think?"

He ran his fingers gently through her brown curls.

"If you only knew," he said, "how I've wanted to do that! What were you saying about your father?"

"You do think he'll be pleased, don't you?"

He kissed her again—ardently.

"Of course," he said. "Don't you remember? I'm your father's Mr. Faulkner!"

THE END

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Shudders and unintended thrills of which the public doesn't know! Read these revelations and you'll see . . .

WHY MOVIE DIRECTORS GET *Gray Hair*

BY NAT J. FERBER

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THOSE morose, melancholy men one sees wandering vacant-eyed along the Hollywood byways, or sulking in secluded corners at parties and in cafés, are most of them really sociable fellows who are victims of their own tender hearts. They are motion-picture directors enduring the torments which precede the shooting of a dangerous scene.

A "stunt scene" to be done on the morrow will see actors risking limb, and even life, at their direction. Each thrill for the motion-picture patron generally means nights of insomnia for the director. The sensitiveness which makes men good directors invariably plays havoc with their nerves for days after the hazardous shot is "in the can."

In a scene in Anthony Adverse, in which many pedestrians were depicted as hurrying across a street in Leghorn, a woman narrowly escaped being hit by a heavy carriage when a horse became frightened. I saw Mervyn LeRoy stop everything until he "timed" the scene differently. "I won't take a chance," he declared. "No picture is worth it."

Archie Mayo is another who never makes a scene in which there is danger. On the other hand, Tay Garnett is one of the very few who like doing the spine-shriveling stuff. He goes into such scenes with zest.

"I love them," he assured me, "because one never knows what will happen next . . . and if one knows what he's doing, there's no reason for serious accidents."

But Tay, who took a 104-foot racing sloop through the China Sea and around the world, will himself take any chance required of any stunt man under his direction, if need be. A fatalist, he believes that mishap may follow one into a drawing-room scene.

Gregory La Cava, Michael Curtiz, W. S. Van Dyke, Frank Lloyd, Lewis Milestone, William Wellman, Frank Borzage, Ray Enright, William Dieterle, Charles Barton, and Harry Lachman each harbor memories of nerve-racking experiences. La Cava used four or five cameras on stunt stuff even in the old days. They still do this—because a dangerous stunt cannot be taken over as a rule. It must be caught the first time.

"To get a stampede, for example," he says, "you fire a gun behind a herd of cattle and they do the rest. All you have to do then is get out of the way—and worry. That's a director's business."

Michael Curtiz says he has walked the floor all night on the eve of a dangerous scene. And yet he has the reputation of doing the most dangerous scenes with few casualties. In the battle between pirate ships in Captain Blood, hundreds of men milled about the decks with spars falling and charges of powder exploding. At the end of each take, the assistant director, Jack Sullivan, would call out, "Anybody hurt?" Once or twice there were as many "ayes" as "nays."

More recently, Curtiz made the now famous charge in The Charge of the Light Brigade for Warner Brothers. Across a broad plain at the foot of a line of rolling hills stretched a line of hundreds of horsemen, galloping into the face of cannonade from a hilltop.

To get the effect of shells landing near them, the plain was mined. At a great keyboard sat an operator. When he touched a key, a mine exploded just behind or in front of some of the horses. The slightest miscalculation would have meant death—and after this was made as a master scene, portions of it were shot at closer range, which made scores of takes necessary.

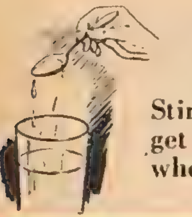
Horses trained to fall and lie down at a signal from their riders were used. The danger in such shots was mainly from the horses coming from behind; but one horse stepped into a small hole just as he was doing his fall for which he was trained. He turned a complete somersault, pinning his rider to the ground. The rider narrowly escaped being trampled, and was badly bruised.

THAT
"LAST
INCH"

NEVER TASTES WATERY

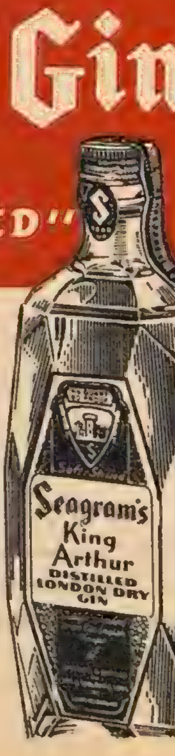
—when you make your Collins with this "Soft-stilled" Gin

Those long summer gin drinks don't have to get watery. Use Seagram's Gin—and that "last inch" tastes rich as the first sip. The full flavor of herbs and berries is *deeply infused* by Seagram's "Soft-stilling." Even a big batch of Martinis keeps rich, despite melting ice.



Try this test yourself: Pour a teaspoonful of Seagram's Gin into a large glass of water. Stir it. Smell it. Taste it. You still get that full-bodied flavor—even when it's diluted 16 to 1.

Seagram's
KING ARTHUR
Gin
IT'S "SOFT-STILLED"



GIN JULEP Place 15 mint leaves in a 14 oz. glass. Add 1 heaping teaspoon sugar. ¾ oz. plain water. Muddle gently to extract mint flavor. Add fine ice to half filled glass. Pour 2 ozs. Seagram's King Arthur Gin over ice. Stir constantly, holding glass at base. Add more ice to fill glass and continue stirring until glass frosts. Place bouquet of mint, stems down, on finished drink. *Copyright 1937. Seagram-Distillers Corp., Executive Offices: New York.*

Distilled London Dry Gin made from 100% American Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 proof.

W. S. Van Dyke, M-G-M's ace director, has an aversion to dangerous stunting. But he has had his full share of it. One of his biggest pictures was Eskimo. The company spent ten months in the Arctic. Due to precautions, there was very little sickness and little suffering from the cold. Fire was the greatest menace. A ring of fires had to be kept burning most of the time. This required a careful check of the prevailing winds; but winds switch quickly in the Far North. The company had to fight eleven fires.

Besides that, they once nearly lost their ship. Another time Van Dyke nearly lost a too-enterprising assistant cameraman in a blizzard. This man ran ahead of the party into the blinding fog and snow. By sheer luck he stumbled upon the ship. Van Dyke raged at him, despite his own relief—then took to a sickbed himself for two days. Still another time he walked out of his shack and saw three girls and two men fixing up a dog team to go out on the ice. He ordered them to stay in camp. They were all angry with him but stayed, grudgingly. Three quarters of an hour later the ice suddenly broke, causing an eighty-foot rift, with slush ice running like a maelstrom in the current.

Van Dyke disliked most, on this location, having to get out among a herd of walruses. One never knows what these creatures will do next, he says. They are extremely dangerous in the water. It was the business of the company to " pester " them—stir them up so they would go into action. This was always ticklish work and caused the director much anxiety.

One of the trips which Van Dyke would like to forget was the ten-month location in Africa on Trader Horn. Everything went wrong. The climate was terrible; every one was sick. The one scene which stands out in his memory? Let him tell it:

A LARGE herd of crocodiles had been backed up into a pool, where they were barricaded and held for three days, waiting for the weather to clear up so that we could get a camera shot at them. They were savage with rage and fear. Every available man in the company was put on guard duty, forcing the beasts back and holding them there. For three days and nights the men fought them with fire and gunfire, with long poles. Finally they set fire to oil-soaked rags at the ends of long sticks. The crocodiles charged, jaws wide; the men rammed the burning torches into their throats; the crocs backed off and charged again. Sometimes they bit off the stick, fire and all. They finally broke through, and the men had to scamper for safety. We never got the shot we wanted, because the weather was cloudy the whole time. Meanwhile, at night one looked out and saw four or five hundred blood-red eyes gleaming! "

Even after a five-week rest William Keighley was still jittery from filming God's Country and the Woman. The dramatic high light of the story is the dynamiting of a log jam. Fifteen hundred pounds of powder were placed under the logs. Before it could be touched off, the sun went down behind the mountains and work was called off for the day.

According to the explosive expert with the company, the mountain stream would wash off the powder during the night and a new charge would be necessary.

" I'm not certain that the powder will wash away," said Keighley. " I'm worried as to what might happen in that narrow gorge if a lot of it remains."

During the night he thought it over. In spite of expert opinion, his doubts and fears persisted. In the morning the company returned to location and the second charge of 1,500 pounds of powder was placed.

" I've got a hunch," said Keighley. " We'll shoot this from three hundred yards to the rear and operate the cameras by remote control."

THIS hunch may have saved as many as thirty lives.

When the explosion came, one of the cameras was wrecked and huge logs rained down on the site where the crews and players would have stood.

One of the quietest and kindliest directors in Hollywood is considered at his best when handling great masses of people in spectacular episodes. He is Frank Lloyd. When working for Warner Bros.-First National, he made a picture called Divine Lady which gave him as many thrills as it gave the audience.

Several clipper ships were remodeled with clumsy bulky superstructures to resemble old-time warships of the British navy. One part of a naval engagement involved two of them sailing at full speed toward each other, passing close enough to allow a boarding party to use grappling hooks. All the superstructure had been cut partly through, so it could be easily made to fall. Cameras were concealed on both ships. Extras as sailors lined masts and rigging.

Lloyd stood beside the helmsman on the larger vessel, which was coming up with the wind. " We'll ram right into her, I'm afraid," said the helmsman, " unless we cut for the other side. With all this clumsy superstructure, she don't answer the helm very well in this fresh wind."

Lloyd saw the danger. He realized at once that a collision meant possible injury or death to the many men who might be shaken from the lofty rigging. Yet the scene had required a full day of preparation. It would mean many thousands of dollars tacked on to production costs if the shot was not made. A production manager, aboard, urged Lloyd to bear this in mind.

As they came closer together, it became evident that the ship he was on would surely hit the other with great force. Then he himself gave the financially costly order that swung the big clipper hard alee.

Lloyd dislikes hazardous stuff. He always directs his own dangerous stunt scenes and admits having had many a bad case of nerves.

"In the old days," he says, "you could get a man to do almost anything by offering him a few extra dollars. I remember a scene in which we used a few stunt falls in a battle charge. The riders had to come thundering by the cameras. I decided we could use a few more falls—the audiences liked them. I called all the boys over and said:

"If a couple of you feel that you can take a fall as you come by the camera, do it, and I'll add an extra five dollars to your check.'

"Imagine my feelings when every one of those cavalrymen fell off his horse as he passed!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—His father and brother won fame in Shakespearean roles; he, too, strode the boards. On an April 14 he injured one of the audience; twelve days later he was shot in a barn. Who, then, is the subject of this week's early photo?

2—What island recently threatened to quit the U. S. A.?

3—If a young child's spine has thirty-three bones, how many are in an adult's?

4—Who originated savings-bank life insurance?

5—By what names are Edward Britt Husing, Lewis De Laine Offield, and Charles Correll better known?

6—Who wrote Mr. Isaacs and Saracinesca?

7—Of what value is a huge gyroscope to an icebreaker?

8—Fish are usually captured in which four ways?

9—Who in the Bible called his wife a heifer?

10—When filled with water too hot, which cracks easier—a thick glass or a thin one?

11—Translated from the Indian, "Iowa" means what?

12—Who was the first Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court?

13—The Latin word "veto" means what?

14—Which device allows an automobile wheel on a curve's inside to reduce speed when a turn is being made?

15—The Miami River has its source in what state?

16—Which Homeric hero adventured for ten years?

17—North of the Gulf of Mexico, what is North America's oldest European settlement?

18—What is India's literary language?

19—Is an American redskin's skin red?

20—Who, while he was sane, composed Woodland Sketches?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

A prize Catch with no Bite!

"I sure had fisherman's luck the day I caught hold of Union Leader" . . Carlton Chase

If you've been fishing around for a pipe tobacco with *no bite*, try Union Leader. Here's the finest of old Kentucky Burley, aged-in-wood to just the right mellow ripeness. Never a bite or burn . . . Always cool and smooth to the tongue and taste. You'll get a lot of pipe pleasure for the modest price you pay . . . A prize catch at 10¢. (Swell for rolling cigarettes, too!)

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN

By

ELMER DAVIS

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

ON the afternoon of King Edward's broadcast of farewell to his people, Carol McKay, the young newspaper reporter of the Branchville Argus, is assigned to cover the event from a human-interest angle in the small town. "Nothing ever happens here," she sighs, and longs for a sensation, thinking with envy of Les Foltz, star feature writer of the great metropolitan Times.

Aunt Ada Mallory, the maiden schoolteacher, tells her niece that she gave a quarter to a stranger on the street who looked and talked like a Southern hillbilly—an unusual occurrence. Branchville's kind of news, thought Carol—until shortly before five o'clock, when Roy Mitchell, the town's leading citizen and banker, is found dead in his car on an unfrequented road. A farmer, Meekins, discovers the body, and drives it to the home of Ab Turner, nearest to the scene of the tragedy.

Evidently the banker was shot with his own pistol, which is beside the body on the floor of the car. But is it murder or suicide? Branchville seethes with excitement as the investigation gets under way. Questions fly about town. Did Frank Fenley, with whose wife, Irma, Roy was "carrying on," have anything to do with the crime? Did his brother-in-law, Virgil Bass, with whom he was at loggerheads, have a hand in the deed?

County Prosecutor Jud Miller, who is in love with Carol McKay, takes hold of the case. More thorough examination of the death car reveals that Roy scribbled a note just before he died: "Ev Wilks—hitchhiker." It is interpreted as his last words to Sheriff Wilks accusing the guilty individual. Investigation also shows that the banker was robbed. Immediately the region is notified to be on the lookout for any and all suspicious itinerants. Such visitors have been rare in Branchville of late.

Suddenly a young man appears in the Argus office, and to Carol announces himself: "I'm Lester Foltz of the Times."

PART TWO—"THEY'VE GOT THE MAN!"

HELLO!" Les Foltz said uncertainly. "I know you, but—" Her shrug gave him no help. "Carol McKay! No wonder I didn't— You're so— You've—"

"So I've been told," she broke in. "It's no longer news. . . . Mr. Hanselman is filing his story. Here's his carbon—but I suppose you've seen everybody already." He had snatched up the flimsy yellow sheets.

"Just got in," he said absently, "and the first people to see on a story like this are the local newspapermen."

Silence for a minute or two as he read Hanselman's story with absorption, jotting down names, details as he read. Then—

"Yes," he said. "Hanselman seems to have cleared this up very neatly, till they make an arrest."

She couldn't help coloring with pride. "I did all the leg work for him. I'm the Argus reporter."

"You?" He looked up at her, and became conscious of her all over again. "But I've seen your picture in the Times," he said. "Things you were doing at the university. I never thought you'd—"

"Come to this? I couldn't get a job on the Times; but here at home—"

"I didn't mean that." He was impatient. "I—I simply didn't see you as a newspaperwoman, somehow."

"You haven't seen me at all for the last three years." She wished she hadn't said that; she had the upper hand and mustn't lose it.

"I know. At first, when I was a cub reporter on twelve dollars a week, I was too poor to go back to college and look up my old friends. Then all at once I was a good reporter, and they kept me too busy. I've read a lot about you, and—and thought a lot about you—" He broke off in some confusion. "And here you are covering murder stories for the Branchville Argus!"

"This is my first one—the first murder we've had in fifty years. I do whatever has to be done around here. I wrote the lead story today," she said proudly, "about King Edward's broadcast. There it is, on the desk beside you." He picked up the paper, glanced at it—"What are you laughing at?" she demanded furiously.

"Not the story," he hastened to assure her, "but the head—'Entire County Hears Edward's Farewell.' I understand the entire world heard it. But I take it that Branch County is only interested in Branch County." His eyes ran down the column; he turned the page. "Yes, it's a good story, Carol. I like—" Then he was interrupted by the return of Mr. Hanselman.

IT wasn't easy for a young man to compliment an old man on his story without seeming patronizing; but Les did it, and Hanselman seemed pleased.

"In my young days," he said dryly, "before I came back home and settled down, I worked for a newspaperman. His name was Joseph Medill. Glad I ain't forgot how . . . But most of the credit belongs to Carol. She got right out there and set in at the conference of county officials over the evidence just as if she belonged. I guess you can go now, Carol. Foltz is taking over for the Times, so if you want to get some supper—"

"I think I'll get some too," said Les Foltz. "There's an hour till my dead line for the next edition, and I was just going out to eat when the city editor told me to hop a train. Carol, you've certainly earned a meal on a Times expense account. If—if you'd dine with me—"

There was a note of pleading in his voice.

"All right," she said. "But don't expect any Ritz."

From the overcast sky an occasional stray snowflake drifted down into their faces as they walked to the restaurant on the courthouse square. They were too hungry to say much till they had finished hamburger sandwiches and pie; but over coffee and cigarettes he looked at her, shamefaced.

"Carol, it was stupid of me not to know you at sight. But your pictures don't do you justice; and you've changed so since I knew you. I know I behaved badly three years ago—"

"Not at all." She shrugged lightly. "Thanks to you, I met a lot of people and—and learned a good deal. And I first got interested in the newspaper business hearing you talk about it." Her

A swift, exciting new novel of a town rocked by tragedy and a girl's heart stirred by romance

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR SHELDON

mood changed; she was eager. " Les, when I tried for a job on the Times last summer they said they wouldn't take anybody without experience. Do you suppose what I did on this story would count as experience, if I tried again? "

" It certainly ought to; you did a beautiful job. It would be simply swell to have you on the paper." But he didn't sound as if he were thinking about the paper's interests. " And speaking of the paper," he resumed, " give me a little more of the background, Carol. I gather that this Mitchell was the big man of the town—"

She was still talking when the men who had been at the next table came past on their way out. Somebody's voice, for an instant, overrode hers:

" Nobody but Roy would have had the guts to write that when he was dying. And if he hadn't it might have looked pretty bad for Frank Fenley—or Virgil Bass."

FOLTZ sat up with a jerk. " What's this? Why would it have looked bad for Frank Fenley or Virgil Bass? I didn't see anything about suspects in Hanselman's story."

Bit by bit, she told him.

" I see. . . . I thought all this was tied up just a little too neatly. . . . Did you see that notebook, Carol? Was it Mitchell's handwriting? "

" I don't know his handwriting. But Jud Miller knows it, and Ev Wilks—the sheriff—and Doc Vilas. They're honest! "

" I'm not questioning their honesty, but when an explanation fits so neatly, saves so much trouble— Whoever shot Mitchell could have written that in the notebook to throw people off the track, could have taken his money out and thrown it in the bushes to make it look like robbery. Anybody search the bushes around where the body was found? . . . They didn't! "

" You act as if we were all fools in Branchville! " she flared. " Why couldn't a hitchhiker have shot him? "

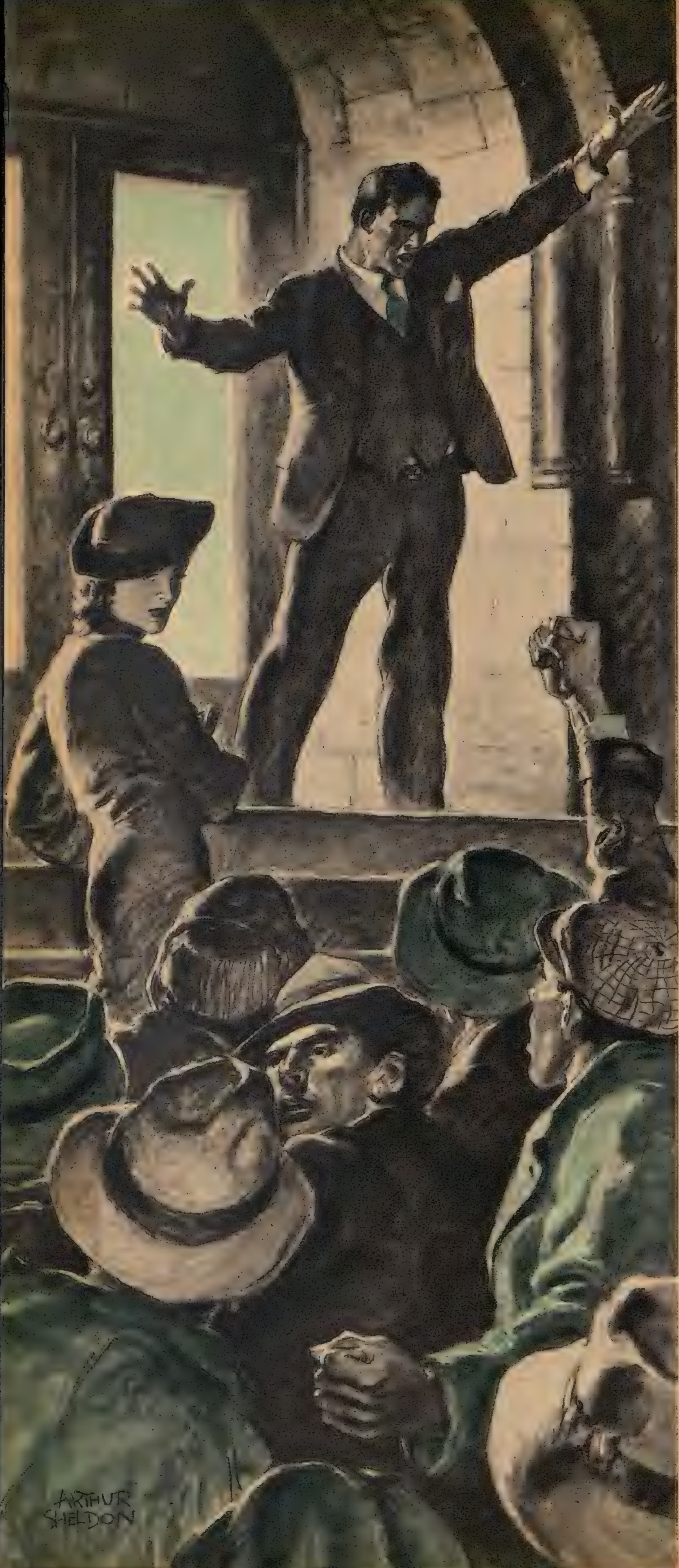
" Oh, it's possible," he admitted. " But—"

" A lot more possible than anything else, Les. There wasn't any reason for Roy Mitchell to kill himself. And Frank Fenley, Virge Bass—they're not the kind that would commit murder! "

" Not the kind? " he repeated thoughtfully.

" Well, I don't see why you have to go throwing suspicion on—"

" The suspicion's been thrown already," he interrupted with a grin. " Thank God I've got you to help me on a story with so many ends." She felt a warm rush of gratification at that. At the moment he was thinking of her only as a competent reporter. " I'll go over to the courthouse," he was saying, " and see if the sheriff and the prosecutor have got anything new. Meanwhile you get hold of Bass and Fenley, and ask them where they were between



"Attention!" he roared. "Citizens of Branch County, we'll have no talk of lynching! I want some of you to come up here, and let the sheriff deputize you to keep order."

four and four forty-five this afternoon. Where they were and who can prove it."

"Ask them?" she gasped. "Men I've known all my life—older people?"

"Why not? If you call yourself a reporter—"

"I am a reporter! But I've got to go on living in this town, and you—"

"Something in that," he conceded. "Well, let's see if there's anything at the courthouse. If there isn't, I'll look into those alibis myself."

The courthouse was bright with lights. Men swarmed in the corridors, but Les Foltz smoothly made a way through them for Carol. In the prosecutor's office she introduced Les to Jud Miller, and was annoyed with herself for feeling a little embarrassment; annoyed with Jud, too, for swelling up a little as he talked.

"I'm afraid there isn't anything new, Mr. Foltz," Jud had to admit at last. "Except—" He grinned. "The state police are trying to horn in on this. But we're sure the criminal is still in the county and the sheriff is perfectly competent to take care of the situation."

"About this writing in the notebook, Mr. Miller. You're positive it was Mitchell's handwriting?"

"As sure as I am of my own signature!" said Jud with a snap.

THE telephone broke in. He answered it, listened a moment—and then gave an excited yelp.

"Where? . . . Who? . . . Bringing him right in? Fine!"

He turned back to them, shivering with excited triumph.

"They've got the man! Southern hillbilly, by his accent—just a drifter. Won't give his name, but we'll get that out of him—"

"How do they know he's the man?" Foltz objected. "What evidence—"

"Evidence enough to hang him," said Miller gleefully. "He walked into a lunch counter at Centerburg awhile ago and ordered steak and coffee. Didn't look as if he had any money on him, so they told him he'd have to pay in advance—and he did, with a ten-dollar bill. A brand-new ten-dollar bill—the kind Roy Mitchell drew five of before he left town. When they searched the fellow, they found the other four in his pocket."

. . . . .

By the time Les left the courthouse to write his story for the second edition, a crowd was gathering on the sidewalks around the courthouse. The groups grew larger, began to overflow into the yard; the buzz of talk grew louder and louder.

"Stay here and keep an eye on this, Carol," Foltz commanded as he left her. "A crowd like this might mean trouble. I'll come back just as soon as I can."

The courthouse steps were a chilly place to wait. She drew her coat tighter about her, shifted from one frozen foot to the other. The crowd thickened. Suddenly the door was opened. Jud Miller loomed against the background of light.

"Attention!" he roared in his political-meeting voice. "Citizens of Branch County, we'll have no talk of lynching!"

On the edge of the crowd an unsteady voice cried, "Who the heck says so?"

Miller shook his fist. "I say so! We'll abide by the law in Branchville! Roy Mitchell was my good friend and I'll hang the man who murdered him—but hang him legally! The grand jury has been impaneled; it will meet Monday morning and indict him. We'll have the trial just as soon as the law allows. But no lynching! You boys of the Legion Post! Roy was our first commander and we all loved him; but he always stood for law and order and you know he'd want the law to take its course now! I want some of you to come up here and let the sheriff deputize you to keep order—for Roy Mitchell's sake!"

An instant's pause—then a stir in the crowd. Two or three men came forward; then more and more. Jud Miller shook their hands, clapped each man on the shoulder as they came up the steps. He stood above the crowd, dominating it—dominating Branchville. . . . Carol caught her breath, felt her heart pounding. Roy Mitchell, the big man of the town, had a successor—Jud, who had never had any ambition! She knew why he had it now. . . .

"That's fine!" he called to the crowd, before at last he turned to go in. "Don't worry, boys; we won't let this fellow slip away!"

Somebody yelled a half-ironic "'Ray for Jud Miller!" But the crowd began to drift away. Through the dissolving groups Les came back to Carol.

"Did you hear him?" she demanded proudly. "Wasn't he fine?"

"He landed himself on the front page, all right."

"If you think that was why he did it—" she blazed.

"Certainly not. He's got a sure conviction and he'll get the glory—as he'll get the glory for this piece of grandstand stuff." And, as she glowered at him—"I was circulating in the crowd," he said. "They were there out of curiosity. Nobody had mentioned lynching, that I know of."

"But you said yourself it might mean trouble," she reminded him.

"True. . . . At any rate, he put the fear of God into them and deserves the credit. . . . But why are you so hot about it? Is Miller somebody special—your uncle or something?"

"No—not my uncle." (Did Jud look that old?) "Or—or anything," she said, with a queer sense of involuntarily putting herself on record. "But you seem to think there's something wrong with all of us in Branchville!"

"Not at all," he said as they went in. "It has the virtues and the faults of a small town—a nice peaceable town unused to trouble and not sure how to handle it. Where everybody knows everybody, where all truth is personal. . . . Which makes it tough for a reporter."

As they waited in the crowded courthouse corridors a group of men stamped in—with somebody in their midst, his mittened hands tied behind his back.

Carol stared at his white face, at his bewildered, terrified eyes. . . . Why, he was just a farm boy!—twenty-one or -two, simple-looking, not very bright. The men in the corridors—courthouse employees, the Legionnaires deputized by the sheriff—pressed close on the group. Jud waved them back.

"Lay off, boys! Give us a chance to get this out of him. Bring him into my office; and you who haven't any business there, stay out!"

Most of the crowd dropped back. Already Branchville was instinctively obeying Jud Miller. The men who had the prisoner went in, the sheriff, the coroner. Les Foltz was following them, when the sheriff stopped him.

"There's no time to lose," Les expostulated, "if you want to get his confession into the late editions."

"We'll give you the news when we've got any to give," the sheriff growled, and slammed the door in Les' face.

Sitting on the stairs outside Jud's office, they waited.

GOOD Lord!" said Les finally. "They've been working on that fellow for two hours! He must be tough, and he didn't look it. However—"

The prosecutor's door opened. The sheriff came out, looking none too well satisfied; then the prisoner and his guards. They turned down the corridor that led to the jail. Jud Miller came out last of all, and as he locked his door he found Les waiting for him.

"Wouldn't admit a thing," said Miller wearily. "But he tells a ridiculously thin story. . . . Name? Jim Jones, he says—probably an alias. Says he's from Nashville but won't give an address. I think he's a farm boy who doesn't want his folks to know he's in trouble." For an instant he seemed almost compassionate; then, hardening again: "He claims he never saw Mitchell or his car; never took the side road; walked right along the state highway and never tried to thumb a ride from anybody. He says he left town about a quarter to four—just about when Roy did. And he couldn't have got to Centerburg by the time he showed up there unless somebody'd given him a lift part of the way. . . . Nobody but Roy Mitchell would have picked up a hitchhiker;

we've had too much trouble with them in this county."

"But the money?" Foltz demanded. "How does he explain that?"

"That's the thinnest part of his story. Says he was walking along the road—he can't say where, for he doesn't know the local landmarks—when he saw a motorcycle coming. Thinking it might be a state policeman, he ducked into the bushes beside the road—and the headlight, passing, flashed on something shiny. When it went past, he got down on his hands and knees and felt around—it was dark by then—and picked up the five ten-dollar bills that Mitchell had been carrying. Ever hear anything as thin as that?"

"No, I never did," said Les thoughtfully.

WHY, the whole thing's absurd!" Jud growled with weary petulance. "We've got him cold and he knows it. . . . We'll hold the inquest and the preliminary hearing in the morning. . . . Anything else, Foltz?"

"One thing I can't quite figure out, Mr. Miller. Mitchell left town at a quarter to four. He was found dead an hour later, nine miles out—and the doctors seem to think he hadn't been dead long. You'd expect him to be fifty miles from Branchville by that time. A good car, a good road—a clear road, too, most of the time; for I gather from Carol's story that everybody was indoors listening to the broadcast. . . . But I suppose Mitchell might have stopped in somewhere to listen to it, too."

"There's no need to suppose anything!" Jud rasped. "These doctors can't be sure just when he was shot; he might have lived some little time. Anyway, we've got his dying statement, and the tramp who got his money; that's a good enough case for any jury on earth!" He turned to Carol. "That date of ours has been postponed a long time," he said wearily. "But now I can take you home, anyway." The mere idea brightened him up.

"I don't believe I can, Jud. I—I'll have to go to the telegraph office with Les while he writes his story. Some—some detail might come up that I know about and he doesn't—"

Jud glowered at her a moment and then turned away without another word.

"Yes," Les said, "I may need you; Branchville seems to be full of complexities. But after my story's on the wire perhaps you'll let me take you home."

"Why shouldn't you," she said serenely, "when we're both working on the story?" They started off down the corridor.

. . . . .

The Times' circulation department was proud of its coverage of the state. Its final edition reached Branchville on the 6.10 A. M. train—in time for not only the townspeople, but the nearer residents on the rural routes,

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to read it at breakfast. Frank Fenley, dark and sullen, read it at breakfast—read the whole long story of the Mitchell murder, read that line near the end: "One detail that still perplexes Prosecutor Miller is why Mitchell, who from medical testimony could hardly have died earlier than half past four, had driven only nine miles in forty-five minutes."

Frank Fenley looked across the breakfast table, between the chattering children, at the stony-faced blonde woman in a quilted pink dressing gown. Perhaps if they had been alone—but you couldn't talk about such things before the children. . . . He pushed back his chair.

"Got to go to work." His tone was as commonplace as the words.

"Will you take the little car?" she asked him. "I've got to bring the children into town later. There's a school basketball game."

He didn't reply, but he took the little car; it had become automatic with both of them to think of the children first.

Presently the children went out, too, to play in the yard; and when Irma had read the paper she went to the telephone.

. . . . .

Jud Miller got her call at his desk.

"I've just been reading the paper, Jud, and I can explain one thing that seems to be bothering you. I—I lied to you yesterday when you phoned me—"

"Now listen, Irma," he said. "Think hard before you say anything—on the telephone. And I'm a public official; anything you tell me might have to go on the record. If it's anything directly bearing on the murder, of course— But I can't believe it is."

"Well, no, it isn't. But I can explain why Roy was only nine miles from town—"

"Don't you do it! No use getting your name in the papers when the case is sewed up! We know who killed Roy, and why. Just how he happened to be where he was at the time isn't relevant. Keep your name clear!"

"I certainly don't want to get mixed up in it unless I have to. But, Jud, what bothers me— If the prisoner left town on foot at a quarter to four, how could he have caught up with Roy?"

"What? . . . Why, that's easy! He lied, that's all—lied about the time he left town, as he lied about everything else! He knew he'd have to lie about that if— But no use going into that now; it's not relevant. You keep your mouth shut, Irma! We've got our case."

ON the sidewalk outside the Argus office Carol encountered Les Foltz.

"I never thought I'd find a morning newspaperman up and around at half past eight," she told him.

"But I'd like to work with you because—" He grinned.

"I expect I could use help," she admitted. "But let's see Mr. Hanselman; he may have other plans for me." As, they discovered, he had.

"I'll have to write the whole story for the Argus this afternoon," Mr. Hanselman told them, "so I better cover the morning stuff myself. Carol, you see what you can pick up along Main Street, as usual. Even with a big story in the paper, people like to see their names in the personal column."

She felt ashamed to look at Les as they went out.

"Tough luck," he said. "But it's all in the job. . . . I can't help you much with personals. But I'll keep myself busy, and—maybe you could meet me somewhere for lunch."

"We call it dinner in Branchville; I eat it at home. But Aunt Ada's away," she said, "and Lizzie—our colored girl—is used to getting dinner for two. If you'd like a change from our local restaurants— It's on Harrison Street—the white house with green shutters, next door to the Baptist Church."

He left her then. And at the next corner she came on a group of men gathered round Oakus Meade, who drove the school bus.

"I tell you I seen Mitchell's car," he was insisting. "By the side of the highway, a little ways this side of the turn-off to the woods road."

"When was that, Oakus?" somebody asked him.

"Close to four thirty, I guess. We started late yesterday, account of everybody wantin' to hear Edward's broadcast. I'd dropped the Fenley kids and gone on a couple of miles when I see the car. My headlights were on, and I see the number plain as day—V3833. Roy Mitchell's number; I know it. Before I come up with it, it started up, turned the corner into the woods road—"

Sheriff Wilks thrust himself in.

"If you seen all that, Oak," he said, "come tell it to Jud Miller."

Carol went on, wondering.

"I WENT out to the place where the car was found," Les told her as they dined. "Not much snow in the bushes. I searched pretty thoroughly; no footprints—and nothing shiny. A couple of men from the evening papers were there, too. If there'd been any traces—but the snow was off the road; a lot of cars had been there— If there ever was evidence, it's gone now."

"The coroner's inquest called it murder," she offered.

"And the justice of the peace held Alias James Jones for the grand jury. I got back in time for the hearing, thanks to having got up early to see you." She reddened a little, but he was going on: "They assigned a lawyer to defend him. They're gradually building up a picture of the prisoner's movements. I understand a woman saw him in town, gave him some money—a Miss Mallory—"

"My aunt," said Carol. "I told them that. Last night."

"Oh, did you? And a man named—" He consulted his sheaf of notes. "Named Orval W. Harris said at the hearing he saw this Jones walking into town yesterday. Says he told Mitchell about it. Then there's a school-bus driver—"

"I heard him," Carol put in. "He was telling everybody. But he says he saw Mitchell's car on the state highway. I don't just see—"

"Miller sees," said Les dryly. "He's reconstructed what happened, now. Mitchell was probably shot right where the bus driver saw the car—near the fork of the road. He stopped to let Jones out, Jones grabbed the gun out of the pocket and shot him, and was going through his clothes when he saw the headlights of the bus. So he jumped into the car, drove into the side road, finished going through Mitchell's pockets, and then went on. He didn't dare take the car. It explains everything—except why Mitchell had only gone nine miles in forty-five minutes."

"I suppose," she said slowly, "he might have—" She checked herself in consternation.

"Might have what?" he demanded.

"He might have stopped off to see Irma Fenley. . . . But that's only a guess—" she insisted. "You wouldn't dare put it in the paper!"

"Not unless it ties up with something. . . . Yes, that would explain some queer things about Miller's behavior; naturally, he'd like to keep his sister's name out of the story, if he could. . . . Carol, did you happen to see that notebook of Mitchell's—did you look through it, I mean, not just at it?" She shook her head. "I was permitted to go through it this morning," he said. "By the sheriff, not by Miller. A sheet had been torn out. I don't suppose Miller could have—"

She said angrily, "Jud wouldn't—wouldn't suppress evidence. If it had only been something about Irma, something that didn't have anything to do with the murder, he might have torn it out—and I wouldn't blame him. But I know he didn't." She looked at her wrist watch. "Time for me to get back to work. . . . What are you doing this afternoon?"

"I think I'll go over to the jail and see if I can get anything more out of an interview with the prisoner. Why don't you come along, if Hanselman can spare you?"

Mr. Hanselman, they discovered, could spare her.

They found Jud Miller in conference with the sheriff in the office of the jail.

"We'd like to talk to the prisoner," Les began amiably.

"What for?" Jud growled shortly.

"Somebody who isn't a county official might get more details out of him, Mr. Miller. And details are scarce in this case, so far."

"Scarce?" Miller laughed. "We've got the corpus delicti, the gun, the bullet, the motive, the dying man's statement—and the man who did it!"

"But no evidence whatever that *he* did it, except—"

"That he had the money," Jud supplied. "That was enough to convict Hauptmann, and it'll be enough to convict this fellow too! Frankly, Foltz, I don't like your attitude! You're hostile."

"Not hostile at all, Mr. Miller. Just trying to find out. If I can shake this fellow's story, break him down, maybe get a confession—"

"Oh, all right," said the prosecutor impatiently. "Go ahead and see him. You don't mind, do you, Ev?" The sheriff shook his head. "But we'll be just around the corner of the cell block," Jud added, "out of sight but within earshot. I want to hear."

THE sheriff got up, led the way toward the cells. Les followed him. But Jud Miller hung back, laid a detaining hand on Carol's arm.

"Look here, Carol. Who is this fellow? . . . What I mean is, what is he to you?"

"He's a reporter with whom I'm working on a story! Let me go, Jud. I don't want to miss this."

But as he let her go the door behind them opened. A woman came in.

"Aunt Ada!" Carol gasped. "I thought you weren't coming home till tomorrow."

The steel-gray eyes were harder than ever. "I didn't have a chance to read the Times till I'd given my talk this morning. After that I decided I'd better come back right away. And I've heard Oakus Meade's story. Jud, I want to see your prisoner."

Blankly astonished, he stood out of her way. He couldn't imagine why she wanted to see the prisoner, but people usually stood out of Miss Ada's way. Jud and Carol followed her, came up to Les and the sheriff in the corridor outside the cell. Through its barred window came a sullen voice:

"No, suh, I don't want to talk to nobody. It ain't no use—"

The voice broke off as Miss Ada looked over the sheriff's shoulder. There was a stir; the prisoner hastily came forward to the wicket.

"You'll tell 'em the truth, won't you, ma'am?" he pleaded. "I know it's a crime to thumb a ride in this state, but I didn't thumb no ride; you picked me up of your own accord. You'll tell 'em, won't you?"

Is the old schoolteacher going to clear the young hillbilly? If she does, where will the guilt fall? On Virgil Bass? On Frank Fenley? What new trails will the young newspaper reporters take? There is a surprising climax before the curtain falls in next week's Liberty.

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WHY MEDICINE *Approves* BIRTH CONTROL

By Eric Matsner, M.D.

Medical Director, American Birth Control League

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES

BIRTH control has at last been put into the hands of the medical profession, where it belongs. For two years the problem was studied by a committee of eminent doctors appointed by the American Medical Association. Their final report makes it clear that birth control is not only a legitimate part of medical practice but is essential to the safeguarding of individual and public health.

This new attitude of the Medical Association will not affect morals adversely. It has been charged that the dissemination of birth-control information will lead to immorality among young people. Is true morality based upon fear, or upon character, ideals, and training? We must, in the words of the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick of Riverside Church, New York City, face and not dodge the problem of individual ethics which such information involves. " Suppression," he says, " will do no good. After all, chastity has been guarded more by modesty and common sense than by fear. The idea that the mere removal of the dread of conception is going to let loose a flood of iniquity is, I suspect, a misapprehension of the facts."

Birth control is not likely to increase irregular sexual unions—these have always existed. It will be the duty of preachers, teachers, and medical men to impress young men and women with the new responsibilities engendered by the new knowledge.

Birth control makes possible earlier marriage, since young couples know they need not have their first baby until they can afford it and are adjusted to the responsibilities of married life. Early marriage lessens extramarital sex relations, prostitution, and venereal disease. From that point of view, birth control will be a boon.

Birth control may make our divorce problem less formidable, because it will tend to make marriage more happy and more enduring. Recent advances in physiology, endocrinology, and psychology confirm that sex serves essential human needs other than reproduction. Many a marriage has been destroyed by the fear of unwanted pregnancy, which can jeopardize the wife's mental health and cause her to avoid the marriage relation.

To many, the phrase " birth control *and* better babies " may sound paradoxical. Misunderstandings are still widespread. Some think that birth control destroys life, or destroys the individual's capacity to reproduce; others think that it means stopping all births.

Contraception, which is the medical term for birth control, is the use of safe, harmless, temporary measures to prevent the fertilization of an ovum, the beginning of a new life. Therefore there is no destruction of life. On the contrary, contraception is frequently a lifesaving measure. In the presence of certain acute and chronic diseases, pregnancy endangers a mother's life.

Birth control means helping to overcome sterility among people anxious to have children. It means the planning of families and the spacing of births. Statistics published by the United States Children's Bureau indicate that deaths of both mothers and babies are fewer when the interval between births is two years or more.

More than a million women in the United States resort to illegal abortion each year. Nine tenths of these women are married and have several children, Dr. Frederick J. Taussig states in his authoritative book on the subject. When the family already has too many mouths to feed, mothers risk their lives to avoid bringing another child into the world. And abortion causes one quarter of America's high maternal death rate. We may expect that abortion will sharply decrease with the extension of reliable, medical methods of birth control.

The problem was not, Shall the United States have birth control? We already have it. The real question was, Shall we make it safe and reliable through medical control, or leave it to quacks and commercial exploitation? The bootleg business in contraceptives has been flourishing for years. Many of these products are ineffective, some are distinctly dangerous. Now we may look to regulation of this vast industry and protection of the public from false and misleading claims.

Has every mother, rich or poor, the right to choose when she will have her children and how many she will have? Medical information on contraception has long been available to the more privileged. Now it is beginning to be offered to all mothers. The American Birth Control League reports that more than three hundred clinics are now functioning under medical direction in forty states. Advice is given for health reasons to married women who cannot afford to consult a physician privately. Forty per cent of the patients at these centers are on relief. Many more such clinics are needed.

When anesthesia and vaccination were first discovered, they were termed " unnatural " and " dangerous." It is not surprising that complete acceptance of scientific birth control as a part of preventive medicine has been combated. Fortunately, many religious groups approved such birth control even before it won national medical approval. Among these were the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, representing 23,000,000 Protestants, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Leading officials of the Catholic Church have authorized the publication of several books outlining a method of birth control based on the theory of a " safe period." These books have been freely available to married and unmarried. The method they describe has not yet been proved practical or reliable by scientific evidence. However, they offer some of the most convincing arguments for family planning and limitation ever written.

There is no reason for the fear, expressed in some quarters, that medical birth control will materially alter the birth rate. In the majority of human beings the parental instinct is too strong to be denied. I envisage a new morality based on truth, free choice, and a human society where every child is wanted and welcome.

For liberals who think!—Two sides of a much-argued question. Here, a physician's view

WHY CATHOLICS *Oppose* BIRTH CONTROL

By Father Ignatius W. Cox, S.J.

Professor of Ethics, Fordham University

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I HAVE been asked by Liberty for an expression of opinion with regard to the effect on American morals of the new attitude of organized medicine toward birth control. No answer can be given apart from a consideration of the morality of contraception itself. If contraception is wrong and evil in itself, if the action of the American Medical Association promotes its use by giving it a sort of medical imprimatur, then the effect on morals will be most adverse, no matter what physical, psychological, economic, sociological, or political advantages may be alleged in extenuation.

It may be bad news to some but it happens to be a fact that this is an ordered universe the texture of which is so finely woven and integrated that an action essentially evil in its moral aspects can never be good medicine, or good economics, or good psychology, or good anything else. And the attempt to clothe such an action with the garments of decency by an appeal to values necessarily lower, such as health or economic expediency, is the very height of immorality. It is the unforgivable sin, the sin against light; the perversion of the guiding principle itself, the intellect.

Let any one frankly and ruthlessly disassociate the act of contraception from all its various and supposed values which have been dinned into our ears ceaselessly, and what happens? Its essential and intrinsic evil and wrongfulness is immediately disclosed in all its naked, dwarfed, and thwarted nature. The act of contraception is a sexual lie. It is the complete denial of the creative act of sex; and a semi-denial or a halfhearted assertion of the secondary purpose of sex—complete and mutual self-donation in married love.

The very heart of the iniquity of contraception is its complete frustration and perversion in use of the human faculty expressive of married love and life—and life precisely as the outcome of married love. Contraception is an attempt to make the act to which it is attached a mere act of surface pleasure. It is an act of biological rape, the significance of which does not escape the contraceptionists themselves and the consciousness of which brings a sense of incompleteness and frustration. George Bernard Shaw, I believe, called contraception reciprocal masturbation; and a very learned non-Catholic doctor friend of mine likens it to homosexuality. Contraception desexes practically, if momentarily, one of the partners.

Sex, unspeakably more than any other human appetite, involves the soul itself in its passion. The sexual relations of married love are not merely animal and bodily union; they are the communion of soul-bodies; they are the expressions of complete self-donation ordained by God and reducing to unity married love, with the tendency in every such act toward creativeness, toward the incarnation of that love in children. A child may not be the result, sometimes cannot be the result of the sexual act; but that act, as intended by nature and exercised according to nature, is a joyous affirmation of life and love. Frustrate, thwart that act by contraceptive agencies, and you make what purports to be an act of life a hollow mockery and an empty shadow, an act of lust. Contraceptive sexual union becomes shallow sense communion, devoid of soul, devoid of mystery, devoid of depths, and devoid of God.

It was a non-Catholic doctor, Victor C. Pedersen, who wrote of contraception: " It is concubinage, not marriage; the new era of prostitution, teaching our mothers and daughters, sweethearts and wives the common practices of the brothel. There is nothing in this birth-control movement which the common prostitute does not practice in one way or another."

If it is argued that contraception is necessary for the health of women for whom pregnancy would be a serious risk, the answer is that the iniquity of contraception is too high a price to pay for health. At the same time it is well to note that immoral practice never yet made for health in all its totality, including mind and body. Besides, there always remains the difficult but moral way of abstinence. If economic inadequacy is brought forth as an indication for contraception, the answer is ready and assured that the attempt to adjust physiology to economics rather than economic conditions to physiology will in the long run ruin health and render impossible a truly reasonable and just economic order.

The argument that contraception is a defense reaction of the rich, however unconscious, is not without point. Certain it is that those in the higher-income and social brackets have been mighty promoters of it for the poor and the slum dwellers. For the economically handicapped who reject its sexual blasphemy a way out is found in abstinence. And may I say here, in passing, that the Catholic Church does not condemn all rational control of parenthood, but only irrational control through immoral means. There is no universal condemnation by the Church of eugenics, but only of that eugenical program which seeks its purposes by disordered means. The Church, moreover, emphatically does not advocate indiscriminate breeding of any and all. And, finally, the Church has the utmost pity and sympathy for those married couples who are the victims of an immoral economic order. But she knows that contraception is an immoral and quack remedy. You will find the price paid for it, to use the editorial words of the Medical Times, in " the nervous, irascible, voluntarily sterile, frustrated, neuter, 'poorly thatched' spinster type of wife." That is what nature makes of those who thwart her and call it virtuous living.

The action of the American Medical Association in recommending a study of contraception will actually be a force withdrawing men and women from the immorality of contraception, if the study is adequate and exhaustive, and if the results of it are set forth with fortitude. Sound morality does not and need not fear the whole truth. It has been damaged in this contraceptive business by a whole cargo of half-truths. Let the research workers discover the truth about the vengeance which nature

The other side. A straightforward discussion from the viewpoint of faith and morals

takes upon those who thwart and pervert her through contraception. For this they will have to consult more than medicine or economics or sociology or political science. They will have to consult scientific ethics and sound psychology, and the Catholic Church, which represents the whole of Christian tradition. They will have to look at life exhaustively in itself and in its relation to time and eternity.

All the material for such a report is fairly well at hand. It is not the result of the discoveries of one man at one time or in one place. It is quite universal. The Japanese physician O. K. Ogino states of Neo-Malthusian technique: "Even though I do not intend to discuss whether these methods are right or wrong, they are quite unnatural from the medical point of view, and they are not without psychological and somatic harm." The Medical Times, speaking editorially of the Seventh International Birth Control Conference at Zurich, declares: "There was, of course, an exhibition of all the barbarous devices employed for contraceptive purposes . . . The program was voluminous, but nobody cited the truth that birth control, reinforced by abortion, is nothing but a clumsy and stupid palliative against conditions indubitably due to the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few and the miserable exigencies of a ruthless machine age." The Belgian physician R. De Guchteneere enumerates through sixty pages of his book the harmful effects of contraceptives.

Sex in its heights and depths is closely allied to religion. A writer on the subject has well said: "Either the mysterious union of two beings takes place in the sight of God or man flings himself away, surrenders his secret, delivers himself over to the flesh, desecrates and violates the secret of another, severs himself in a mysterious fashion from God. Mysterious as the hallowed mystery whereby in marriage two become one flesh, is the abyss of sin to which the abuse of sex leads."

If we can trust our doctors to discover and publish all this, then morals will improve amongst married people, and humanity will be withdrawn from this hellish labyrinth of false interpretation of sex; then care will be exercised over the young, and our boys and girls will be spared the desecration of their deepest natures which recent investigations of high schools have disclosed.

The action of the American Medical Association came about, in reality, as the result of our modern egoistic and materialistic world view. There are greater things than health and pleasure: honor, for instance, or self-sacrifice. Men by millions are losing liberty because they have cheapened life by judging it solely on the grounds of health or economic security or freedom from pain. Hence the immoralities of sterilization and euthanasia occupy the same position today that birth control held some twenty-five years ago and bid fair to follow the same line of conquest. The outlook is sad indeed.

The American Medical Association speaks of the legal rights of physicians with regard to contraception. There can be no truly legal rights which are not moral rights. The state has no power to confer rights which are violations of nature or against the rights of God. If men admit such immoral legal rights, they are committing political and social hara-kiri, because the state can then confer upon itself such rights against the individual. This is what we see going on in modern dictatorships.

Finally, the American Medical Association desires birth-control clinics to be under medical control. This has been the desideratum of birth controllers from the beginning. By a queer quirk of intellect, they think that they have assured the vitality and standing of their movement when they have called in the doctors. As a matter of fact, the Association has accepted the task of assisting at a deathbed—the deathbed of our American civilization, infected by the virus of sexual immorality. It may still save the situation by bringing in a report at its next annual convention which will tell the whole truth about contraception. But if this does not happen, the American Medical Association will have given aid and comfort to the executioners of our American civilization and to the gravediggers of our nation.

THE END

I HEAR SHE AIN'T DOING — SO WELL IN THE CITY
I JUST KNOW THAT'S WHAT THOSE GOSSIPS ARE SAYING —AND I WON'T GO BACK HOME WITH YOU AND LET THEM SNEER AT ME!
NONSENSE, AMY!
SUE, WE CAME TO NEW YORK TOGETHER. YOU'VE HAD THREE RAISES, BUT HERE I AM OUT OF A JOB AGAIN! WHY?
SOMETIMES IT'S BAD BREATH THAT HOLDS PEOPLE BACK, AMY. WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO DR. BROWN?
YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
THREE MONTHS LATER— THANKS TO COLGATE'S
AND SUE, I'VE SAVED ENOUGH FROM MY RAISE TO BUY CLOTHES AND A ROUND-TRIP TICKET HOME, TOO!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

Ancient History

BY MARTHA PREWITT

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HIS secretary said, “Mrs. Donald Fairchild,” in a slightly disapproving voice, and Ellie wiped panic from her eyes, adjusted for a last time the bronze-and-gold hat that matched her hair, and swept gaily into his office.

“Paul,” she said, and held out friendly hands.

He got up suddenly from behind his desk. “Ellie!” His voice exploded into surprise—and something else. It might have been joy . . . it might have been shock. . . .

She laughed, “Imagine your astonishment, seeing *me* here,” and fought the telltale trembling of her fingers in his. How much was he remembering?

He asked, “How are things back home, and what brings you to New York?”

She gave him a burst of little-town gossip: “I saw your mother last Tuesday. Looking wonderfully well. . . . Old Pete Gander married a rich widow from Topeka. . . . And the new courthouse is hideous. . . . Does that bring you right up to date?”

He smiled. “It does.” Then he asked bluntly, “How's Don?”

“He's fine. . . .” She had to add, “And Norma?”

He echoed her briefly, “Fine.”

She could hear the faint brittle *c-c-crack* of thin ice. She said hurriedly, “You're probably wondering why I'm butting in on you during office hours. But when I tell you, maybe you'll feel like wringing my neck.”

He said, with an effort at heartiness, “Not at all,” but his eyes went suddenly wary. Ellie, seeing that, thought with that old recurrent doubt, “*Am* I banking on something that doesn't really exist at all?”

He indicated a chair beside her. “Won't you sit down?”

She let her limber knees buckle. It was a little easier sitting opposite him, with the desk between. She began to draw off her gloves. She said, “Believe it or not, Paul, I've gone literary! I'm writing a book. That's why I'm here.”

Some of the tension went out of his face. For a moment the old bantering note cropped up. “What am I to do—furnish the comic relief?”

“No, the drama! The point is, all first novels are autobiographical. Did you know that?”

A muscle in his cheek tightened. “No, I didn't.”

“Discreetly so,” she reassured him. “But I can't get *us* on paper . . . knowing only one side. . . .” Her gray eyes met his brown ones for a quick, questing glance. But *hers* couldn't go blank and noncommittal. She looked away again. “I thought . . . now that we are both happily married, and it's all sort of ancient history . . . maybe you'd give me . . . the other side . . .”

He made an impatient gesture with his shoulders that might have meant the touching of a spot still subject to old pain . . . or it might have meant boredom.

She said, “This can't still make you uncomfortable—in the past tense, you know . . .”

“I'm *not* uncomfortable.” He hadn't remembered to smooth any of the annoyance from his voice. “But I don't see what's to be gained by—post-mortems—that's all.”

It was going to be harder than she'd pictured; harder even, in some ways, than the other time. Her lip quivered, but she bit it firmly into calm. “You must put it under the head of Literary Research, Paul. But I must know for my book. First: did you or did you not at any time fall the least bit in love with the accused?”

HE smiled then, his eyes crinkling the way she had known they would. “You're still an idiot, Ellie,” he said, but he didn't in any way answer her question. Was he trying not to hurt her?

She had to go on. “Well, will you answer this one ‘yes’ or ‘no’? Did you, on the night of December 23, 1932—that was my debut ball, you know—when I proposed to you—the only time I did in so many words, you'll remember . . .” Or did he remember?

She could still see the dull embers of a yule log reflected in his strained, uncomfortable eyes; but could he picture now a girl with bronze-gold hair, in green brocade, trying to laugh her way back to that shadowy foothold known as self-respect? She would always loathe the pungent smell of crushed evergreens.

Carefully Ellie squeezed from her voice the last echo of remembered pain before she went on: “Did you, I say, have the least desire to say ‘yes’ that night, or was your total reaction, ‘Why must this female insist on embarrassing me with her attentions?’”

Paul got to his feet angrily. “I thought authors were supposed to use their imaginations!” he exploded.

Ellie tilted back her head to smile disarmingly. “I'm just learning. I haven't developed the professional angle yet. But I don't see why—when we are both so happily married—you can't give me a perfectly rational and brutal—if that's the truth—account of how you felt all the time I was doing my best to marry you.”

He ground one hand into the other. “You had too much money,” he blurted out—and stopped.

One of Ellie's slender brown pumps patted nervously at a blue flower in the Oriental rug. “That wasn't my fault! And besides, you had perfectly good prospects . . .”

“You can't feed your wife prospects! You can't cut dresses—dozens of them—out of prospects!” He flung across the room.

It must mean something, that she could still make him so furious. Or could it be just the masculine reaction to being hounded?

She said soothingly, “This all happened years ago—before I eloped with Don that New Year's Eve—and you married Norma. It hasn't any more significance now than the Fall of Rome. Tell me, how did you feel when they told you Don and I—”

He whirled, took two quick strides, then he stopped.

“Ellie! I can't stand this. I see now I should have told you first thing. Norma sailed last week for Paris. For her divorce. She said—she was tired of—playing second fiddle—to—you.”

Ellie's gloves slid to the rug. She took a hesitant step, another. She put her hand on Paul's arm. “I'm an awful liar. I'm not writing a book, Paul. . . . Don and I are divorced. . . . I came because . . . somebody told me—about Norma.”

THE END

THE OLD-TIMER LOOKS AT SOME FAMOUS CASES

The Strange Case of the Brunette and the Debonair Poisoner

BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

Author of Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Dr. Arthur Warren Waite

Mrs. Margaret Horton

A Borgia in New York!—The amazing story of a would-be master criminal and the nemesis that overtook him

IT had been a quiet night in the grimy old Homicide Headquarters. There had been no need of my hanging around, so I had hopped the El and dug for home. The missus was relaxing me by reading me a story from a detective magazine.

"'Through the silent streets of the night city,'" she began, "'the long, low, hearselike automobile sped. Now it was at the gates of Oak Hill Cemetery. Now it was rolling swiftly along the winding road to the vault where the millionaire's body lay.

"'Then, as the wintry wind howled through naked trees, the heavy doors of the white marble vault fell slowly back. Without a word, four dark figures slipped from the car and passed silently into the tomb. Once inside, they worked quickly, expertly. Suddenly they emerged, carrying between them a ghoulish burden—'"

"Huh!" I interrupted. "That's the Waite case."

"Sure it is!" snapped the missus. "So what?"

"Well, I was just thinking it might be better if I told you about that one."

"What can *you* tell about it?"

"I can tell of a fiend who took an old lady driving with the windshield open in a pouring rain to give her pneumonia; who put ground glass in her marmalade; who sprayed her throat with germs of typhoid, influenza, anthrax, diphtheria, and tuberculosis.

"I can tell of a murderer so ingenious that he filled an old man's rubbers with water, dampened the sheets in which he lay, opened a container of chlorine gas in his bedchamber, fed him on burned flypaper and veronal.

"I can tell of the slickest little arsenic job since that Borgia lady did hers in old Italy—"

"All right, Big Boy," said the missus, "you tell it!"

. . . . .

Well, the Arthur Warren Waites lived in the nine-story Colosseum apartment house, at 116th Street and Riverside Drive, which in the New York of 1916 was a nifty.

Mrs. Waite, a bride of six months, was the only daughter of a wealthy drug manufacturer of Grand Rapids, Michigan. She was in her late twenties. Trousseaued to the mode, she was a striking-looking and, at times, a beautiful woman.

Dr. Waite was an exceptionally handsome man of twenty-nine. Tall, athletic, debonair, he had made a considerable dent in the life of the upper West Side since his arrival in New York six months before. He was an expert tennis player, and had already won several tournaments in and around Manhattan. Franklin P. Adams and other well known tennis addicts recall him as quite the best player on the neighborhood courts.

He and Clara Louise Peck had met at school; but after graduation—since Father Peck's millions assured his daughter a top spot in local society, while Father Waite was a vegetable vendor—the young people saw little of each other. Clara Louise heard that Arthur was studying dentistry at the University of Michigan. Then she lost track of him, and so did Grand Rapids, until, after a five-year sojourn in South Africa, he returned to the old home town.

His first act was to deposit upward of $20,000 in one of the Grand Rapids banks—whereby he immediately became a person of standing and importance. As such, it was only natural that he should renew his schooltime friendship with Clara Louise Peck, and then lead her to the altar. The Pecks and Grand Rapids people generally were thrilled by the culmination of this sweetly old-fashioned romance.

Waite was, so far as any one could see, a model young man; he neither smoked nor drank. He was also a model husband; he spent his own money freely to maintain his heiress bride in the style to which she was accustomed. Finally, and crowningly, he showed himself the model son-in-law by urging that Clara's mother should come to visit them in New York.

Hannah Peck was a fine, round, motherly type. Health shone in her smiling eyes. But after two weeks of visiting her loving daughter and her impeccable son-in-law, she sickened and died of what was diagnosed as "kidney complaint."

Dr. Waite was inconsolable, but, even in his grief, he thought only of others. He handled all arrangements for embalming the body in New York and transporting it to Grand Rapids. He lifted every burden from the stricken family, traveling personally with the body from Grand Rapids to Detroit, where the cremation—which had been announced as Mrs. Peck's final wish—was performed.

John E. Peck, Clara's father, was seventy-two but was erect and sturdy, with clear eyes and springy step. It was natural, though, as Dr. Waite explained to his wife, that the old gentleman's spirits and perhaps his health might suffer if he didn't get away for a time from the home which reminded him so vividly of his great loss. So Father Peck was invited to New York.

And there, after complaining of severe stomach pains, *he* died of "complications following a heavy cold."

Once more the grieving doctor shouldered the family responsibilities, arranged for the embalming, and, with his wife on his arm and the casket in the baggage car, arrived in Grand Rapids, prepared to go through—a second time in less than six weeks—the sad business of taking the body of one of his wife's parents to the crematory in Detroit.

The funeral was duly held. The will—altered after the mother's death to give the entire fortune in equal shares to Mrs. Waite and her brother Percy—was read. Dr. Waite, ever solicitous, was about to start with the body on his grim journey to Detroit. He was in the act of placing a photograph of his wife and a small flower—his own sentimental tribute—in the coffin before the final closing, when a Western Union boy handed brother-in-law Peck this telegram:

SUSPICION AROUSED STOP DEMAND AUTOPSY STOP KEEP TELEGRAM SECRET

K ADAMS

Percy Peck managed to conceal the shock which this message gave him, and to keep his counsel until he could consult with Dr. Perry Schuritz, the family's medical adviser, and Dr. A. W. Wishart, its spiritual adviser. In the meantime he found pretexts for delaying the body's departure for Detroit.

HE and his two older counselors were naturally reluctant to believe the mysterious telegram, if only because no one had the slightest idea who K. Adams was. One conjecture was that the sender had assumed the name of the alleged victim in the Roland B. Molineux poison case, Katherine Adams.

To go to the local authorities with nothing more than that telegram would presumably create a scandal. It seemed wiser that the physician and the clergyman should go at once to New York and institute a secret investigation as to who this "K. Adams" might be, and what basis, if any, his or her suspicions had.

Meanwhile Percy Peck directed that his father's body be removed not to the crematory in Detroit but to the vault in Grand Rapids' Oak Hill Cemetery.

"And have you located this 'K. Adams'?" asked Assistant District Attorney Mancuso, when he had listened, in Room 616 of the Manhattan Hotel, to the story of the men from Michigan.

"No. The telegram was sent from the office in the Grand Central Station, but the clerk who received it remembers nothing of the sender."

"Dr. Schuritz," continued Mancuso, "did you have an opportunity to examine Mr. Peck's body yourself?"

"I did make a brief preliminary examination," replied the physician, "after receipt of the warning telegram. Moreover, I took certain specimens and submitted them to Dean Victor C. Vaughan of the Medical School of the University of Michigan. We are both of opinion that the body of Mr. Peck contains arsenic enough to kill ten men. But of course there is always the possibility that the poison was in the embalming fluid."

"I understand," replied Mancuso, and he paused to tell Nat Burchill, the stenographer he had brought with him, to find out who embalmed the body. "Now," he resumed, "one more question: Does young Peck have reason to suspect any one in this matter?"

"No one."

"Not Dr. Waite or Mrs. Waite?"

"Unthinkable!"

"Nevertheless, let's go and see that apartment."

SO, in the name of the law and with threats of prosecution if their secret visit was revealed, Mancuso, Medical Examiner Otto Schultze, Dr. Wishart, Dr. Schuritz, and stenographer Burchill broke and entered the seventh-story $2,400-a-year Riverside Drive apartment of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Warren Waite.

Aside from the presence in Dr. Waite's closets of one hundred expensively tailored suits, a search of the apartment yielded nothing unusual. His extensive medical library showed commendable signs of careful study. In Wood's Therapeutics and Pharmacology, Volume II, there was a slip of paper between pages 324 and 325; and the text on these pages treated the subject of Arsenic . . . Effects on the System . . . Poisonous Effects . . . Slow Poisoning.

Well, a medical man was entitled to read his own books. Moreover, there was nothing to prove that it was Waite who had been doing the reading. A visitor or a servant might have been studying poison technique.

Back in Grand Rapids, Percy Peck—more than ever unwilling to believe that either of the Waites was in any way culpable—continued to treat them with every consideration. However, he had long since run out of excuses for not going ahead with the cremation as planned, and was hourly expecting a difficult scene over the matter, when, to his amazement, he learned that brother-in-law Arthur, without saying good-by, had left town.

Flight, as a rule, is one of the surest signs of guilt. Peck must have realized that, for when Mancuso and his band of searchers returned to the Manhattan Hotel, they found this telegram:

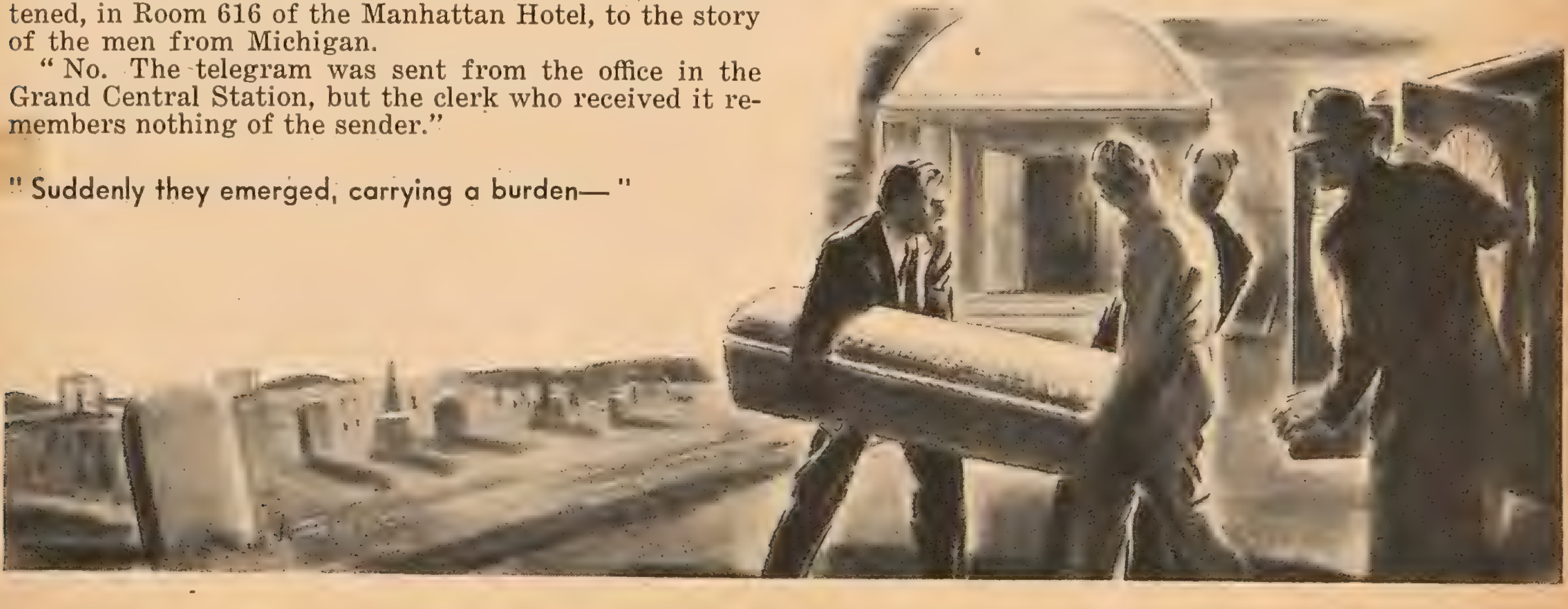
W ON THE WOLVERINE BOUND FOR NEW YORK ARRIVING THERE ELEVEN O'CLOCK SATURDAY MORNING

PECK

It was at this point that the brunette in the Plaza entered the case.

In the Grand Central Station welcoming party, which was concealed behind a crowd, were all the searchers of

"Suddenly they emerged, carrying a burden—"



the previous night, half a dozen of us boys from Headquarters, and Ray Schindler of the Schindler Private Detective Agency, whom the two Grand Rapids advisers had retained, at Percy Peck's request, to assist.

Waite, a dapper young man in a huge fur coat, soon appeared, and went directly to a phone booth. Schindler stepped into the adjoining one. He was too late to catch the number, but he distinctly heard Waite say:

"Pack up and get out—there's trouble."

By the time we had traced that call to Room 1105 of the fashionable Plaza overlooking Central Park, and had made our way through traffic to get there, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Walters of New Rochelle, who had occupied the room for some weeks, had checked out.

They had arrived early the previous month, bringing with them, besides luggage, several large oil paintings and a grand piano. Dr. Walters had deposited $300 with the cashier to cover all charges connected with the room, and had thereafter had no contact with the hotel desk. Chambermaids and housekeepers said that the room was never occupied at night, that Mrs. Walters usually arrived in the morning, and that Dr. Walters seldom appeared before four in the afternoon. All the elevator boys agreed that Mrs. Walters was a ravishingly beautiful lady. There the information stopped.

Room 1105 was large and luxuriously furnished and had cheerful windows which gave on the park. Piano and paintings were still there. So were three bags, hastily packed and bearing the one enigmatic initial "H." The contents of these bags revealed nothing as to the identity of their owner, except the perfume she used.

Trailing Waite himself proved even more fruitless. Apparently still grief-stricken, he retired into the fastnesses of his apartment, and emerged only to eat enough to keep him alive. Once he ventured as far as the mailbox on the corner and mailed a letter to his wife, which, of course, the boys promptly opened and read. It was a most proper and husbandly epistle, assuring her that he was "awfully lonesome" without her.

Meanwhile, "K. Adams," if he or she ever existed, had apparently vanished from the face of the earth.

At this point, good old Doc Goettler, the Police Department's world-famous toxicologist, reported that none of the samples of embalming fluid, which he had seized in the highly respectable undertaking establishment of John S. Potter, contained arsenic—a finding which bore out Potter's own statements. If, therefore, Dr. Schuritz and Dean Vaughan were right, the presumption was strong that arsenic must have been administered to Mr. Peck before his death.

OBVIOUSLY, the only way to make this legal evidence was to dig up the old gentleman's body. If arsenic were found in the lungs, for example, it would mean that it had entered the system before the victim stopped breathing. Acting under District Attorney Swann's orders, Mancuso and Medical Examiner Schultze started for Grand Rapids.

"I don't want any publicity," insisted Percy Peck.

"You have nothing on us," replied Mancuso. "The last thing we want to do is to notify the authorities and so tip off the poisoners."

"But you can't get at the body without official consent."

"Wait and see!"

Mancuso went straight to the undertaker who had placed the body of John E. Peck in the Oak Hill vault, and asked him to go into reverse:

"We want you to go to the cemetery under cover of darkness, remove Mr. Peck's body from the vault to your own establishment, permit Dr. Schultze, here, to take out the heart, brains, and lungs for analysis, and then replace the body in the vault."

"But, Mr. District Attorney," protested the undertaker, "you are asking me to break the law."

"I am asking it in the name of the law," replied Frank Mancuso solemnly, "and of justice and public safety."

At three o'clock the following morning the undertaker and his assistants performed their gruesome task. Dr. Schultze performed his. A messenger started with his strange bundle for Ann Arbor, where Dean Vaughan was waiting to make the analysis. My missus' detective magazine's "four dark figures" with their "ghoulish burden" started in their "hearselike automobile" on the return journey to Oak Hill.

Our instructions, meanwhile, were to watch Waite and Mrs. Walters' luggage at the Plaza. Sooner or later the beautiful "H." would want some of the things in those bags. Where the bags went we would go also.

It was a good hunch. On the third day a messenger called for them, and started west and north through Central Park. We jumped another taxi and followed. The trail ended at the apartment of a Mrs. Palmenburg on West Seventy-second Street. She received us courteously and ushered us into the presence of "H."

The elevator boys at the Plaza know their women!

Twenty-two-year-old Margaret Horton was not only beautiful; she was stunning—black-eyed, classic as to face, voluptuous as to figure. Her luxuriant black hair framed and softened her oval face. Her clothes were modish to the last detail.

HER story was simple, and she told it with dignity and refinement. Six months before, as Margaret Weaver, she had married Henry Mack Horton, an aeronautical engineer, and had moved with him to New York. For a time they lived at the McAlpin; then took an apartment at 56 West Eleventh Street, where, she said, she now resided with her husband. She was a singer, and had had a few minor engagements. At one of these, Dr. Waite had heard her sing, and had introduced himself as the former head of a large hospital in London.

She said that his ability to speak French drew them together, as she was eager to perfect herself in the language. At his suggestion, she attended the Berlitz School of Languages. Then, that they might have a place where they could pursue their studies together, the doctor took the room in the Plaza and fitted it up as a studio. It was used, she insisted, for no other purpose.

"He was a wonderful pianist," she said, "and accompanied me when I sang. We also talked French and read Shakespeare. The doctor would act out the parts. He was a great Romeo, as good as E. H. Sothern."

Asked if her husband knew of her meetings with Romeo, she said he did, and approved. She had run away from the hotel only because the doctor had told her to, and had hidden in the home of her friend instead of her own home because she was frightened, and for no other reason. And that was that.

Meanwhile the self-imprisoned doctor was showing signs of life. Detectives Barney Flood and John Cuniffe found themselves taking long night rides in the wake of his automobile, and eating long luncheons at the table next his in hotel dining rooms. The doctor's companion on all of these adventures was a woman over seventy. Once they overheard him say how hard up he was, and they saw his companion give him what looked like the keys to a safe-deposit box. Her name, they learned, was Miss Katherine A. Peck.

"K. A."—could that "A." stand for Adams?

The moment Dean Vaughan's report came, confirming that the arsenic had entered the old gentleman's body before death, Mancuso went to Mrs. Waite.

"There was nothing peculiar about father's illness," she said. "He just complained of not feeling well. We called in a doctor, who left some medicine and said everything would be all right."

"Who gave him the medicine?"

"It was given him in soup and in tea, I think."

"Who prepared the food?"

"Dora Hilliar, the colored maid."

Dora was no longer with the Waites. The doctor had discharged her because Mr. Peck had complained so of her cooking. Found, she proved to be a self-respecting young woman with nothing to hide. Yes, she had seen the doctor pour a liquid, which he said was "medicine for father," into the old gentleman's soup. Then, when Mr. Peck refused to eat the soup, Dr. Waite came back into the kitchen and poured some of the same medicine into a cup of tea. That was on March 11. Mr. Peck died on the twelfth.

By this time, we knew that even as a youth Waite had been far from a model young man. He had passed his dental exams at Michigan by substituting for his own work the work of another. Going to England, he had forged a certificate showing postgraduate work at the University of Glasgow.

Coming to New York after his marriage, he did not take up dental work; he did not even try to get a license. Instead, he posed as a great surgeon. He would drive his friends, even his wife, to the door of Bellevue Hospital, ask them to wait while he performed an operation, walk through the hospital to the alleyway outside, smoke cigarettes and shoot craps for a half or three quarters of an hour, and then come out the front door again, exhausted by the difficulty but elated by the success of his supposed surgical efforts.

This "work" served as an excuse to his wife—who knew nothing of his real character or purposes—for hours spent with Mrs. Horton at the Plaza and for his real occupation—the study and collecting of germs, which he had begun only eight days after his wedding, obviously with the intention of killing off all of his wife's family and appropriating their millions.

Posing as a regular physician, he had obtained deadly germ cultures from the Cornell Medical School, the Willard Parker Hospital, and the Rockefeller Institute! Once he had been accompanied by "a woman of particular charm, with a mass of dark brown hair."

"Yes, I went with the doctor," said Mrs. Horton. "He told me he was experimenting with bacilli, and he let me watch them wiggle under his microscope."

These activities undoubtedly accounted for Mrs. Peck's sudden death, although with her body cremated it was not possible to prove it. They did not account, however, for the arsenic in Mr. Peck's body. Until we could show that Waite had possessed this poison prior to the old gentleman's death, we had nothing on which a jury would send him to the chair.

THE newspapers were beginning to suspect something and were printing little squibs that would put Waite on his guard. We had to move fast; and the way we did it was to start in two widening circles—one round about the Plaza, the other round about the Riverside Drive apartment—to call on every druggist in the city.

The Plaza circle did the trick. In a drugstore on Lexington Avenue near Fifty-ninth Street was the record of a sale of ninety grains of arsenic on March 9, three days before Mr. Peck's death. The signature on the receipt required by law read "Dr. A. W. Waite."

Our case against the tennis-playing doc was now complete. In the Riverside Drive apartment we found him stretched across a bed—not dead, but drugged so thoroughly that we couldn't wake him up. Two days he lay that way, then woke—to look into the eyes of District Attorney Swann.

When he saw he was caught, Waite calmly admitted the whole thing. He had planned the entire massacre when he first courted Clara Peck; had killed Mrs. Peck with germs; had tried them on Mr. Peck without success, and had then resorted to drugs; had been working on Miss Katherine A. Peck—Clara's wealthy aunt, from whom he had already received $40,000 "for investment"—with ground glass and poison cultures; had intended to finish the job by killing off his wife.

At no time did he show the slightest compunction. In court, he put in a perfunctory defense of "compulsive insanity"; but he took his defeat philosophically. He even insisted on making a speech in which he complimented the judge, thanked the district attorney for his fairness and consideration, and paid a tribute to his own counsel.

ON May 24, at 11.03 P. M., Arthur Warren Waite began his last mile. As he passed the cells of his fellow occupants of the Death House, he waved his hand in his usual debonair manner.

"Good-by, boys!" he said.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: "K. Adams" was not the marmalade-eating Miss Katherine A. Peck, but a Miss Elizabeth C. Hardwick of Somerville, New Jersey, a teacher in the New York City public schools. She knew the Peck family slightly, and she had seen Arthur Waite in the Plaza dining room with a beautiful brunette, not his wife, whom he had introduced as his nurse. "H." didn't look to her like a nurse. And her uncle, Dr. Jacob Cornell, an old friend of Mr. Peck, had been rather coldly received by Waite when he called to express sympathy after the old man's death.

Call it woman's intuition or what you will, Miss Hardwick got to thinking. Finally she decided that Percy Peck was entitled to know her thoughts. Having no proof, she used the "K. Adams" signature. It was the maiden name of a friend of hers; she had never heard of the victim in the Molineux case.

Without her timely intervention, John E. Peck's ashes, like his wife's, might have been scattered to the four winds of Detroit. Aunt Katherine's and Clara Louise's might have followed them. Arthur Warren Waite might now be the undisputed master of several million dollars.

All of which should be most encouraging to about forty million amateur detectives in this crime-crazy land!

THE END

Both more stories of famous crimes by the Old-Timer and more of the Mysterious Crimes Still Unsolved series will appear frequently in future issues of Liberty.

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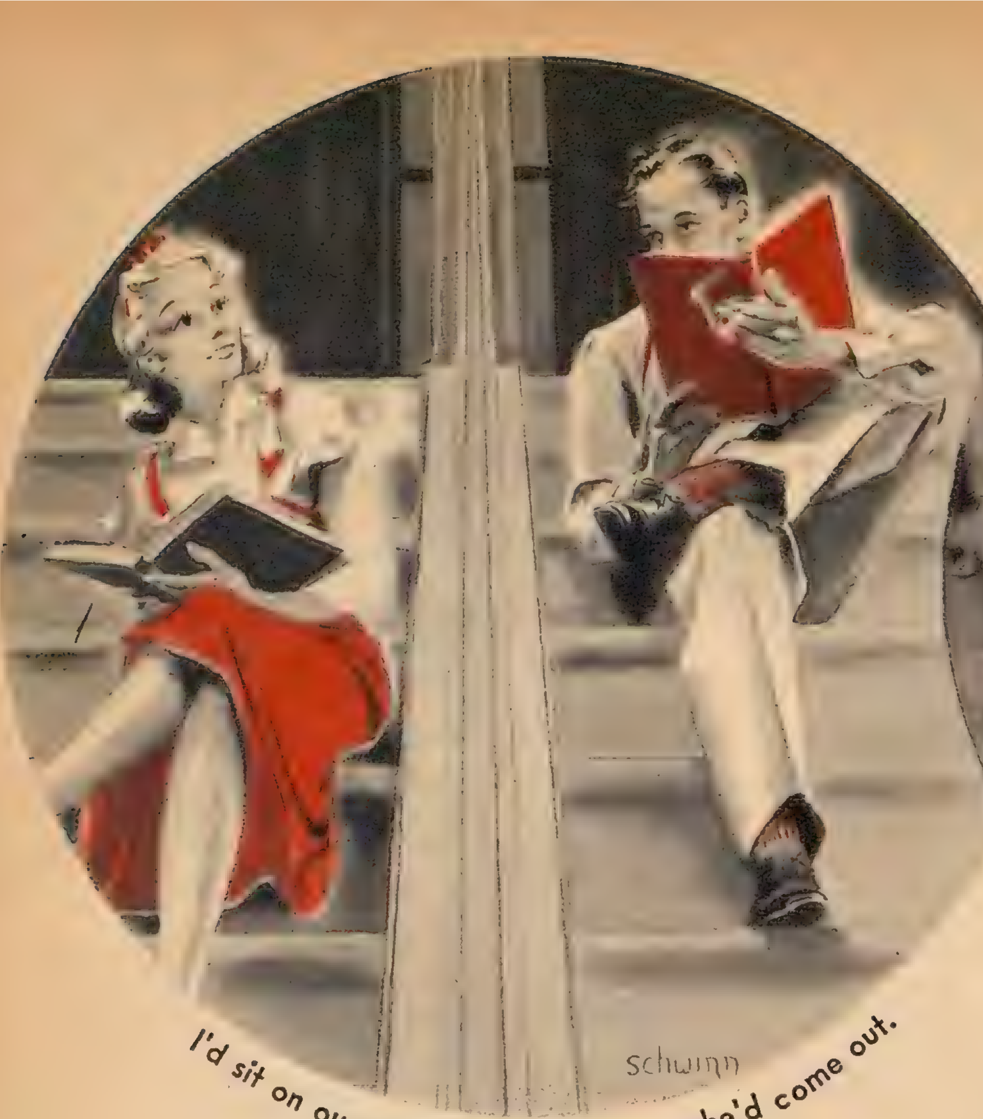
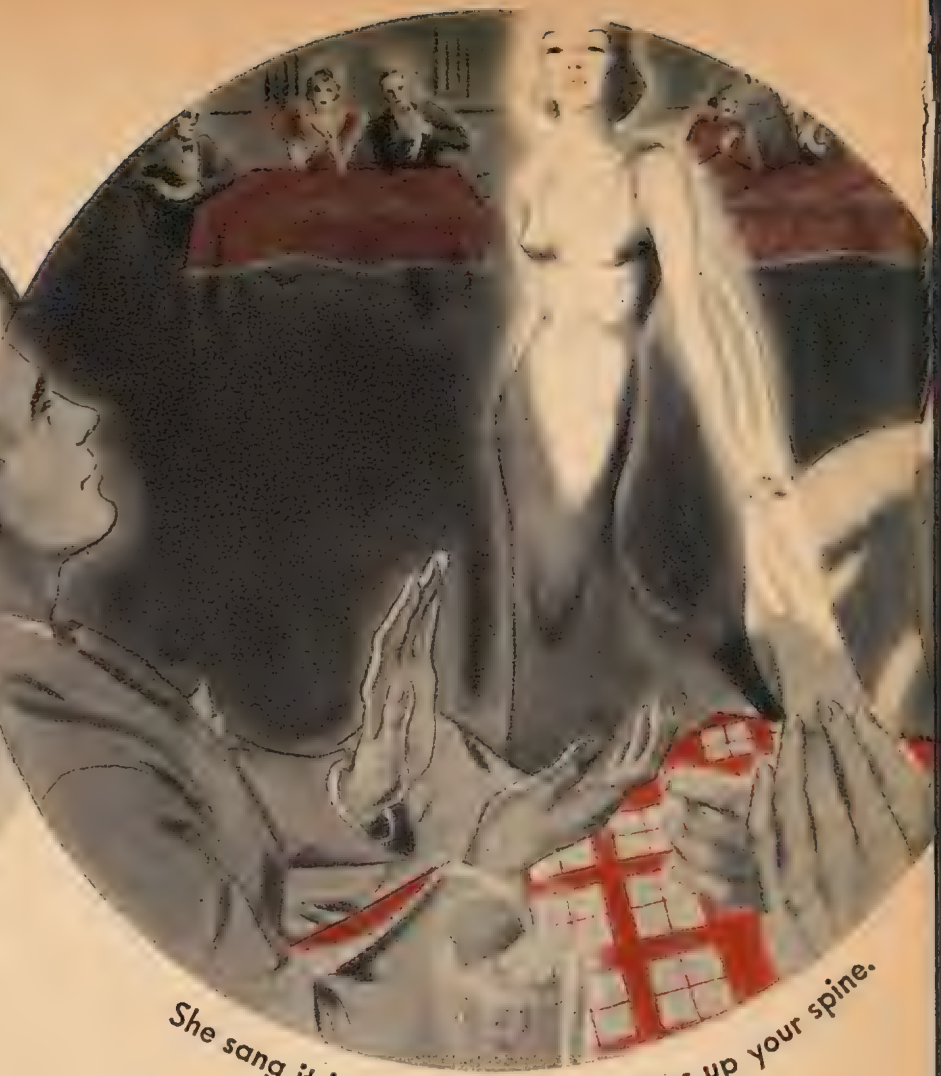


I'd sit on our steps, and sometimes she'd come out.



She sang it in a way that sent shivers up your spine.

NOTHING and

By OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

OF course I'm happy. Why not? Nora is a fine sensible wife and the kids are fine sturdy kids. I can't help it, can I, if sometimes I think of the other one? She was the kid that moved into the house next door to the house that I was born and brought up in. That was in Brooklyn, in a street of brownstone fronts that had seen better days.

Our house was one of the few that were still occupied by their owners. Not that we were society or anything like that, you understand. My father had been a contractor, and while, before his death, he'd salted away a pretty substantial sum, we were just plain respectable folks.

At our end of the street my mother and the Flanagans and the Wilsons and one or two others had agreed not to sell. But, finally, the Flanagans, without saying a word to any one, sold their house and moved away somewhere, and a few days later the new tenants moved in.

That evening when I came home from work—I was just a clerk then with the Amalgamated Machinery Company—I found my mother almost in tears, watching them carry the stuff from the moving van into the house next door.

"It's going to be the cheapest kind of a roominghouse, Frank," she said. "Just plain iron bedsteads and pine bureaus. Think of it! This is the last straw!"

Then I saw her. The girl! She was only about sixteen then, but I thought she was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen. She had light hair that came down to her shoulders, and her face maybe was too thin, because it made her eyes seem too large. She was thin, too, maybe too much so, but with long clean lines, and she was talking and laughing with the movers, kidding them.

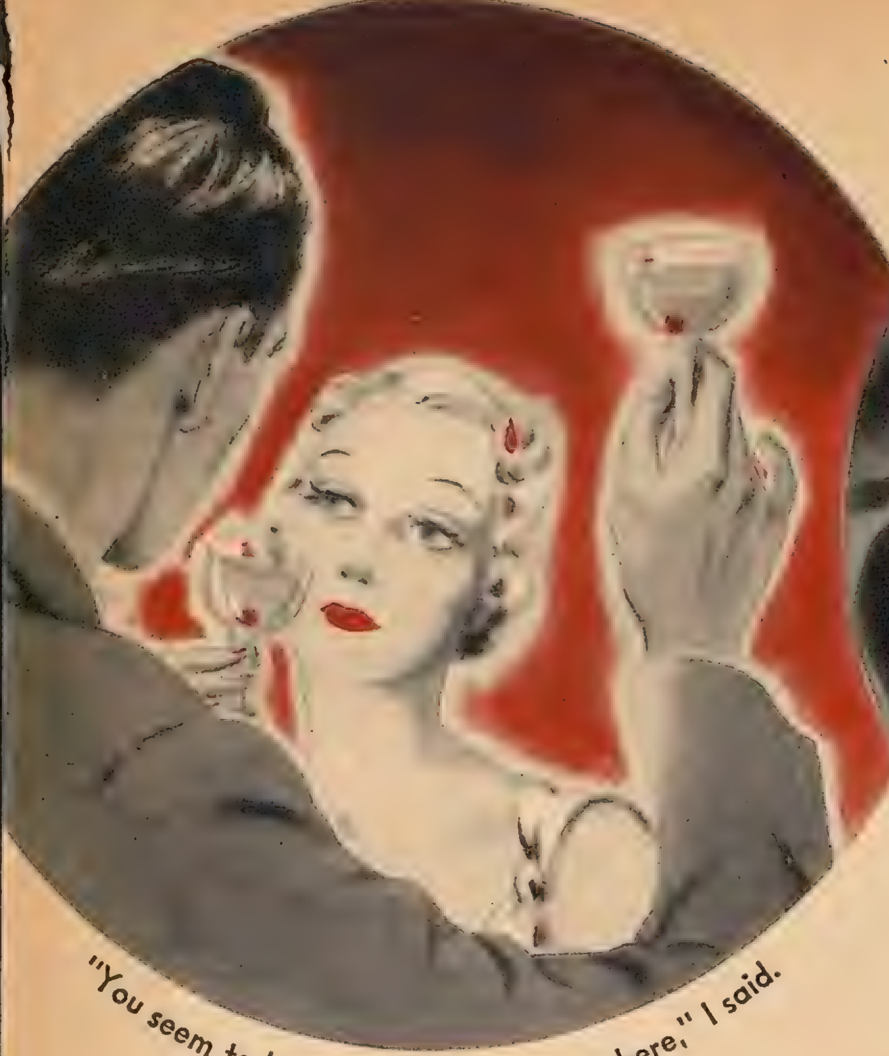
Sometimes in my bed at night in my own rear room on the second floor I'd wonder if she had the room that was just separated from mine by the brick wall between. And on summer evenings I'd sit on our front steps, smoking and reading, and sometimes she'd come out and sit on the steps of her house, her yellow hair falling in a wave over the book she was reading; and sometimes we'd look at each other, and once she smiled at me, and that's all there ever was to it. Maybe I was a fool, but I was a bashful fool in those days.

And once when I thought she was engrossed in her book I kept looking at her as if I wanted to fill my heart with the sight of her. I thought she didn't know it, but I guess she did. Because that's the time she finally turned and gave me that smile that was both inviting and innocent. And yet I got red to the roots of my red hair—I could feel it—and after a minute I got up and went into the house. That's the kind of a fool I was. I never even learned her name.

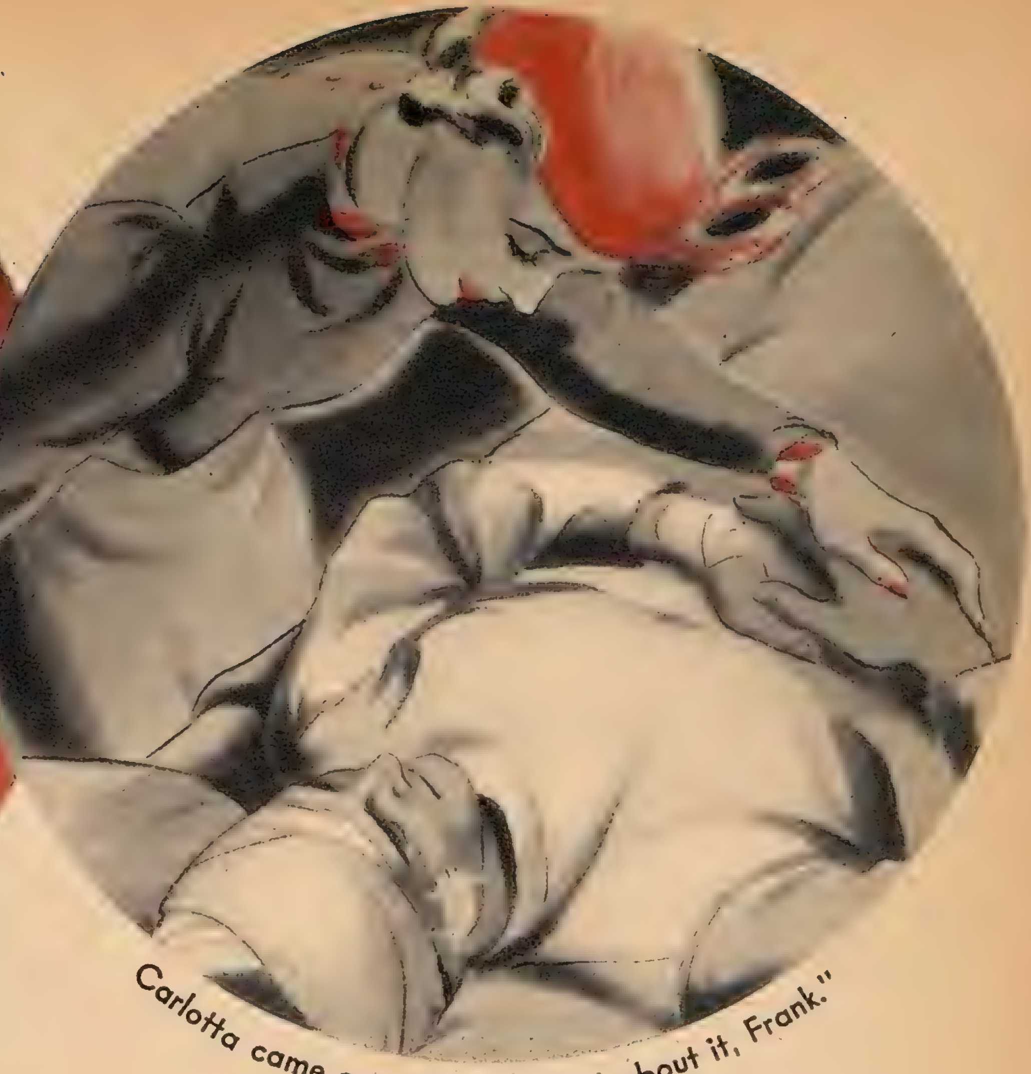
For my mother that late summer got an offer for the house, and she took it and we moved to Woodbury out on Long Island, which my mother said was very smart—she had just learned the word smart—and I could join the country club and take up golf and tennis like a gentleman should and meet some nice girls.

It was five years before I came back to New York to live. New York, not Brooklyn, this time. My mother had died and there was no sense in me rattling around alone in that large house in Woodbury. Besides, while I liked golf a lot and tennis a little, I couldn't see as how I'd turned out such a hit as a gentleman in Woodbury society. I was doing pretty well with the Amalgamated Machinery Company, and it was more sensible and convenient to be near my work instead of trying to be a gentleman weekends at Woodbury. Of course one or two of the nice girls there, but not the prettiest or most popular, had made a pass at me, but, somehow, I wasn't interested.

I'd never told my mother, but it wasn't long after we'd moved to Woodbury that I went back to our old street in Brooklyn and rang the bell of the house next door to our old house. But the frowzy girl who came to the door said that the last tenants had moved too; that their attempt



"You seem to be pretty much at home here," I said.



Carlotta came over. "I just heard about it, Frank."

EVERYTHING

A tender, searching story of a boy and a girl, and love that wouldn't die

to run a roominghouse had been a flop. No, she didn't know their name. Maybe if I inquired around the neighborhood— But I never did. Somehow I knew I'd see her again. I never had the slightest doubt of that.

And I was right. It was one night at the Golden Slipper. I had no hankering for night clubs, never have had, but I was entertaining a big buyer of machinery.

It was two o'clock in the morning and I was sitting there with this fellow, wondering when I could go home, when she came out alone on the floor, the spotlight on her and all the other lights dim, and she sang, I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, which was the most popular song of the day. And she sang it in a way that sent shivers up and down your spine.

" That's her! " I said out loud, not knowing I was saying it out loud.

She hadn't changed much. It was hard to believe five or six years had passed since I'd last seen her. She was still thin and long and lovely, and the silver evening dress she wore now somehow didn't make her any better looking than she had looked then. Not to me anyway.

The lights came on again when she came out to take her second or third bow, and she looked right at me—we were at a ringside table—and she smiled right into my eyes.

I was wondering how I could get to see her. How did you get around back or whatever you do when you wanted to see one of the girls? I didn't know. I'd never had any practice in that kind of thing. And I didn't want this guy from Colorado tagging along.

I was thinking all this when she came up to our table. She had changed from her evening gown to a plain black suit with a little white bow at the throat, and she wore a little black hat pulled low over her light hair.

" Hello, Frank," she said.

" And I never even knew your name," I said.

" I used to hear your mother call you Frank," she said. " My name is Carlotta Gray—only it isn't. May I sit down? "

The man from Colorado was standing up, but I was so dumb with surprise or something that I hadn't even got to my feet. But now I got up clumsily. " Sure," I said; but it was the man from Colorado who said glibly, " I certainly enjoyed your number, Miss Gray. And it's a great pleasure to meet a Broadway star personally."

Then we sat down, and he said, " What will you have to drink? Is it possible to get any champagne here, Frank? "

" I'll have a glass of milk," she said.

The one thing I was wishing was that he wasn't there so that I could talk to her.

" I missed you after you moved away, Frank," she said.

I wanted to tell her that I hadn't stopped thinking of her, not a week, since I had moved away from Brooklyn, but I couldn't. It sounded too blah.

" It's too bad we didn't know each other better," she said, her eyes, over the rim of the glass of milk, doing funny things to me.

" We can know each other now," I said. " I'm living in New York. I'm on my own."

" I'm afraid it's too late," she said. " Five years too late. I'm to be married next month. I'm giving this up." Her eyes traveled around that giddy, noisy place and there was no regret in them.

" Maybe we'll meet again somewhere," I said. I felt dumb and hurt and sort of—sort of hopeless.

" Yes, maybe," she said, and she rose. " Good-by. Remember me to your mother."

" My mother's dead," I stammered.

" Oh, I'm sorry," she said. " My mother is too. It's too bad, isn't it, just when I'd be able to—to give her things she always wanted and never had? "

The three of us were standing now, and she shook hands gravely with the man from Colorado and then with me. " Good-by," she said again, and left us.

I felt as if a balloon that had held everything I'd ever wanted and dreamed about had burst.

Maybe it was two years or three after that that Nora and I were married. She was the best secretary a man ever had, and when we'd work late we'd have dinner together and go on discussing business, until one evening, when we were in a little French place, she said, "Don't you ever think of anything but business, Frank?"

"It's a good time to think of business," I said, "with things booming like they are. Do you know, Nora, there's been some talk of making me vice-president?"

"I don't care whether you're vice-president or not," she said. "All I want you to be is human."

"I'm human all right," I said. I looked at her and she was crying. I took her hand there under the table. "Do you like me?" I asked.

"I'm crazy about you," she said.

I said, "Shall we get married?"

She was crying again. "Yes," she said, "although it's a hell of a proposal. If there were somebody else that you were interested in, I'd understand, but I know there isn't. I guess I know everything there is to know about you."

HOW could I tell her that the only reason I hadn't been interested before was a girl I'd seen a few times almost ten years before and only spoken to once in my life? It was too goofy.

So we were married, and the good times came along. I was made vice-president of the company and we had to entertain quite a lot now and Nora was fine at it. She was a good wife and a good mother—there were two kids after a while—and she ran the house as easily as you wind a clock. And I felt comfortable and content and I realized I had everything an average man like me could ask for. And I was happy, too. Well, almost.

Then, one night, the president of the company—who was an old hand at the social game, his family Knickerbocker Dutch or something like that—gave a very special party, white ties and everything, and we were invited. And there at the party was Carlotta Gray, which was, as she'd said, not her name. Of course it wasn't her name now anyway. Her name, as I found out later, was Mrs. Martin Ten Eyck, but she seemed to know most of the people there and they called her Carlotta.

And she was as beautiful as ever and as young-looking, except that she looked as if she'd been ground and polished. Her dress was so simple you didn't even notice it. It seemed part of her. You only saw her gleaming hair, her eyes, and her lovely fair skin.

When she saw me, she came straight across the room to me, smiling, her hand held out. "Hello, Frank!" she said. "Onward and upward—that's the motto, isn't it?"

"It is a joke that we should meet again here," I said.

"You mean it's a joke that I should jump here from a roominghouse in Brooklyn? Or a night club?"

"No more a joke than that I should," I said.

"You're doing well, I know," she said. "I've heard Tom speak about you." Tom was the president of our company but I'd never called him Tom. He wasn't that sort. A fine fellow but always on his dignity. "Is that your wife over there?" Carlotta asked then—"the pretty woman with the dark hair?"

"Yes."

"Any kids?"

"Yes, two."

"Well, you're two up on me there. I haven't any children. And I love them, too. It's been sort of a race between us, hasn't it, Frank, to see who'd go farthest?"

"It's a race you've won," I said. "You seem to be pretty much at home here."

"Oh, I know all the answers," she said.

The butler came along with cocktails and a maid followed him with canapés and things like that, and then Carlotta's husband joined us.

Then after a while we went in to dinner.

So that was all there was of that, except that going home in the taxicab, Nora said to me, "I didn't know you knew Mrs. Ten Eyck so well."

"I don't really know her," I said; "I just used to see her sometimes when we were young and living in Brooklyn."

"Childhood sweethearts?" she asked.

"No, nothing like that."

"You looked at her as if you knew her better—better than you know me," Nora said.

"I've only spoken to her once before in my life."

She turned to give me a long look. "Are you really telling me the truth?" she asked, not in a nasty inquiring way but just as if my answer completely astonished her.

"I'm telling you the truth," I said.

"It's hard to believe."

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't know." Nora gave a little shiver but she didn't say anything more.

There isn't much more to tell. In fact, I suppose you're wondering why I've been going on about it this way when it all simmers down to nothing at all. As to that, there wouldn't even be any ending to this story, or whatever it is, if I hadn't landed in the hospital after that Boston boat I was on crashed into an excursion steamer in the fog.

Well, I'm no hero. I only did what any man would have done, but they got the story of the rescues in the papers and also the name of the hospital I was taken to afterward, and there I was lying in bed, pretty well bunged up. Nora, of course, had been there half a dozen times, and I guess it was the third day or so I'd been there that Carlotta came. There was a knock on the door. "Mrs. Ten Eyck to see you," the nurse announced, and she opened the door and closed it, and with a little rush Carlotta came over and stood by the bed, her hand on mine.

"I just heard about it, Frank," she said, "and I flew in from Southampton. Are you—are you going to be all right?"

"Sure," I said.

She gave a little sob, and then she said the most amazing thing I was ever to hear. "If you don't live I—I don't believe I want to," she said.

I rolled over on my side to look at her, although it hurt me to do it.

"That's a funny thing to say," I said.

"Yes, isn't it?" she admitted; "but there's always been something funny about us."

"So it's been that way with you, too?"

"Yes, always."

"There's nothing we can do about it."

"No, there's nothing we can do about it. We had our chance years ago and we missed it."

"That's because I was a coward—a coward and a fool," I told her.

"Well," she said, smiling, "you're a hero now."

"Me a hero!" I said bitterly.

"We've done pretty well for ourselves, Frank," she said. "Maybe if things had been different we'd just have settled down and never got anywhere. I don't think I would. It was always the thought of you that in some way made me want to make something of myself, go on, get just as far as I could."

"I guess it was that way with me," I said. "Doesn't it seem worth while?"

YES, it does. It does!" she exclaimed. "I don't think we should complain, Frank."

"I'm not complaining," I said. "You've told me today everything—everything I wanted to know. I'll be happy now."

"Yes, I'll be happy too, Frank, although I guess this should be—will have to be—our good-by."

"Does it have to be?"

"Well, we've built pretty good lives for ourselves. We don't want to make a mess of them now."

"I guess that's right," I said.

She stooped and put her lips for a moment on my forehead, and then she went to the door, opened it, and turned to say again, "Good-by."

"Good-by," I said, and turned over, because I didn't want her to remember my face like that.

And that's all there is to it. Nothing! Nothing—and everything! And of course I'm happy. Why not? Nora is a fine wife and the kids are fine too. But if once in a while I think of her—the other one—I can't help that, can I? Anyway, what's the harm in that?

THE END

WE *Can* PREVENT CRIME: The American Program

CATCHING CROOKS IS *Not Enough*

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Authoritative, vital, compelling!—The nation's plan for a 'streamline attack' on dangers that threaten from within

BY ATTORNEY GENERAL

HOMER S. CUMMINGS

CRIME prevention" is an ear-filling phrase which has almost as many meanings as the word "gentleman."

To the hard-headed police officer, grappling at close quarters with "the law in action," crime prevention is catching the criminal and putting him in jail.

To the worried jailer, it is keeping him there.

To the social student, crime prevention is catching the would-be or might-be criminal before he commits his crime, and diverting him, through expert guidance, into the paths of virtue.

To me, as chief law-enforcement officer of the United States, crime prevention is all of these things in one.

Together, they could and should constitute what one person has termed "a streamline attack on streamlined crime." That they have not done so is a great reflection on the alleged modernity of our times.

There have been references in recent years and from high places to horse-and-buggy days. But in the vital matter of crime prevention we are still in the horseback era—and we still adhere to the futile practice of locking the barn door *after* the crime has been committed.

In 1933, when I was first brought face to face with this appalling fact, the demand for crime prevention reached an all-time high. A nation, hitherto callous to crime, was horror-struck by the fate of the Lindbergh baby the previous year. The publicity which followed spotlighted the whole criminal situation.

Every twenty seconds, hour after hour, day after day, a crime of desperate proportions—robbery, assault, burglary, rape, kidnaping, manslaughter, murder—was being committed in the United States.

Over a twelve-month period a total of more than 1,500,000 such major crimes were committed—a crime against one out of every eighty-four American citizens, affecting one out of every sixteen American homes.

Twelve thousand of our citizens were murdered. That was at the rate of thirty-three a day. Fifty thousand were robbed. A hundred thousand were assaulted. And the menace was growing every day.

Racketeers, beware! The whole nation is his beat.

There were probably twice as many people in the underworld carrying deadly weapons as there were in both the army and the navy—a whole half million of armed thugs—and the havoc this standing army of criminals wrought was costing the people of the United States, under some estimates, at least, as much as eighteen billion dollars a year. For every cent American taxpayers spent for education they paid five, six, or seven cents toward the crime bill.

To be sure, "crime waves" in the United States were no new phenomenon. But most previous outbursts were sporadic in time and local in scope. The wave that was sweeping the nation in 1932 and 1933 was marked by its violence and the fact that the crimes were methodically planned and ruthlessly executed by organized gangs.

The world had progressed and crime had progressed with it. Shouldn't crime prevention also have progressed? And if it hadn't, shouldn't it?

I think you all know the answer the Department of Justice gave to that last question. I think you will agree, too, that in the detection and prosecution of outstanding criminals, the Department has made commendable progress. And yet we have no more than scratched the surface of the body of crime.

"It is no easy task," as one of my predecessors in office has observed, "to abolish ignorance, poverty, vice, and crime." And until but recently it has been generally assumed that it was not for the Department of Justice to concern itself with this larger problem. Our traditional function might be described in the phrase, "Catch them, convict them, and confine them," and we have tried to obey this orthodox mandate.

BUT even in this narrow field any improvements we might initiate could only begin to solve the problem. For approximately 90 per cent of all offenses committed in the United States are not within the jurisdiction of the federal government. Assaults, robberies, burglaries, murders, and kidnapings are beyond the federal pale unless perchance a federal officer is assaulted, a post office is burglarized, a person is killed on a federal reservation, the kidnaped victim is transported in interstate commerce, or some other and usually narrow basis of federal jurisdiction is present.

Of the thousands of prosecuting officers, only 500 are federal prosecutors. Compare also the small list of nineteen penal institutions operated by the federal government with the large list of state penitentiaries, city jails, and over 3,000 county jails operated by states and their subdivisions. We can operate only within our proper sphere, and that sphere is determined for the most part by our constitutional pattern, which divides powers and duties between the states and the federal government. Our first task was to apprehend and convict, and to do it swiftly, certainly, and efficiently.

There had been changes for the worse in the crime situation. In 1932 the word “ gangster ” was on everybody's lips. Now it is “ racketeer.”

There have always been gangsters. In the Old World they were called feudal lords and robber barons. In the New World the gangster began more humbly. Back in the horseback days of the early 1800s, gangs had already developed in a background of slums. Originally the rival gangs were content to fight each other, but such unprofitable activities soon gave way to crime as a business.

Recognizing his power and profiting by his experience, the gangster began a reaching-out process, seeking more sources of income and new methods of obtaining profit. He enlisted with both employer and employee in labor warfare and took his toll from both sides. It was but a step further until extortion, intimidation, and unrestrained force were extended to trades and business enterprises.

The gangster became a racketeer. His depredations, through merchants of every description, affect the pockets of all of us. He appeals less to public imagination than the gangster, for, in these racketeering days, the man who plans the crime and who is the real criminal is not the man who collects the tribute or does the brutal killing. But he is a more dangerous criminal than the gangster. From the standpoint of successful prosecution, his secret methods, often hidden from the law by the very victim whom he fleeces, present new problems which must be solved in new ways.

It is elementary that in any advanced society there must be two parallel programs to cope with delinquency and crime: one, the immediate program and the other, the long-time program.

YOUR PAY ENVELOPE DOES MATTER

By ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty

The crime bill of the United States is paid for out of your pay envelope and mine.

The estimate given to the American Bar Association for this crime bill is about twenty billion dollars a year. Think what it would mean to you if that leak in your budget could be stopped. It would mean for you cheaper rent, cheaper clothing, cheaper food, cheaper everything. And the folly of it is that the leak can be stopped.

Every honest man, woman, and child in the United States has a stake in that task. The way of reducing our crime bill, and therefore of giving each one of us a fuller and larger life, lies in crime prevention.

No more important series of articles has appeared in a long time than these by Attorney General Homer S. Cummings. It is not enough to catch criminals and punish them. Mr. Cummings is fully aware of the magnitude of this task, but he does show some practical approaches to the problem.

Let us all get behind him and demand of our officials, when they ask for our votes, that they do something about it. Write your city councilman; write your mayor; write your representatives in the state legislature, in the House of Representatives, and in the United States Senate. Interest yourself in the work that is being done in your own community. Help arouse public sentiment.

This is not an abstract problem. It is your job and mine!

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T. Tune in at home or on your car.

The immediate program is the one with which we are all familiar. A bank is robbed; a child is kidnaped; a citizen murdered. Immediate action is imperative. The thief must be caught; the kidnaper apprehended; the murderer prevented from killing others. And since, in 1933, we were face to face, every twenty seconds, with these desperate types of criminals, it was our inescapable duty to grapple with the immediate program first.

The public demand that we throw away such federal policing methods as we had already developed and substitute for them something else—*anything* else—was growing stronger every day.

“ The Lindbergh kidnaping would never have happened in England! ” shouted one group.

“ Give us a Scotland Yard! ” cried another.

There were, of course, excellent reasons why the Lindbergh kidnaping could not happen in England, and could here. Chief among them was that Great Britain is an island: there would be no remote place for the kidnaper to escape to with his victim.

Nevertheless the Scotland Yard idea found strong proponents—and this in spite of the fact that the Yard is not primarily a detective force, and is not a national law-enforcement organization, but is simply a romantic name for the Metropolitan Police Department of the City of London, one out of 187 police forces in England and Wales.

True, the Yard's Criminal Record Office acts as a clearinghouse of identification data for the British Isles, in much the same way as the Identification Unit of the Department of Justice serves the law-enforcement agencies of the United States; but it is significant, as reflecting the difference in scope of the two units, that Scotland Yard, when I last visited it, had a collection of about 500,000 fingerprint records, while the Identification Unit of the Department of Justice has over 6,000,000, and is increasing this number at the rate of 3,700 a day.

But even if it were assumed that Scotland Yard operated nationally, its problem could not be compared to the conditions which exist in the United States.

Take the Urschel kidnaping case, for example. Mr. Urschel was seized at his home in Oklahoma City and transported to an obscure farm in the northern part of Texas. The two gunmen who kidnaped him were not alone in the enterprise. The abduction had been carefully planned. In the State of Missouri other co-conspirators were awaiting the receipt of word of the kidnaping with a view to securing the ransom money. In the State of Minnesota still other members of this gang stood ready to receive these funds and exchange them for currency that could not be traced.

The operation of these criminals covered four states, Oklahoma, Missouri, Minnesota, and Texas. The combined areas of the states over which these criminals were operating is greater than that of England, Scotland, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Austria, and the Netherlands.

My visit to the Sûreté Nationale in Paris in search of light on our own policing problem was equally discouraging. So was a study of the Belgian situation.

The conclusion was obvious: European countries—relatively small in territorial extent, homogeneous in population, without conflicting sovereignties and jurisdictions—had a problem that was far less complex and difficult than that of the United States. Our job was to develop a system suitable to our own peculiar needs, and for this there was no precedent.

So, balked in our efforts to find a ready-made solution to our problems, we concentrated on the job of making more effective the forces we already had at our command. That job, we soon found out, was not so much a change of method as a release of energy. Federal law-enforcement agencies were efficient and alert to modern needs; but they were so hampered by restrictions on their operations that they were well nigh helpless in their battle with nation-wide crime.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States there was little need that the federal government should concern itself with such a problem. Due to the isolation of the different settlements, the operations of criminals were local in their nature.

Now goods and people move as quickly from San Francisco to New York as they once moved from Philadelphia to the national capital.

Crime, like everything else, has felt the effect of this speeding up. It is no longer a menace of purely municipal, county, or state limitations.

To meet these new conditions, state and local authorities were, in the nature of things, virtually helpless. Even within the same state there is still complete independence as between county and county; and if there be partial co-operation, it is on a treaty basis which exists or not, according to the personal acquaintances and friendships of the different officials. The state has never been a unit of law enforcement. The county, yes. But not the state.

The more deeply we went into this problem, the more obvious it became that our first and perhaps our chief trouble was that much crime was organized on a national basis, and we were not. It was clear, too, that no state or local organization could expect to cope with our far-flung problem.

In short, what we needed to catch our interstate criminals was a further development of what we already had in the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice under the able and vigorous directorship of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover. But we needed modern scientific equipment, new field offices, more agents.

IT was not long before the Bureau of Investigation became the best equipped law-enforcement unit in the world.

Then we went to the Congress with recommendations for twenty-one bills designed to put teeth into our existing machinery of law enforcement. These suggestions a thoroughly co-operative Congress promptly approved and enacted into law.

Freed by this new legislation from the shackles of the horseback era, the investigators and prosecutors of the Department have made a record which the world has acclaimed.

The stories of our activities in certain famous kidnaping and gangster cases have been told much more dramatically by the gentlemen and ladies of the press than I could—or would!—tell them.

At any rate, in California, in Massachusetts, in New Jersey, in Missouri, in Kentucky, in Illinois, in Texas, in all the states, disturbed firesides of law-abiding American citizens were promptly comforted as a result of the combined activities of local officers and representatives of the Department of Justice in detecting attempts to extort money under threat of injury or kidnaping, and in punishing promptly other crimes. In all of these cases—and the hundreds that have followed them—effective results were speedily accomplished through friendly co-operation with local law-enforcement organizations.

Jealousy between municipal and state and federal law-enforcement bodies is fast disappearing.

One of the most outstanding illustrations of co-operation is found in the system whereby the Department's collection of over 6,000,000 fingerprints is available to the state and municipal police departments who have assisted in supplying this unprecedented collection. This co-operative venture results in the identification of approximately 1,000 arrested persons every day.

The Statistical Section receives reports of crime conditions from the police departments of more than 1,600 cities, and, after compiling these records, furnishes them to police departments, thereby enabling them to study crime trends and fluctuations.

A technical laboratory is maintained by the Department at Washington. This laboratory not only permits an analysis of possible evidence, but it likewise affords an excellent school for the study of the use of the latest scientific equipment.

It is appropriate while speaking of co-operation to state that Mr. Fulton Oursler, the editor of Liberty, was one of the most enthusiastic participants in the Conference on Crime in 1934, and through Liberty Magazine and other Macfadden publications a real contribution has been made to thought on the crime problem.

It is one thing to catch a criminal. It is still another to convict him. The latter task is committed to the prosecuting arm of the Department and centers in the Criminal Division. Here a staff of thirty-five attorneys supervises prosecutions in the federal courts. Here special trial men are available for service in the field. Here briefs in criminal cases in the Supreme Court and other courts are prepared.

In the field there are over 500 United States attorneys and their assistants, located at strategic points in the ninety-five federal districts. Federal prosecutors are stationed in every district in the United States, and in Hawaii, the Canal Zone, the Virgin Islands, and in far-off Shanghai, where, under extra-territorial arrangements, the United States Court for China passes judgment upon United States citizens who violate laws enacted by the Congress back in Washington. These prosecutors constitute a far-flung branch of our crime-control program.

WHILE sixty attorneys compose the staff of the United States attorney at New York City, one lone assistant holds forth at Corpus Christi, Texas. Much of the work of these attorneys is civil in character, but the major share is taken up with criminal cases. I am proud of the record made by these prosecutors. During the first half of the past year convictions were secured in 94.4 per cent of all criminal cases brought in the federal courts.

Yes, the Department of Justice has made progress in the important and immediate task of arresting and convicting federal violators. Gangsters and racketeers and even ordinary offenders hesitate longer before committing a punishable offense. A beginning has also been made in the fight for a really effective prison and parole system, but more as to that later.

Watch for more news from the battle front where crime is being fought to a finish. Another revealing article by Attorney General Cummings will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

"BLOW SOME HIS WAY, OSCAR!..

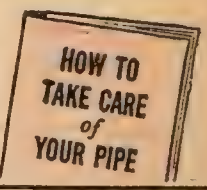
..and then switch to the brand of grand aroma"

IF ever there was a use for that foul-smelling pipe of yours—this is it! Blow some at the bull, and spare your lady-love! Then reform. Run a couple of cleaners through that soupy pipestem and load the bowl with fine-flavored Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended of choice Kentucky Burleys, Sir Walter is a smoke worth knowing. It's fresh, because it's packed in heavy gold foil. And it's only 15¢ for a two-ounce tin.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢ AND WORTH IT!
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco"

UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-78.


HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra and Morton Bowe NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10:00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

OUCH!
MORNING-AFTER!

Guard against it the *BEFORE* and *AFTER* way

BEFORE you go to bed, take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it counteracts the CAUSES of morning-after.

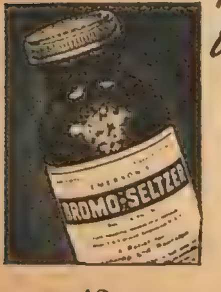
AFTER waking, to relieve effects of fatigue from late hours, another Bromo-Seltzer. You're refreshed—keener.

While you sleep, Bromo-Seltzer settles your stomach, calms nerves, ALKALIZES. Wonderful to wake without a headache! Then another Bromo-Seltzer to refresh, revive you.

At all drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it handy at home, too!

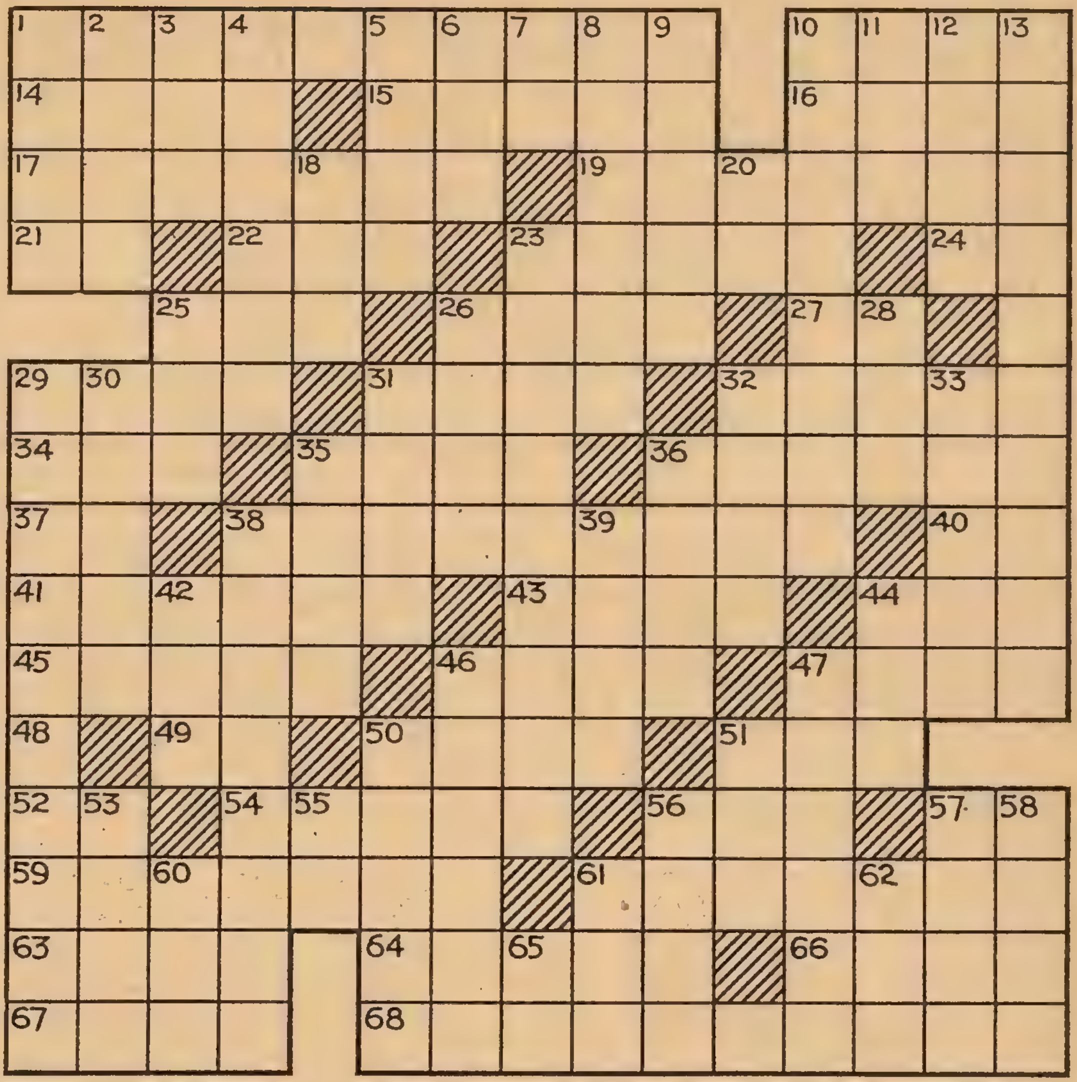
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

BROMO-SELTZER



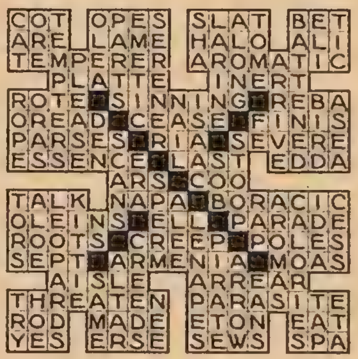
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 The happiest hours of a man's life are spent around one (two words)
10 This scraped St. Peter's dome
14 Great round thing used by overheated seamen to cool things off
15 A snowflake in Los Angeles, a non-laundrying Chinaman, a peace-loving Fascist
16 Cut off the rib, cut off in the prime
17 Getting that distinguished look, or is it worry?
19 Steppedaughter
21 Wave buster (abbr.)
22 Joe Louis packs it in his sock
23 The nonsense heard about hose factories
24 Windiest part of America (abbr.)
25 Member of the Phee Pho Phum fraternity group
26 Wot old-mide cockneys live in
27 Conjunctive hinge
29 Ol' pal, ol' pal
31 Fancy swear word
32 Blondes that tell and show up on all bleach-of-promise suits
34 Femme fatale
35 Lawful begging
36 It leads a cheesy life aging the American and the Swiss
37 What Scotchmen are on tag day (try to catch them!)
38 You get this kind of service at gas stations and nut houses
40 Whither? asks Hitler
41 Animated licorice (poss.)
43 One by one
44 Styfling boudoir
45 Ancient sky pilot
46 Red network around Washington
47 Leading producer of horse milk
48 The big strain on dictators



COT OPES SLAT BET
ARE LAME HALO ALI
TEMPERER AROMATIC
PLATTE INERT
ROTE SINNING REBA
OREAD CEASE FINIS
PARSES RIA SEVERE
ESSENCE LAST EDDA
ARS COO
TALK NAPA BORACIC
OLEINS ELL PARADE
ROOTS CREEP POLES
SEPT ARMENIA MOAS
AISLE ARREAR
THREATEN PARASITE
ROD MADE ETON EAT
YES ERSE SEWS SPA

Answer to last week's puzzle

49 Lowdown thought (abbr.)
50 What wives and secretaries fight over
51 Aweigh with trucking
52 Common cause of Thames gas attacks (abbr.)
54 Needs repairs in the belfry
56 Number of happy taxpayers
57 Adenoidal Soprano (abbr.)
59 Noncuring cure-all
61 Just dandy
63 The under we step on
64 "Exhibition of star hams held here nightly!"
66 Girl's name
67 Eyrie-minded bird
68 The bum in Beethoven's pants (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Irish softies
2 Prominent things about little pitchers
3 Ee'z 'ot thees time year een Fronce
4 It caused the Harlem heat wave
5 An eruption on Venus
6 Bughouse
7 It goes past with a huff and a puff (abbr.)
8 There's been some question recently about its pronunciation
9 Puts a small bet on a horse
10 The speed problem of the '90s
11 Yellow bellyband
12 Heal torn heels
13 Famous English barman
18 Blank between two black eyes
20 Baer's poetic insides
23 Oasis in the Great American Desert, now dried up
25 Only a face a bulldog could love
26 This burns up the dough
28 The most popular leaf in Eden
29 A beautiful crack in the jaw (two words)
30 The man behind the gun
31 The saddest word of tongue or pen
32 Food for the leftists
33 Fifi's boy friend
35 A dirty dig
36 Medieval persuader
38 It sounds like a baby's game
39 Junior G-men's ammunition (pl.)
42 Hitler's scepter
44 Sustaining program on the back-fence network
46 Hope you live to a ripe old one
47 Rudyard's brain child
50 Chinese Bess
51 Where stand-up strikers go wrong
53 A king and queen can't get together in one
55 Current on the radio (abbr.)
56 Hit the high spots and maybe be a few mountains
57 The cost of seeing kings and queens
58 She gets $5,000 a week out of her empty mug (it's over your head)
60 Ens
61 Boardinghouse explosive
62 All wet
65 A popular article

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

POOR BLOODY OBSERVERS

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

Fighting Richthofen—A girl from Lens. Two who went west . . . New thrills in a stirring saga of battle in the sky

BY ARCH WHITEHOUSE

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE World War's forgotten airmen, Mr. Whitehouse points out, are the observers and aerial gunners—in British army slang, "P. B. O." Having been one of them before he became a pilot, he can tell their long-neglected story in terms of his own experience. Boyish visions of glorious war allured him in his teens from New Jersey to serve in France with a British cavalry outfit. In 1916 he transferred to No. 22 Squadron, R. F. C. Until then, he had "flopped"—or so he says—at everything but machine-gunning, and he was aghast when told he must fly with a pilot at once. Nevertheless, within his first two hours this self-distrustful novice shot down an enemy plane.

Returning, he found his hut shared by a gunner called Mac, an old hand, who told him he would soon qualify for the wing insignia but wouldn't live to get home again. Newcomers were young English P. B. Os. Brown and Ottey. That night they all patronized a village bar, had a scrap with some infantrymen, and went on to a dive, the mere sight of whose inmates sickened the youthful American.

Next morning, proudly flying with Captain Clement of the squadron, he had his first taste of the patrol routine of riddling German observation balloons, and under the captain's guidance he downed another German plane. Then he was "hooked for an afternoon show," and flew with a Captain Bush to protect British camera planes over the Siegfried Line. For some time both were absorbed in what was going on below them. When Whitehouse looked up from taking notes, he discovered there was no longer a British battleplane in sight. Instead, there were four black-and-white planes, all flaunting black crosses.

PART TWO—THE RED KNIGHT'S 42D VICTORY

CAPTAIN BUSH was still watching the camera ships below. I opened fire on the two of the Germans that were now diving on them. Then he saw these two for the first time. He threw our ship all over the sky, and I could take short bursts at each one in turn. Strangely enough, this time I was enjoying it. He grinned, nodded to me encouragingly, and we went down.

Once we got into a weird sickening sideslip and hissed past a German plane. I banged away again as soon as I caught my breath, and the three camera B. Es. shot under us and pounded for the line. Then, out of nowhere, came the Fees again, and we drove the Germans off, and one went down. We tore after them, Captain Bush and I, but they were too fast in dives and we had to give it up.

When we turned back, he yelled, "Which way home?"

I looked at his compass and pointed toward the west. He nodded, and we settled back for the return. I tried to figure out where we were, tried to check up by landmarks, but nothing fitted.

"Keep flying west," I wrote.

Then I saw the ham-shaped puddle outside Ypres, and I waved my arms and pointed, and we nosed down.

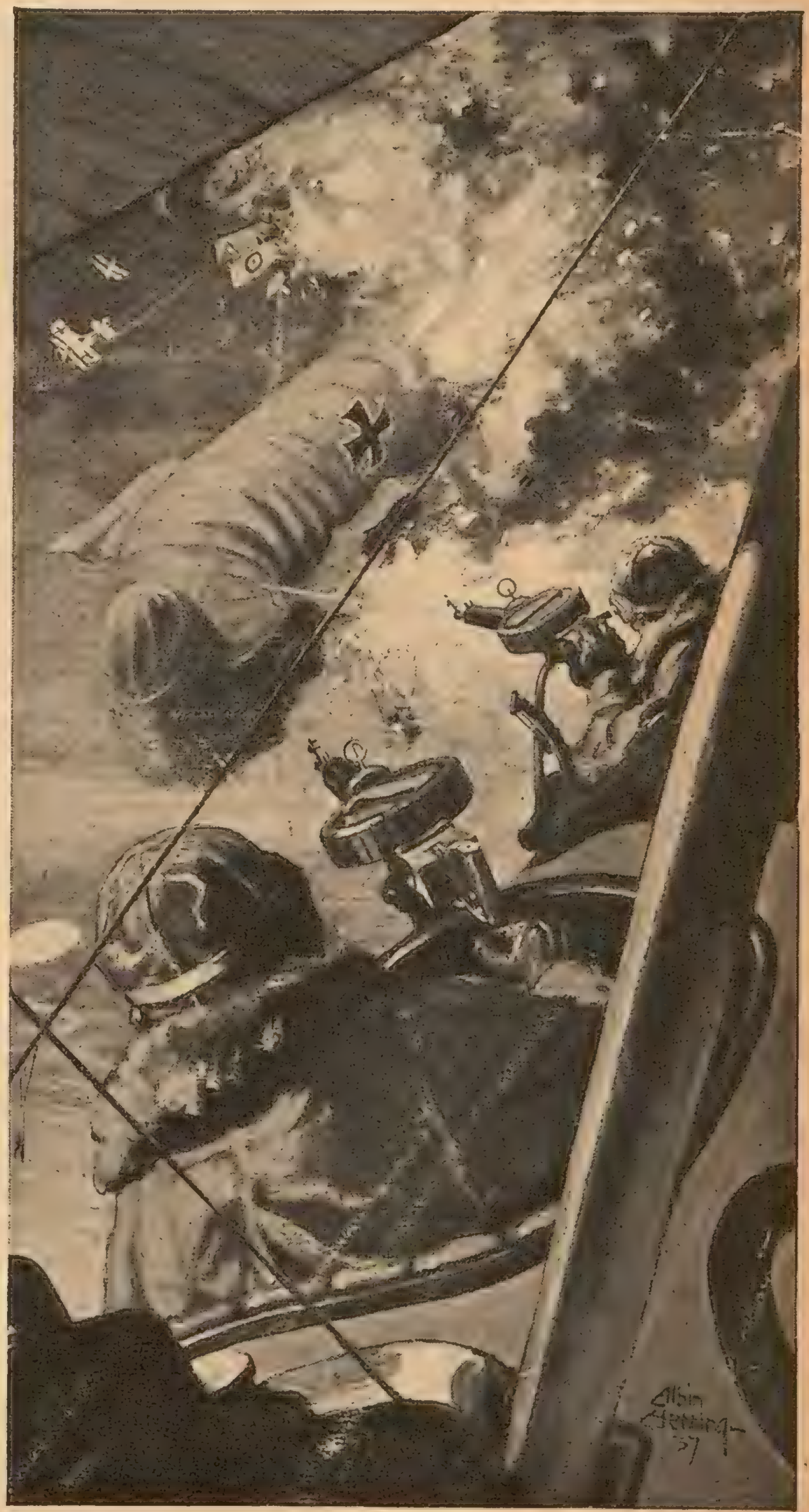
The guns below opened up. There was not a British plane anywhere. The gunfire was terrific, and a piece of shrapnel left a gash across my knuckle, which bled profusely. Bush saw it and went white.

"You all right?" he barked.

"Sure! Just a scratch, I guess. I feel O. K."

I glanced up—and reached for the rear gun. Three single-seaters were pounding down at us. More black crosses! "Beat it!" I yelled.

The Jerries came down and I opened fire. One stag-



gered off. The other two came on, firing with everything they had. The wings drummed madly and tracers flecked past my head and I tried to hide behind the gun mounting. Bush threw the ship all over the sky again and I almost went overboard. Still I managed to keep the gun firing in short bursts and I evidently did some damage. Nevertheless they came on again. I was beginning to give up hope.

I emptied the drum, and dropped down to get another. Then I almost leaped overboard. Captain Bush was pointing into my cockpit and I spotted bluish smoke seeping out of the front locker.

"My God! We're in flames!" I screamed.

He nosed her down for Ypres. I snatched at a fire extinguisher and started to squirt the solution into the locker. Smoke billowed out and completely enveloped my pilot. Then there was a low chug! . . . chug! . . . chug! Something scarlet splashed out in my face and shot by my ear flap. Then another . . . green this time! Chug! . . . hiss . . . bang! At that I realized what had happened and started to laugh—hysterically, I suppose. The Very cartridges in the locker were on fire and spitting their colored balls of fire in all directions.

I squirted like mad. Gradually the eruption subsided. I flipped the locker top up, rammed my leather-clad arms inside, gathered up the mess, hurled it overboard.

EMPTY YOUR
POCKETS BEFORE
GOING ON PATROL

About to go on a patrol and risk capture, these R. F. C. observers and pilots are handing over all their letters and diaries that might yield information to the enemy.

But the Germans' guns were still flickering scarlet eyes at us. Burst after burst I blazed at them, but they kept at it. Ypres seemed miles away yet. . . .

Then something happened. I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for the much maligned antiaircraft gunners. Four shellbursts behind us blotted out all view of the Jerries. I stared. The bursts were white! Ours! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Another line of white smoke belched out not twenty feet from the first. The Jerries tried to get through that wall of bursting steel, but a third quartet of white bursts blocked them off. We nosed down fast for the Cloth Hall at Ypres, raced across the lines, and headed for Poperinghe. We were safe, thanks to Archie!

SOMETHING creaked under me. I felt myself slipping into nothingness, and grabbed at the gun mounting. The floor of my cockpit crumbled under my weight and gave way. One leg went out through. Captain Bush grabbed me and lugged me back so I could hang on to the edge of his cowling.

"What's the matter now?" he bellowed.

"The fire! Burned the bottom of my cockpit out!"

"Hang on somehow. I'll put her down. Are we over our side of the line?"

I made my way to the lower wing, stood on the wing root, hung on to struts, and directed him home.

He made a perfect landing and we taxied up to the cab rank. The mechanics stared at me crouched on the wing. I was frozen stiff, spattered with blood, and marked with burns. They helped me down. Captain Bush was swell about it all and helped slap me into mobility. He offered me a cigarette—the first I ever smoked. It tasted marvelous.

Ottey came running over. "Golly, I'm glad to see you, Arch! Thought you'd gone down!"

"What the deuce are you bawling about? I'm all right," I growled. Actually I was trembling.

"I'm through! I'm done!" he gurgled. "They won't let me go up again! I—I practically killed my pilot! Shot him about a dozen times! Through the shoulder!"

"How did it happen?"

"I was firing over the top plane, just as they told me, but the gun-mounting clip broke and the upper part of the mounting collapsed and the gun slipped down—"

"Is he dead?"

"No. They all went through the thick part of his flying coat. Grazed him, but we got back all right."

"Well, what the devil are you grumbling about?"

"I'm afraid . . . afraid they'll shove me back in the trenches! I couldn't go back up there—after this!"

Captain Bush was standing behind me. He broke into a chuckle, slapped Ottey on the shoulder, and walked away.

We checked our guns, filed our reports, and started back for our hut. Captain Bush caught up with me.

"Look here," he said. "You're supposed to be Captain Clement's observer, aren't you?"

"I don't know, sir. He seems to like me."

"I know. He told me to take you today. I'd like you to go with me every time, if I can wangle you away from the skipper. How about it?"

"If you can fix it up with him," I said, "I'm game."

"I'll see him tonight, after mess."

ANY man who flew on the western front has been asked one question at least one hundred times: "Did you ever meet or fight that Baron von Richthofen guy—the Red Knight of Germany?"

I did, but I never knew it until ten years later when Floyd Gibbons, in his The Red Knight of Germany—serialized in Liberty—told me of it.

Baron von Richthofen's famous record runs from late in September, 1916, until April, 1918. My P. B. O. days began early in 1917 and ran through until late in January, 1918, and throughout that time we were on exactly the same front covered by von Richthofen and his circus. In the R. F. C., contrary to general opinion, he was not generally known or feared. We of No. 22 Squadron never heard his name until late in 1917. His fame grew among the men in the trenches. The German airman we were after was Werner Voss, who carried the war into our country; while von Richthofen, obeying orders, was fighting—as we have since learned—a careful and most successful defensive campaign on his own side of the line. For the greater part of his astounding career he was a legend from our point of view.

I have mentioned a black notebook. As I write this, it lies open on my desk. The page reads:

10:30 ....A7244
4/13/17 ....Capt. Bush.
Clouds at 4,000.
6 E. A. ....11:30 over Lille.
10 E. A. ....12:10 over Roulers.
Engaged 12:35.
Shooting at us ....4 E. A. over Roulers.
Shot down near Monchy......red plane.

In The Red Knight of Germany, Floyd Gibbons presents Baron von Richthofen's official report, which reads:

"April 13, 1917, between Monchy and Feuchy, Vickers 2; two occupants and their fate unknown, downed behind the British lines. Time 12:42 p. m."

Those were the details of von Richthofen's forty-second victory. A comparison of the two reports will assure any one that we were his so-called victims. He makes one mistake, however. He calls our machine a Vickers; it was an F. E.-2B, or Fee. But the Vickers and the Fee were startlingly alike.

Frankly, I cannot remember much about the flight. I know I was with Captain Bush in machine No. A7244 and we took off with the rest of C Flight for a camera-protection show. I know I realized that if those clouds persisted we would have a tough time getting any pictures. I have a note also which reads, "There are the camera ships circling over Arras." Another note goes: "I see eight E. A. [enemy aircraft] coming up from behind Douai. Better keep our eyes open."

By the time we were well organized and in position, we had six Fees and three R. E. 8s, and the Boches were easing back and forth a few miles away, climbing for height so that they could attack from above.

We could see the cameramen below us humped over their boxes ramming the plates through. I watched the Boches for a while and then lost them in a cottony blanket of cloud. For the time being we forgot them. There was plenty of ground activity below.

"HE blew his light!" Captain Bush yelled, and pointed. I saw the last of the sparky arc from the R. E. 8s' signal. They had their pictures. We turned back toward Arras. Then things began to happen fast. Out of nowhere came a cavalcade of Albatros Dills. How we managed to stay in the air after that first charge, God only knows! Still, some of the observers apparently spotted them in time and battered lead at them and made them zoom. I was soon up on the locker adding my few bursts.

I looked down toward Captain Clement's ship and saw the camera busses beating it across the line. An Albatros went down in smoke. I don't know who got it; I didn't.

They came in on us again and pounded away. I was amazed at the garish colors—blue noses, red wheels, green prop bosses, and yellow wings. Two came at us from a bad angle that left me blocked off by my own wing tip. I tried shooting through the struts and risked clipping our flying wires. Captain Bush roared at me, so I chucked it and climbed up on the locker again.

Another Jerry went down in flames. Bush threw the ship all over the sky and we managed to drive them off to lick their wounds. When I came down off the locker, I discovered to my dismay that we were alone.

"You all right?" the captain asked.

I nodded, so he turned north instead of shooting for our side of the line, and apparently decided to win the war on his own. I pointed ahead. There was a formation of about ten enemy ships patrolling.

He flew on, taking them in with his calm gray eyes.

"Going around them," he explained. "They'd never expect an attack from their own side."

I gave up. We were already about ten miles on the wrong side of the line! Then I remembered that he was never very sure about where he was. "You're over *here!*" I yelled, showing him a map. "Here's our line . . . over there!" He peered at it, and gradually the truth began to dawn on him. He nosed down and rammed

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his rudder over and started for the line.

Then out of nowhere came four gaudy Albatroses. He grinned at me and whirled on them. He really gave me a beautiful shot and I poured it to them hard. They were diving on us, but they were in such a tight V, it was almost impossible for more than one to get a real bead on us.

I turned my attention on the leader. He took it full in the nose and zoomed up. The others swerved to get clear of him. I swung my front gun around and sprayed the air. They zinged over, and I had to scramble up on the locker to follow them.

Then I brought the rear gun into action as they came back. There were only three now. Two cleared after a short test dive, and I sprayed at the lone attacker.

"Beat it!" I yelled. "There'll be more of them!"

But I made the mistake of watching that one. He continued to peck at us, and I too wasted good ammo on him.

Then we got ours!

From somewhere below came a terrific burst that slammed through everything we had. I saw great holes opening up in the upper wing. Bang! Clang! Bang! That guy must be throwing flatirons at us!

The machine jerked, and I wondered on which side of the line we would hit. Not that it mattered to Captain Bush. He was looking all around for somebody with a sledge hammer. He snatched at the ignition switch and I stared out toward the tail to watch the prop stop and to find out where those two Albatroses were.

The prop *had* stopped! But it was facing up toward the sky! I looked down; Captain Bush was sitting in a normal position. Another chunk of old iron went through the top plane and a red devil screeched over our heads. Then one with a giddy white nose and a green tail swished past our rudder. I gave him a dose.

BUSH was shouting at me. He wanted to use one of the guns, I believe, but there was plenty for me to do on top of the locker. Now I noticed for the first time what had really happened to that prop. The rear portion of the motor had been cut off somehow and it had buckled in such a manner that the four-bladed propeller was almost horizontal.

That red Albatros was still acting nasty, and whenever I got a bead on him, the green-tail would smash in from the other side, so that I was leaping to and from the locker top to get from one gun to the other.

I realize now that I was getting wilder and more scared by the minute. This was not because one Albatros was red. That point never occurred to me. But I was anxious about Captain Bush. I wanted to make sure that he would at least *head* for our lines.

"Go that way," I yelled, "and dive her!" We dived!

But the two planes banged at us with everything they had. Bullets smashed struts and ripped wing fabric. Captain Bush huddled back against the motor and held the stick between his knees. I had to stand up on the edges of the nacelle and keep firing. Drum after drum I blazed at that red devil from every angle possible.

In his report, von Richthofen states that after a long fight, "during which I so maneuvered that my adversary could not fire a single shot at me, the enemy plane plunged to the ground between Monchy and Feuchy."

Perhaps I did not fire a single shot *at* him, but I most certainly fired an awful lot in his general direction. At any rate, as soon as we got near our side of the line his plane and the green-tail broke off, and we just managed to slip across our own trenches.

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Monchy was only a mile or so inside our lines, which indicates just where the fight took place. We probably glided about twelve miles, which would put the actual point of attack somewhere near Arleux. The last I saw of the Red Knight was when he and his pal were beating it past some Jerry balloons with about six British Camels in hot pursuit—and I didn't blame him.

Somehow Captain Bush made a swell landing, and we rolled across a partly plowed field. There we sat. My leather flying coat was in ribbons, slashed by the sharp chunks of falling shrapnel.

Three British Tommies came charging over the hedge. "You chaps all right?" a little cockney bawled. "Well, you ain't arf lucky! Know who you was fightin'? That was the Bloody Baron! Didn't you see 'is red plane?"

"Oh, stow it!" Captain Bush said.

"I know it was! We've seen 'im dozens of times—the Bloody Baron! Don't you know who that is?"

"The Bloody Baron," muttered the captain. "Leave it to the gravel crushers. They'll find some one to idolize. I know them."

But I was worried about that red devil and intended to keep a weather eye open for him in the future.

Captain Bush managed to get a message through to our squadron, and we eventually got back late that night. In the gunners' hut I came upon a babble of tongues—the usual rumors of this and that.

We were to move on up closer to the line.

Mac was to get two stripes. Some one was in for a Military Medal.

The war would be over within two months.

America had come in with the Allies.

I wondered whether I would be around to greet the first Americans to arrive. I sat down and wrote a letter to my parents, and was startled a month or so later to learn that it had been published word for word in the New York Sun.

. . . . .

We poshed up and went out to a near-by village. There was a small estaminet there, with a young girl behind the counter.

"Look 'ere," Brownie said. "You can talk French. Get me some candles, will you?"

My French was a frail patois picked up at random.

"Er . . . *voolay voo* . . . *donnez mar* . . . *une, der, two* . . . How many did you want Brownie?" I started out.

"Three will be enough," he said.

"All right. . . . Mademoiselle . . . er . . . *twa lumiaire* . . . er . . . *allumette* . . . *flamber* . . . er . . ."

The girl was staring at me in total amazement.

"I . . . er . . . want," I stumbled on, realizing that she was unusually pretty for a girl behind a village counter, ". . . er . . . *lampe* . . . *bougie filee* . . . you know . . . *d'allume.*"

Finally she leaned over close to me, and said in the most beautiful voice I have ever heard, "Are you by any chance trying to purchase some candles?"

Whew!

Three years in an English private school lay behind that question. She was the daughter of a man who had once owned half the coal mines in Lens, and she had only just escaped capture there. Her father was now a spy for the Allies.

From then on we got along famously with Marie. We lured her into giving us French lessons in an old barn behind the estaminet. She started by pointing to her shoes and saying, "*Soulier.*"

We repeated it after her.

She plucked at her dress and said, "*Parure.*"

We repeated that—and hoped.

Next she flipped the hem of her dress up and fingered her petticoat. "*Jupe,*" she smiled.

"Go on, we all have sisters," I lied.

She flipped a silk garter, "*Jarretière.*"

"Lovely! Go on, Marie!"

She raised her dress and stuck out her leg. "*Bas.*"

"We can't wait, Marie!" we said in chorus.

The skirt hem went higher. "*Lingerie!*" she squeaked.

It was a lovely way to learn French.

FROM that memorable date in April, 1917, events moved thick and fast. We lost track of the days and were living in a numb state of hopelessness. I, for one, had experienced the sensation of a defeat. A man in a red Albatros had shot us down, and Captain Bush and I might well have been taken prisoners.

I was not alone in dreading capture; many a flying man feared it far more than being killed. I no longer dreaded death, or even thought about it. But for weeks after that von Richthofen affair I could not shake off thoughts and fears of becoming a prisoner of war. In fact, it has been only during the last few years that I have got rid of that nightmare.

Mr. Brooks and Captain Don, his observer, came to grief, which added to my fears. Mr. Brooks, you know, was the pilot who took me on my first patrol. Captain Don had transferred out of a Highland regiment.

We were doing one of our Sunday-afternoon offensive shows, which included a smack at the Jerry balloons. I was flying this time with a Lieutenant Youl, a grand pilot. I think Captain Bush was on leave in England. My leave was to come within a few weeks.

At all events, we suddenly found ourselves scrapping like the devil. Once I counted twenty German machines pounding lead at us. In the midst of it a Fee slammed past us, heading for the ground. It was Captain Clem-

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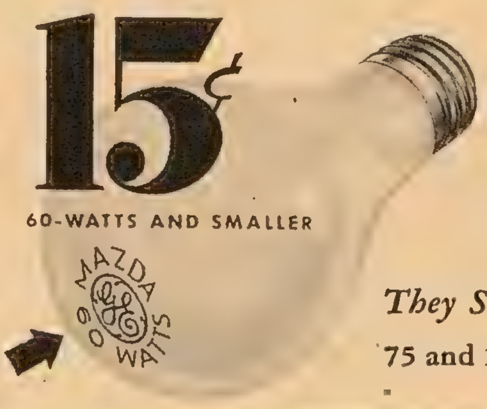

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ent's, and he was racing after another Fee that was gliding to a landing.

"Go down and see what's up!" I bellowed. Mr. Youl chased down after Captain Clement, and we helped him drive off two Fokkers that were circling over the Fee on the ground. Then I saw that it was Mr. Brooks and Captain Don down there. A white light streaked up from their cockpit as we flashed over them.

"They're all right!" I yelled. "They fired a white light!" We tore after our leader—and found ourselves in another mess of black crosses. Six silver Nieuports came down out of nowhere, in the nick of time, and drove the Jerries off. When we got home, Captain Clement told me that the Nieuports were led by a Captain Bishop, a young Canadian, who within a few days was to be awarded the Victoria Cross. He deserved seven of them, as far as I was concerned!

THREE months later, in London, I called on a girl I had met in 1914. She took me to a flat upstairs to meet a lady of her acquaintance who had just had bad news from the War Office.

"Flying Corps?" I asked.

"Yes. A cousin of hers. She'd like to talk to some one who's been out there."

She proved to be a Miss Baddelley, a charming woman in deep black. Suddenly a photograph on the mantelpiece caught my eye. For several minutes I sat and goggled at it, then burst out with, "I know that officer! He was in my squadron. I saw him go down."

"You knew Captain Don?"

"Certainly! I was on his show. We went down and made sure he landed all right. He was flying with Mr. Brooks!"

Miss Baddelley was staring at me with tears in her eyes. "We got the notice: 'Missing in action; believed killed.'"

"But that can't be," I remonstrated crudely. "I saw them land, and they fired a white light. That means engine conked, or something. He's not dead!"

Miss Baddelley was very brave about it all, but it was minutes before I could more or less convince her. A year or so later I had the pleasure of learning that Captain Don *was* alive, although he had lost one hand. Mr. Brooks died in a German hospital.

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Somewhere about May we tore down our hangars and moved up to Warloy. We were only there a few days before we headed for a drome near Nesle. Once we were at Izel le Hammeau, behind Arras. With all this moving around, the general make-up of the squadron was changing fast. The gunners seemed to have amazing luck, and eventually we were in great demand. Captain McKelvie of A Flight snatched Mac the day he arrived, and together they made up the greatest two-seater team on the front. Mac eventually won the Distinguished Conduct Medal and three stripes.

Captain Omerod became the skipper of B Flight and Captain Clement hung on with us in C. We pulled up at Estrée Blanche sometime in May. There, one afternoon, Captain Clement brought a young Canadian togged out in the kilts of the Montreal Scottish. He was a private and a handsome lad. The captain introduced me: "This is my cousin, Ward Clement. I want you to show him the ropes."

Ward had been over the top four times in the past thirty-six hours—and he wanted to become a gunner. I loved him for that, and we were pals from then on.

By this time most of us had our observers' wings, and one or two had been promoted to First Class air mechanics. Mac went on leave with two stripes up. Ward Clement chucked his kilts away and took over R. F. C. breeches and tunic. One morning Brownie and Ottey were roused out to do a show for B Flight because they were short some gunners. When Ward and I got up we noticed a Fee returning without a gunner.

"That's Brownie's bus," Ward said anxiously.

"Good Lord! He must have fallen out!"

We raced to the hangars. The pilot crawled out of his ship, covered with blood.

"What happened? Where's Brown?" we both demanded.

"He stopped one over St. Jean and I had to land him. He seemed all right. He's at a French C. C. S."

HE told us where the French casualty clearing station was. The next afternoon we went up to see Brownie. The French surgeon in charge muttered, "Brown? . . . Brown? . . . *Aviateur Anglais?* . . . Ah, yes. . . . See!"

He pointed out the window. Three poilus were coming up the path with earthy shovels over their shoulders. They had just buried Brownie.

· · · · ·

Ward was soon ready for the air. On the ground he was the life of the outfit. He and I made friends with a family who kept a combination estaminet and grocery store. There were two young girls there in the store and we soon "clicked," as Ward put it. They called him *Le Grand Canadien*, and he certainly was. They learned which machines we flew in by the big "N" and "R" painted on the sides. Whenever we went on the late-afternoon patrols we could see them out in the street of the little village waving up at us, and they were always there when we returned.

Sometime late in May we turned our Fees in for the new Bristol Fighters—a wicked snub-nosed tractor biplane. It turned out to be the finest two-seater fighter on the front. But I was to have one more adventure aboard the old Fees before we gave them up completely.

One morning—May 11, 1917, to be

exact—they hurriedly made up a flight of six machines with Captain Clement in command. Ward went with him and we hurtled across the line at about 4,000 feet and took on a formation of Albatros scouts. The fireworks went off before we could get our guns warmed up. I think I was with Captain Bush, but I am not certain. At any rate, I nailed a two-seater cold after about ten minutes of insane scrapping, and saw it go down in flames. I saw Captain Clement once and he waved to me and I just caught an Albatros scout that was getting on his tail.

Then I realized that we were attempting to cover some S. E. 5s that were smashing at two balloons below us. My pilot went down. I saw my bullets making the old depression along the balloon's top, but nothing happened. I swore and lashed out again at the other as we shot across that.

An S. E. seemed to head for the balloon as I fired. His guns flashed and he went down at it until I feared he would take it off the cable with his undercarriage. Then the balloon burst with a terrible bellow, flame leaped up, and I never saw the S. E. 5 again.

We zoomed up through the fire and I covered my face with my arms. At least I tried to, but one arm seemed to be caught in my flying-coat belt. I jerked at it and realized that it was numb. Then I remembered something hard hitting me a short time before.

Wounded? Would a wound be a boon or a curse to an ambitious young P. B. O.? Judge for yourself next week; and fly and gun with Mr. Whitehouse through the desperate hazards of repeated long-distance bombing raids on Gontrode, and through one of the most terrific "dog-fights" of the entire World War! Also, share with him an amazing adventure with a White Heather Girl in England!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

1—John Wilkes Booth (1839-65).
2—Nantucket Island, Massachusetts.
3—Twenty-six.
4—Associate Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis (a Boston lawyer at the time) and other public-spirited citizens.
5—Ted Husing, Jack Oakie, and "Andy."
6—Francis Marion Crawford (1854-1909).
7—To produce a roll in order that the hold of the ice be broken.
8—By nets, baited hooks, traps, and spears.
9—Samson, Judges 14:18. Samson had told a riddle for the Philistines to guess. His wife wheedled the answer from him, and then told it to the Philistines, who gave him the answer. "And he said unto them, If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle."
10—A thick glass.
11—"Sleepy ones," according to the Smithsonian Institution.
12—John Jay (1745-1829).
13—I forbid.
14—A differential gear.
15—In Ohio.
16—Ulysses.
17—Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, founded by the French in 1604, and first named Port Royal.
18—Sanskrit.
19—No, it is brown, varying from light to dark shades.
20—

Edward MacDowell

HOUSEWIVES!
ENJOY DOUBLE MINT GUM DAILY WHILE YOU WORK. IT WILL HELP KEEP YOUR FACE LOOKING AS CAREFREE AND WINNING AS NANCY'S
NANCY
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
Try it You'll like it

More Prize Winners

Liberty $2,500 Alpha Contest

(Continued from August 21 issue)

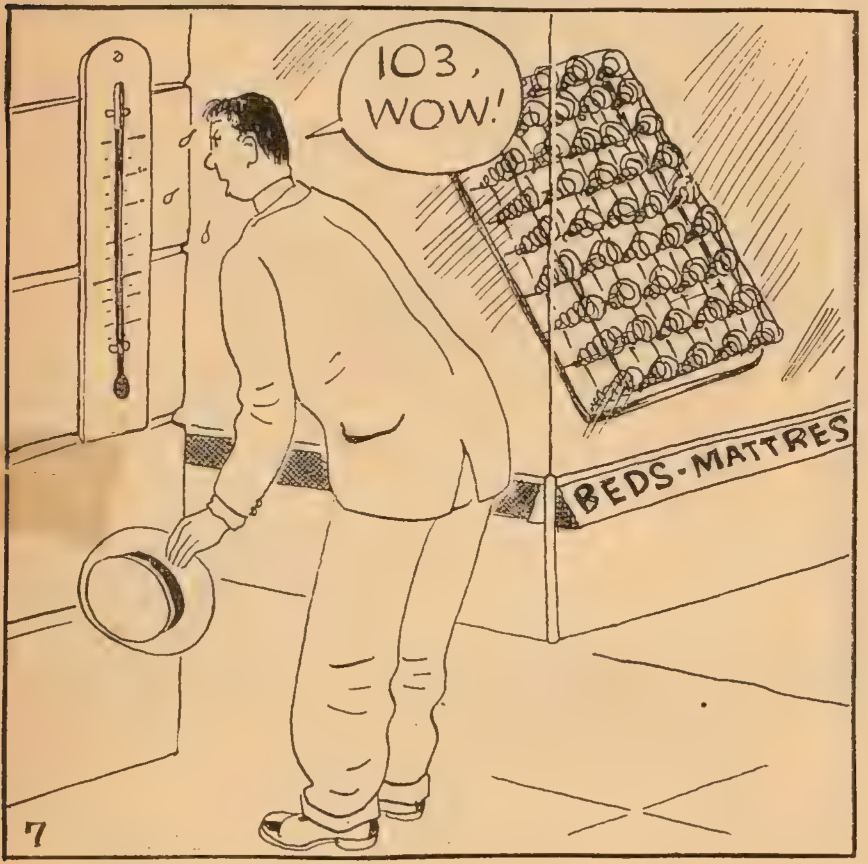
M. F. Bohle, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. T. Bohlen, Cheyenne, Wyo.; G. R. Bolte, Jr., Cranford, N. J.; Mrs. Charles Bott, East Orange, N. J.; Nathalie Boyd, Berkeley, Calif.; Fred F. Braig, Albuquerque, N. M.; Hugo Brandt, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Virginia S. Bromberg, Birmingham, Ala.; Miss G. V. Brown, Guthrie, Okla.; W. R. Browning, Long Island City, N. Y.; Floyd A. Burd, Flint, Mich.; Joseph R. Burritt, Denver, Colo.; Celia H. Canine, Cedar Vale, Kan.; Carl R. Canterbury, Moline, Ill.; Mrs. Gertrude Carlson, Omaha, Neb.; Eugene Carmichael, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; W. R. Carwithen, Jr., Washington, D. C.; D. L. Cheek, San Diego, Calif.; Hildegarde M. Chlosta, Sheboygan, Wis.; Mae Classon, Fargo, N. D.; Mrs. Amelia Claunch, New Orleans, La.; A. Roy Cliff, Denver, Colo.; J. Gilbert Clifford, Providence, R. I.; Mary E. Conner, Orlando, Fla.; A. T. Crounse, Troy, N. Y.; E. C. Crowther, Philadelphia, Pa.; Leah M. Crozier, Bellaire, Ohio; Ernest L. Crumb, Palms, Calif.; Mable M. Damon, Wausau, Wis.; Mrs. T. M. Daniels, St. Charles, Ida.; Mrs. Gilbert Davidson, Albuquerque, N. M.; Alma G. Davis, Marion, Ind.; Mrs. E. Davis, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. L. W. Davis, Baton Rouge, La.; Dorothy B. Dechert, New York, N. Y.; Raymond T. Delaney, Cambridge, Mass.; William J. Donovan, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. Patrick J. Doran, East Orange, N. J.; Mrs. John E. Dorfmeister, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Myrtle D. Drake, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Hattie Dugan, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. G. R. Earl, Takoma Park, D. C.; Doris W. Ehrmantraut, Washington, D. C.; Dr. James R. Enright, Honolulu, T. H.; Arsenio Espinosa, Nogales, Ariz.; Mazie M. Evans, Atlanta, Ga.; August F. Ewert, Dundee, Ill.; Irene M. Ewerth, Akron, Ohio.; Ernest Fagenstrom, Minneapolis, Minn.; Eleanor I. Finch, Amelia, Ohio; E. F. Finnerty, Parker, S. D.; Mrs. Blanche D. Fisher, Jacksonville, Fla.; George E. Fitz, Boston, Mass.; Arnold C. Follweiler, Allentown, Pa.; John W. Freeman, Schuyler, Neb.; I. C. Frendberg, Bismarck, N. D.; George F. Fynn, Buffalo, N. Y.; R. T. Gallagher, Pittsburgh, Pa.; S. L. Gardner, Jr., Annapolis, Md.; Howard P. Garner, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Paul T. Gary, Atlanta, Ga.; Edna Gerard, Oakley, Ida.; Frank R. Gessner, Annapolis, Md.; Haskell Gilson, West Haven, Conn.; Charles A. Goelz, Milford, Conn.; Mrs. Albert G. Gould, Schenectady, N. Y.; W. B. Gould, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; George Granitz, Ocean Springs, Miss.; Eugene L. Griggs, Boston, Mass.; Richard H. Harris, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lloyd Harrison, Kansas City, Mo.; C. C. Hatchett, Harlingen, Tex.; Lulu C. Hauge, Long Beach, Calif.; Charles E. Heath, Shamokin, Pa.; Ralph F. Hetzel, Chicago, Ill.; W. R. Hill, Chanute, Kan.; Cecil Holden, Tottenville, N. Y.; Earle C. Hopkins, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. A. Houston, Toledo, Ohio; Paula M. Hoveler, Milwaukee, Wis.; Ivy M. Howard, Salina, Kan.; Tom Humes, Washington, D. C.; H. G. Humphrey, Meridian, Miss.; Jennie Hutchinson, Hyde Park, Mass.; Dorothy Ingalls, Laurelton, N. Y.; James Inglis, San Mateo, Calif.; Louise C. James, Dover, Del.; Louis D. Jenkins, Cisco, Tex.; Madelaine Johnson, Fisher, Minn.; Margaret Joslin, Springfield, Mo.; Mrs. Hans Jung, Milwaukee, Wis.; Paul Kang, Honolulu, T. H.; Mrs. Nelia King, Virginia, Ill.; Lela M. Kinkade, Brookings, S. D.; Charles Kolar, River Forest, Ill.; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Ia.; Raymond O. Krengel, Forest Park, Ill.; Arthur Kunz, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. John E. Latsch, New York, N. Y.; Leila Lawrence, New York, N. Y.; Lillian P. Leonard, Lynn, Mass.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Nell M. Lieurance, San Francisco, Calif.; Jean Lyons, Alameda, Calif.; Fred MacAllister, Ozone Park, N. Y.; D. O. Mann, Memphis, Tenn.; Frank Maud, Chicago, Ill.; Bernice L. Mayo, Provincetown, Mass.; Mrs. J. I. McGarvey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Samuel A. McKillop, Milwaukee, Wis.; C. C. McMillan, Oakland, Calif.; Barbara Merrick, Springfield, Mass.; Kathleen B. Monahan, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Grace E. Moore, Grand Forks, N. D.; Mrs. Mabel Mueller, St. Louis, Mo.; Thomas Murdock, Sioux City, Ia.; Mrs. Dennis E. Murphy, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Bertha H. Mussen, Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Mrs. P. F. Nelson, Daisy, Wash.; Bernice Newborg, Arlington Heights, Mass.; John D. Neylon, Des Moines, Ia.; Ernest W. Nowack, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. W. S. Nye, Norwich, N. Y.; Alice O'Donnell, Cleveland, Ohio; Arthur Olson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Lawrence Olson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Grace E. Parker, La Porte, Ind.; Lieut. Robert E. Parks, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Mrs. Fred Paschall, Memphis, Tenn.; Emma G. Peirce, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. A. J. Pierre, Cranston, R. I.; C. O. Power, Tacoma, Wash.; Frances L. Price, Eureka, Mont.; Thomas Prince, Fort Wayne, Ind.

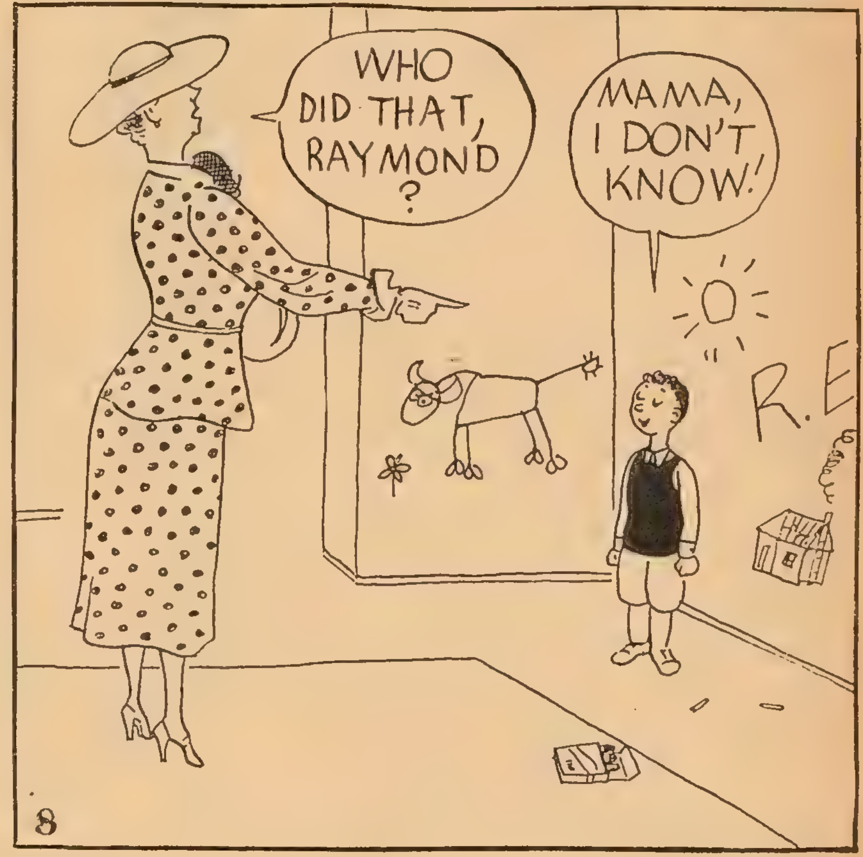
(Continued in an early issue)

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!

ENTER NOW FOR $1,000 *IN CASH PRIZES*

LIBERTY'S GAME OF CITIES




WHO DID THAT, RAYMOND ?
MAMA, I DON'T KNOW!
R.E
8

NAME OF CITY................................

NAME OF CITY................................

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $5	250

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.

2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twelve pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Why I Read Liberty."

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 17, 1937, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

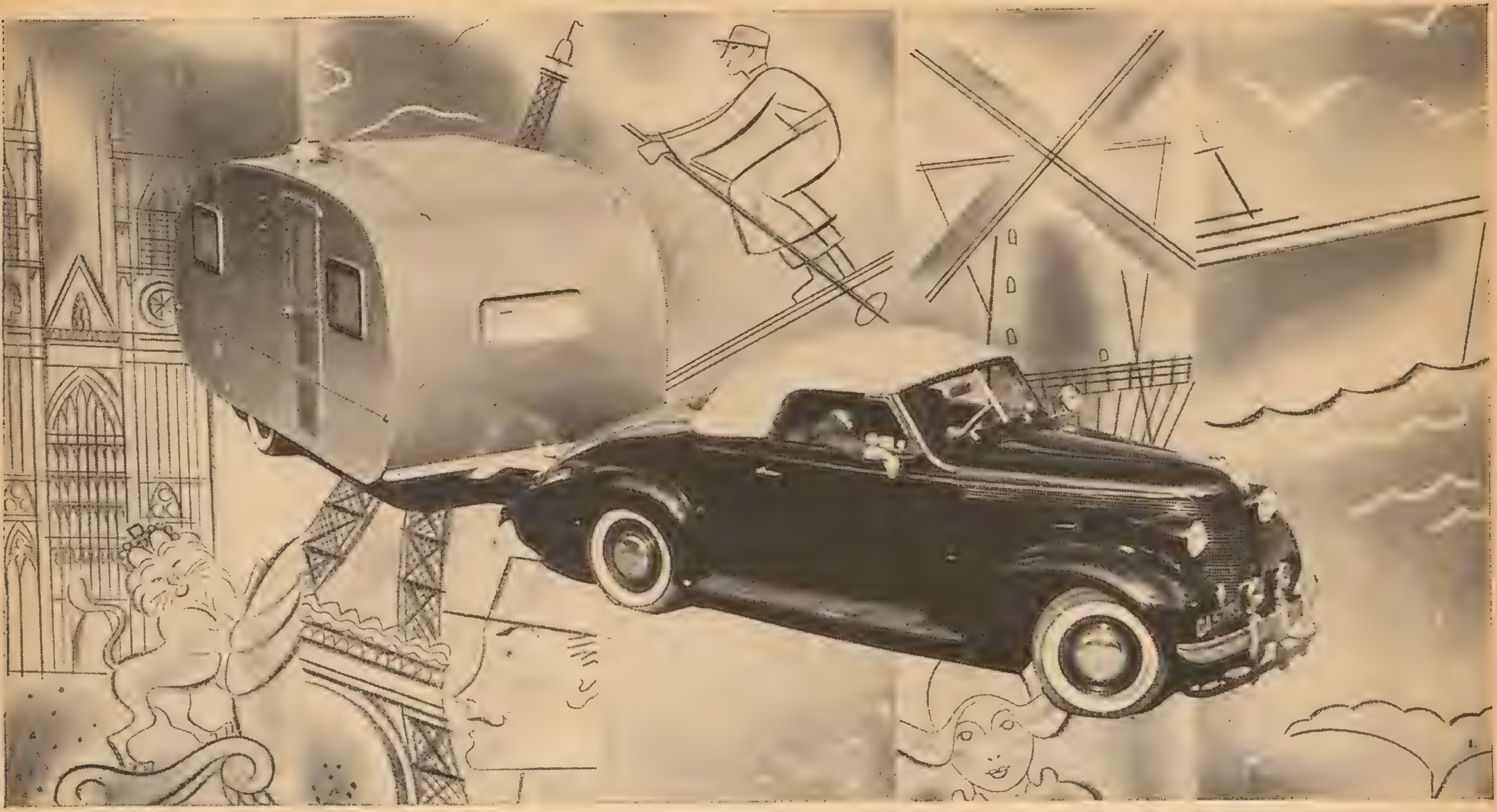
THERE is still time to enter and win one of the handsome cash prizes in Liberty's interesting game of cities. Everything you need in order to compete is right here on this page. If you can decode the name of a prominent American city in either of the above drawings, you will have taken the first step toward completing a winning entry. Each of the drawings represents a different city. When you have worked out both names to your satisfaction, write the identifications in the space provided under the drawings. Do not send your solutions now. Wait until you have the complete set of twelve at the close of the contest. Solutions sent individually will not be considered. Now, if you are just starting your entry, you have some ground to make up in order to bring it even with the field. Liberty has made this as easy as possible.

LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER

FOR the convenience of late starters in the game, reprints have been prepared for the first six drawings. In the event that you have given away or mislaid the issues of Liberty containing any or all of these puzzles, you may obtain these reprints through written request to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Write promptly, as orders received after September 3 cannot be filled.

WATCH FOR DRAWINGS 9 AND 10 NEXT WEEK!

MY ADVENTURES *Abroad* IN A TRAILER



READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The gay log of a Liberty pilgrimage to a coronation and a famous wedding

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

STAR DUST is home again. She dropped anchor one June evening at her old berth on Broadway and Sixty-eighth Street, in New York. I don't know whether she liked getting home or not. The fun we had had abroad had exceeded even *her* fondest expectation.

Seven weeks before she'd been hoisted high in the air over the forward bow of the good ship Manhattan, then slung carefully into the hold. Eight days later, landing in Plymouth, she'd been the cynosure of all eyes. Even the snappy tars from H. M. S. Renown had stopped drilling long enough to give her the double 0. Kaye Don, onetime holder of many world automobile and motorboat records, had escorted her to Winchester, and the Lord Mayor and a brass band had passed her through streets lined with cheering thousands.

One night we camped in Seaton Holiday Camp, one of England's eighty-four " caravan camps," established by individuals, with government help, to care for the growing menace of the trailer. Although it wasn't yet opened for the season, the manager graciously let us inside his high wall in return for the privilege of inspecting our de luxe rolling home. There were 1,109 cabins in this luxurious place. A cabin with bedding cost two dollars a night without food; five dollars with food.

On through Lyme Regis and other quaintly medieval south-coast-of-England towns we wove our merry way. Lunched in the Old London Inn—built in 1005 and in constant use ever since!

Drove for hours through the beautiful New Forest, one of the truly high spots of our entire trip. Passed Aldershot, a military camp which houses thousands, and on whose great plain thousands of British troops were engaged in their tattoo to their new King. Then on up through central England to Stratford-on-Avon, the town that Shakespeare made famous; and up through the narrow bustling streets of Manchester and Liverpool, where great crowds swarmed about us, exclaiming more than anything else, " Isn't it simply super! "

Into storied Scotland we bobbed, always thankful, when daylight died, for the fine, cheerful little rolling house we had to enter, its comfy beds, and the stove on which we might cook nightly for ourselves some favorite American dish.

Though there are more than 5,000 trailers (they call them caravans) in England, they are stubby, funny-looking little things. Nothing over sixteen feet long can be hauled behind a vehicle of the same length in Great Britain, so that most of the caravans average eight to ten feet. They're topheavy-looking because they're built so high off the ground, and they weigh less than 700 pounds.

But a new and fast-growing British summertime sport is the coach car on the railroads. For the sum of approximately twenty dollars a week a company similar to the Pullman Company in the United States will rent a sleeping car, consisting of compartments and baths for eight people, and place it anywhere in England. Steam heat is piped in and there are all sorts of cooking arrangements with it. If you wish to travel and visit places, you are charged ten cents a mile while in transit, and are hitched to the slower trains. Dozens of these long green cars are seen on sidings throughout the countryside.

There is nothing in the world quite like the service of the British Automobile Association. Along the highways of England it maintains 7,000 uniformed men. In one hour's time they can deliver a message or apprehend any one anywhere in England. Day and night there are thousands of roadmen on duty. There are club phone booths every five miles. If you break down, one of these roadmen will surely draw up alongside of you, find out what's the matter, phone for a repair truck or help, and charge you not over four bits. I'm sure, after sampling their service, there is no more efficient body of men in the world, save perhaps the Royal Canadian Mounties!

Fourteen miles out of London a great escort of cars met us and we rode triumphantly into that bunting-bedecked Coronation City.

We came to rest four squares from Westminster Abbey and two from Buckingham Palace, at the V-shaped corner of Vanton and Caxton streets, where, for the sum of twenty cents a night, we remained throughout the Coronation. Daily queues formed to inspect us, and 97,308 people were clocked as having passed through Star Dust during her twelve-day London stay. Among them, late one afternoon, were two darling little girls and their very sweet mother. It was some hours later that First Mate Arthur J. Thompson learned our guests were the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose and Queen Elizabeth of England! Members of Parliament, newspaper proprietors, distinguished foreign representatives, including four maharajahs, labor leaders, actresses, any one and every one came to our hearth; and each one exclaimed louder than the preceding one at the many gadgets we had within. And there were some who, with Bernard Shaw, marveled most at our in-the-floor shower bath—which the sanitation authorities of London refused to permit us to use while standing still in the streets.

Two days prior to the Coronation we gave a blowout party. We sent invitations to nearly a hundred people. More than four hundred came! London at Coronation time was full of ex-soldiers wearing war medals and going about the streets singing and playing musical instruments. We corralled two of these with an organ. The tunes were mostly wartime ditties, but it didn't prevent some of our guests from indulging in a Highland fling, and others from sprinkling talcum powder on the cobblestones and doing a Virginia reel.

May 12 it rained in torrents. This writer, with other members of the press, had to be in his seat *inside* Westminster Abbey before 5.30 A. M.; and it was past 10 P. M. before he got back to Star Dust, drenched, but happy at having witnessed the greatest pageant on earth.

Yet over it all there hovered the ghost of Edward VIII, whom destiny had deprived of at least going through the motions on this historical day.

A few hours after the King and Queen had been crowned, and the cheers of the milling millions had died down, Star Dust hove anchor and in pea-soup foggy weather sped off to Folkestone and Dover, where she dropped her mud hook right under the chalk cliffs.

On to the Townsend ferry Forde she was lifted by crane next morning, together with a French trailer, the Vagabonde, and thirty-seven automobiles.

CHILLY clear weather greeted us in France; and a swarm of French newspapermen and photographers. In fact, they so overwhelmed even the French customs authorities that they failed to remember to charge us the sixty cents a day road tax for the trailer.

Off we sped again, this time for the Belgian and Dutch borders, and came to rest that evening on the edge of one of Europe's quaintest villages—Vollendam.

In Amsterdam the presence of Star Dust just about stopped traffic. And in Utrecht it did the same. But out at Doorn, in that familiar farmyard where I have so often in the past chatted briefly with the ex-German Kaiser, it had little effect. The war lord has aged a lot since I was last there, two years ago. Now he's quite white and a bit doddery-looking. He wouldn't express his opinion on anything, good or bad, in the world, and like Greta Garbo preferred to be let alone.

We raced through Belgium, where there is no speed limit for trailers, and then spent a couple of days doing the battlefields. One night we camped at the base of a village church right in front of the barnyard of a house on whose manure heap I'd slept many weeks during service with the A. E. F. in the World War.

Paris we found the toughest city in all Europe to anchor in. There is a strict law there that trailers are not allowed within the city area. On the outskirts, thirty miles from the Eiffel Tower, are many trailer camps. In one of these we counted seventy-four caravans. The fee was less than a nickel a night! But the sanitary arrangements were too French to suit us.

We went out to Versailles, and the manager of the Trianon Palace Hotel thought our little house such an attraction that he made us an excellent proposition, with the result that we were shortly parked alongside the very same salon in which Woodrow Wilson and the world Powers signed the Peace Treaty nearly twenty years ago.

We remained here, commuting by our towing car in and out of Paris fifteen miles away, for several days, during which time, the hotel manager told us, he fed over 4,000 guests who had come to have a " look-see " at the American caravan!

While at Versailles we attended the opening of the Paris Exposition with President Lebrun of France; and we dined at the American Embassy with United States Ambassador William Bullitt, and met M. Blum, the then French Premier, M. Delbos, the Foreign Secretary, and Edouard Herriot, the former Premier.

FROM Paris we took a little trip into Austria, over a series of very narrow bumpy roads. But I think we were among the first to visit the celebrated Wasserleonburg Castle, on a Carinthian lake, property of Count Munster, where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were a few days later to honeymoon.

From near there we entered Switzerland, and crossed five passes in the Alps. Each seemed worse than the one before, for the snow had only recently been cleared from the highways, and they were narrow enough as it was. Going up through Gstad and Spiez, along the shore of lovely Lake Thun, was delightful. But a sudden furious blizzard came down on us at the 8,500-foot mark, and made life a very slippery matter going down the muddy, avalanched western slope. At Aigle we ran into a regular cloudburst, and a crackling electrical storm greeted us as we wove our way up Lake Geneva from Château de Chillon and Lausanne to Nyon beyond.

Twenty-four hours later we pulled into the farmyard back of Château Cande, near Monts. We'd been in this same farmyard ten days before, after an altercation with the press. We'd drawn up in front of the château at half past eleven one morning for an interview with Herman Rogers. A member of an opposing newspaper had vowed we'd never get in that gate. When Mr. Rogers appeared, he'd asked us to hide the trailer from the press and drive to the château at two thirty that afternoon, which we had done, and had had a chat with ex-King Edward and his Baltimore lady. But our indignant scribe from the opposition had put out a story to the contrary. There was nothing to do then but get our little house on wheels out of the way and go to it. Which we did. Now we were back again.

The wedding was supposed to take place at eleven thirty, but it didn't begin until eleven forty-seven. It was followed right afterward by the religious ceremony performed by the Rev. Robert Anderson Jardine. I haven't seen it recorded elsewhere that the château organ broke down briefly four times during the ceremony, nor that the former Wallie Simpson pressed her husband's hand and giggled when this occurred.

At 4 P. M. this correspondent was on his merry way to Le Havre. Two hundred and forty-two miles in 256 minutes over rough cobblestoned roads is quite a record. The good old Manhattan had held a loading crew until 9 P. M., and we drew up at her freight lift just four minutes before the boys would have gone home. With us we carried the first still and movie films of the famous wedding ceremony; and two very tired hombres who put in thirty-two hours of sleep before coming to.

The Atlantic was overly cold at this time of year. But Europe had been a cold place too, and Star Dust was glad to be going home to hot weather, if nothing else. All sorts of people had peeped into her since she'd gone away—royal and otherwise; and the world was a strange, different place indeed. But it had been worth it. For no other seven-weeks trip had been so much fun!

THE END

A LOVELY MEMORY LINGERS ON

Miss Harlow's unfinished picture evokes a touch of poignant sadness—Hollywood essays a masterpiece in oil

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★ SARATOGA

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, Walter Pidgeon, Una Merkel, Cliff Edwards, George Zucco, Jonathan Hale, Hattie McDaniels, Frankie Darro, Henry Stone. Original story and screen play by Anita Loos and Robert Hopkins. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 91 minutes.

IN spite of all Hollywood can do, this is macabre. Maybe you can watch the lovely unlucky Jean Harlow in her last film without being touched by her tragedy. You see her laugh, joke, wear pretty clothes, fall in love—do all these things with the vibrancy and expectancy of youth—and you know she has been dead these many weeks. Your Beverly Hills can get no enjoyment from the proceedings.

Saratoga isn't any too good as a screen drama. It was planned to show the background of horse racing in America, all the way from the raising of thoroughbreds to backstage at the famous tracks. It takes you from the breeding farms to the gay track special trains, from the betting ring to the judges' offices for a close nose-by-nose decision with the aid of slow-motion movies.

Jean Harlow plays the daughter of a Saratoga breeder who has gone ritzy and very broad-A through her romance with a young millionaire. It isn't the best role of this curiously vivid, provocative young actress. Clark Gable is a handsome, gay, none too ethical track gambler. Despite their early hatred of each other and the hovering millions, the ending is inevitable.

Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in the film interrupted by her death and finished by a double—Saratoga.

VITAL STATISTICS: On Monday, June 7, 1937, Harlean Carpenter, otherwise Jean Harlow, died, at twenty-six, in a Los Angeles hospital. She died of uremic poisoning and a troubled soul, probably chiefly of the latter. She had had a full life. Educated in public and private schools, she was not particularly brilliant at school. Success did not come quickly in movies. Playing the hard-boiled heartless gal in Hell's Angels put Jean across; being her frank, simple, direct, unaffected modern self in Red Dust cinched her for the top. Her spirit was always troubled; but, despite earning and spending or losing a fortune, she never grew high-hat, went Hollywood, refused a touch. She died comparatively poor, considering the fact she was supposed to have left a million. She earned about twice that much in her life. She never complained about her studio doings, never did a prima donna. She always looked white and delicate, luscious, doll-like; didn't care for sun-bath brown. That platinum hair made her seem unreal and I believe its phonyness began to bother her after a while. She changed to a brownette late in life, sent thousands who looked like her scrambling for the hair dye. For a time every gal in Hollywood looked and acted like her; writers wrote scripts for her; she had the world in her hip pocket. When she died she was about twelfth in box-office rating, slipping a little because of poor vehicles. She would have pulled up, however, with one goody. There was no defeating her from without—it was from within she suffered. She probably died because she'd lived about 150 years in her short twenty-six. . . . Studio contemplated scrapping Saratoga when Harlow died, but hordes of fans protested. Last two reels were rewritten so that most of the action took place outside the race track. A double was used in the rewritten spots. Her appearance was minimized; in no instance is her face seen. These were tied into scenes Miss Harlow had made—and the picture became whole, smooth. . . . Clark Gable offers rules for the perfect wife: She must be a pal and enjoy what her husband enjoys; must have a sense of humor and laugh at the right time; she mustn't complain about pipe ashes or deer corpses around the floor; she must keep a gastronomic barometer in hubby's breadbasket and give him his fave dish once a week; she must dress like a refaned clotheshoss; she must have the unnnh that catches the boys' eyes; she must sin like a saint if she must sin; she must be crazy about Clark Gable.

★★½ HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, Dorothy Lamour, Elizabeth Patterson, Raymond Walburn, Charles Bickford, Akim Tamiroff, Ben Blue, William Frawley, Alan Hale, Irving Pichel, Stanley Andrews, James Burke, Roger Imhof, Lucien Littlefield, Purnell Pratt, Edward Gargan. Original story by Oscar Hammerstein II. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 113 minutes.*

THIS romantic musical panorama of the historic oil strike of '59 in Pennsylvania has ambitious pretensions—but it falls down pretty badly. Not that a lot of money wasn't spent in this effort to recapture the spirit of Show Boat. Even the musical collaborators of that epic, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, were retained to create a masterpiece in oil.

But High, Wide and Handsome doesn't quite jell. Peter Cortlandt is a young Pennsylvania pioneer. He falls in love with the daughter of a traveling medicine-show faker, marries her, forgets her when he suddenly strikes oil and gets involved in the battle to put through a pipe line. The railroads and political crooks try to block the line—and there you have the groundwork for a study in a phase of America's development.

Unfortunately, the picture's action is slow, the motivation old-fashioned. Irene Dunne is pleasant enough as the singing and dancing star of a tiny medicine show, but Randolph Scott is not a little hammy as the leader of the embattled Allegheny farmers turned by a twist of fate into oil men. Of the cast, we like best Elizabeth Patterson as Peter Cortlandt's prim old grandmother.

VITAL STATISTICS: High, wide, and handsome production on this ran the bill up to around $2,400,000—just about all-time tops for a Hollywood show, or enough to produce all of Shakespeare for all time. . . . Oscar Hammerstein II took a year to write script on this; then, while cameras were grinding it, he rewrote it. Hammerstein II's a New Yorkie, a super-successful B'way producer, musicomedywright. At one time nineteen companies were playing five of his shows simultaneously world-wide, bringing him in about $10,000 a week. Family's theatrical. Is married to a French gal. Got $3,000 a week for this. . . . Eyeglassed Rouben (Babe) Mamoulian is Hollywood's Mystery Lover. He has whispered intimately with Dietrich, and it was about a year ago he disappeared into the desert with Garbo in a high-speed roadster. Nobody has ever discovered where they went, what happened. Rumored to marry, they failed to. . . . Irving (Dill) Pichel is a Pittsburgher; went to high school there with George Kaufman, Gil Seldes, Marc Baldy Connelly. Became a drahma critic, 47 Workshop laborer, Theatre Guilder, art-play producer, drahma lecturer before crashing movies as a hard-bitten black-souled menace.

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*Recommended for children.

MARY'S HAD A BABY

We speak so blithely about the beauty of Motherhood!

And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

Of course, through the ages, women learned to endure silently, so we take their courage for granted. But, actually, there is no need for silence.

For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain.*

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts† which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals
of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

†*functional disorders*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

. . . Jerome (Coin) Kern is bird-beaked, rich, intellectual, nervous, getting on, and given to writing classics in the popular manner. A New Yorker, he studied his notes in Germany under the eye of his mother. His hits sometimes take time to catch on, sometimes reach the tonguetip at once, make fortunes. Always aims at originality, usually grasps it. . . . Irene Dunne is a Louisville canary, wife to dental surgeon Francis Griffin. Has just adopted a fifteen-months kiddy, female variety. Irene commutes to New York, husb Griffin operating there successfully—getting patients by skill, not his famous marriage connection. Irene's sung Met opera.

★★ SUPER-SLEUTH

THE PLAYERS: Jack Oakie, Ann Sothern, Eduardo Ciannelli, Alan Bruce, Edgar Kennedy, Joan Woodbury, Bradley Page, Paul Guilfoyle, Willie Best, William Corson, Alec Craig, Richard Lane, Paul Hurst, George Rosener, Fred Kelsey, Robert E. O'Connor, Philip Morris, Dick Rush. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Ernest Pagano from a play by Harry Segall. Directed by Ben Stoloff. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 75 minutes.

FAT Bill Martin has been playing super-sleuths on the screen until, in his rotund, complacent, over-publicized conceit, he believes he is one. So, when mysterious murder threats cram the mails, Martin taunts the police and announces that he can catch the scoundrel himself. And he blunders right into the maniac.

All this is told in broad, genial comedy with considerable slapstick. Jack Oakie is amusing enough as the weighty cinema Sherlock Holmes; Ann Sothern is a pleasant publicity promoter susceptible to his hefty charms; Edgar Kennedy is the police captain with a penchant for toupees who rebels at Oakie's flip and caustic pleasantries about the turgid mentalities of our crime protectors.

VITAL STATISTICS: E. E. (Expansion of the Equator) is rapidly turning Sedalia's side-splitter Jack Fats Oakie into a loveless comedian. Fighting off the inflating midriff, Oakie has used every patent pill, bath, and reducer—found they added instead of melted away. Has reached conclusion now that if folks like Oakie they'll like lots of him—so all restraints have gone with the wind. Oakie came to Hollywood in 1927. Since then Oakie's planned to get a million laughs out of Hollywood. Has yet to be serious. Has had quite the career as a ladies' man, but finally married Venita Varden, who has sobered him down, succeeded in changing him from sweat shirts to evening shirts. . . . Eduardo Ciannelli, born in Napoli, has a doctor's degree, has yet to practice. Fought in the Big War; emigrated to America to marry an American queen—the sort he'd seen on the screen. Married a non-screen beauty. His singing voice changed and disappeared. He took up hamming, became a clever characterizer, thanks to a facile box of make-up tricks.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth.

★★★½—They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue.

★★★—Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light.

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

A WOMAN who takes her husband shopping with her usually buys becoming clothes. He sides with the saleslady, and together they gently steer the wife to suitable selections. . . . Society women are the earliest of morning shoppers at department stores. They are almost the only women who go shopping before eleven o'clock. . . . Women of the younger set will run all over town for novel notions; therefore they are hardest and costliest to keep as steady customers. . . .

This information comes from a talk I had the other day with Dorothy Shaver, first vice-president of the Lord & Taylor store in New York, one of the highest salaried women executives in our business world. Here are her answers to questions I asked:

"Yes," she said, "it's a good idea for a woman executive to have a man secretary. They help us moderate our enthusiasms. Many a young man could learn the retail business by taking a job as secretary to a woman executive; but few young men are willing to work for a feminine boss. . . .

"No," she said, "a pretty face doesn't count for much when I employ a girl. Style, grooming, manners, and alertness count for more. . . .

"Yes," said Miss Shaver, "I believe that a certain amount of luck, plus hard work, formulate the secret of business success for women as well as for men. . . . No," said Miss Shaver, "I don't think we business women should renounce our faith in superstition. I always knock on wood at directors' meetings. It makes the men feel superior—and that's how they love to feel."

Born in Arkansas, educated at the University of Chicago, Dorothy Shaver came to New York eleven years ago with her artistic sister. They put over a set of novelty dolls called *the Little Shavers.* Little Shaver dolls were taken up by Lord & Taylor. So was Dorothy. The dolls lasted a year or so. Dorothy is still going strong.

DOROTHY SHAVER

● Newsreel distributors tell me they now rate Queen Mary of England among the ten "most interesting picture personalities" in the world. Somehow she has developed what they call "close-up personality." They say her son Edward used to have it, but has it no longer. American audiences now prefer his ma. A new lens, by the way, is being designed to avoid the recurrence of anything like those terrible wedding close-ups of Wallis and the Duke.

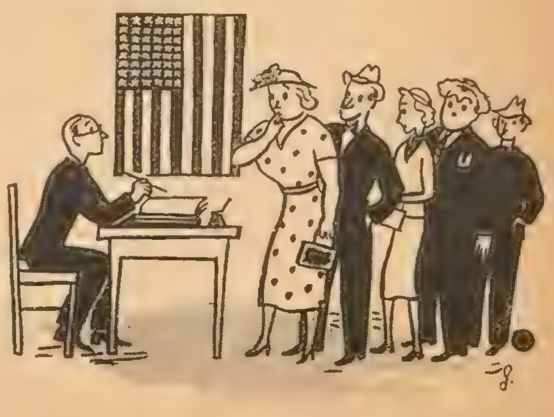
● First furnace heat of autumn may dry your furniture too quickly, may warp and injure it if you don't take care. . . . Experts tell me the varnished surfaces outside should first be washed with soap and water, then thoroughly rubbed with lemon oil or crude petroleum oil. . . . Rub unvarnished surfaces, insides of drawers, etc., with a little of the same oil. . . . Put a few drops of fine machine oil on the hinges, locks, and other hardware.

● True story of how a cat reformed a dog: The dog belongs to the wife of a man I know. It's a big dog, and until lately it was a bad dog. Growled at children, bit the milkman, ate little chickens, killed a neighbor's fancy rabbits (which had to be paid for at ten dollars apiece). Not a nice dog, yet the lady loved it, and couldn't or wouldn't correct its unsociable ways. Her husband used to take it for walks and throw stones at it in hopes it might run away for good; but it never did. Well, on one of their walks the bad dog attacked a peaceful-looking tabby cat. Although mild in appearance, she was not too proud to fight. She took the dog by complete surprise, nearly tore his nose off, sent him yowling home on the run. Since then he has been a perfect pet, a kind friend to kids, chickens, milkmen, and fancy rabbits. He takes no more chances getting tough with creatures that *seem* harmless. I wish that cat could impart the same wisdom to certain war-minded men.

● Traditional privilege of keeping our real age a secret is being defended by the Republican Party in one county of Pennsylvania. Republicans say they will take the issue to court if women voters are forced to tell their age more definitely than "over twenty-one." Investigating, I find the law varies in different states. Object of the law is to prevent voting by under-age daughters and sons whose names are the same as those of their mothers or fathers. In some states, if we don't want to admit our real age, we are obliged to say we're over thirty. O. K. by me. Many of us, I'm sure, will be glad to let it go at that.

● Clever book about *doodles*, those soul-revealing scrawls we draw while phoning or pondering . . . Everybody's Pixillated . . . by Russell M. Arundel. . . . (Published by Little, Brown & Co.)

● Spanish salad—shrimps, rice, and pimento—makes an excellent Sunday-night supper this time of year. . . . Chop 1 pound cooked shrimps and combine with 1 cup cold cooked rice, 1 small can pimentos (drained and shredded), 2 boned anchovies finely chopped, 4 tablespoons French dressing. (Use very little salt in the dressing.) Mix the salad well. Arrange it on a flat platter. Surround with black olives and little bundles of cold cooked asparagus crossed by narrow ribbons of pimento.



Vox Pop

How Do You Like This Five-Year Prosperity Plan?

STOCKTON, CALIF.—As a small business man, I feel as helpless in the present-day political and labor crisis as a man driving an automobile on a slippery pavement who has suddenly applied the brakes, starts skidding, and hopes for a happy landing.

That is the position, in my opinion, that business is in today; and being an ardent booster and reader of Mr. Macfadden's editorials every week in Liberty, I am wondering if I have suggested anything in the attached plan that is worthy of consideration, or if it is just another crazy plan.

A FIVE-YEAR PROSPERITY PLAN

1. Enact a five-year prosperity bill prohibiting strikes or lockouts anywhere in the United States for a period of five years.
2. Prohibit coercion, intimidation, or in any way forcing employees or employers to join any organization against their will, or bringing any kind of pressure to bear that will cause them to " will " to join.
3. Appoint, or have each state appoint, two men—one from labor, to be a conservative and fair labor man by reputation, to be chosen by labor; and one from employers, of the same type, chosen by employers; these two to select a third man. All labor disputes, contracts, and agreements to be decided by this board for their state.
4. A national board of five men, to be appointed, two by labor and two by employers, and these four men to select the fifth, they to sit as a supreme board and decide or pass on decisions of any state board in case a state decision is reached that is not satisfactory to any labor or employer group.
5. Both labor and capital to proceed at once to clean house and get their respective houses in order.
6. No man on any board to be active in politics at this time or in the past five years.
7. On the employees' side, men to be selected that are fair and well balanced —shall not be teacher or preacher, but selected from the conservative ranks of labor.
8. On the employers' side, men to be selected that have builded business, that have come up through the ranks, and whose business is free from labor disturbances.
9. To be enforced by the armed forces of the United States if and where necessary.—*W. S. Kendall.*

SOME NURSES DO SCRUB FLOORS!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I am a regular reader of Liberty and especially enjoy Vox Pop. I have never contributed to its pages before, but feel inclined to do so after reading M. W.'s comment (July 24) regarding nurses scrubbing hospital floors. It is quite evident that M. W. is from the South. I was practically raised in a hospital in the Northwest and have two sisters who are nurses, so I also feel that I know a little about hospitals and nurses.

However, the point I want to express is that I have seen a great many nurses scrubbing and doing cleaning in hospitals and have done a great deal of the same myself. I certainly do not think there is anything disgraceful in it, either. I am enjoying Mr. Vanderbilt's story, Family Scandal, very much.—*E. O'D.*

GIVE US A ROYAL REST

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please, please give us a rest from the English royal family! I am sure most of your readers are sick of them. Outside of a few snobs, social climbers, and nitwits, nobody cares anything about them, and the attempts to build up the very ordinary child Elizabeth are silly beyond words. What she said to the former Mrs. Simpson shows her to be an ill-bred brat.

My husband said, "I should like the opportunity of applying a hairbrush to the part of her anatomy where it would do the most good. She would not sit down for a week." That is the reaction of all true Americans to these disgusting articles licking the boots of foreigners, and apparently written by foreigners—in this case, by the Princess Radziwill.—*Evelyn Gregory.*

"THERE IS MORE IN HEAVEN AND EARTH, HORATIO—"

CLEARFIELD, UTAH—There you go, printing those silly letters again just because some *person* doesn't know the first thing about the machine age!

In July 17 Vox Pop a letter from one Horatio appeared with this question: "If a girl with a comptometer can add up three times as many columns as the best bookkeeper, shouldn't she get paid three times as much?" The machine does the work, not the girl. And the money which is saved by the comptometer merely stays in circulation.

I sincerely hope Liberty will take more care in publicizing the ever interesting Vox Pop in the future.—*W. L. Brown.*

THAT CRACK ABOUT BELLHOPS

BRIGANTINE BEACH, N. J.—Have been a reader and admirer of Liberty for several years, and naturally have appreciated Vox Pop; but until now I have never written to your column, being contented to read it.

But C. C. L.'s crack about bellhops in your July 17 issue is too much. He calls us (for I'm a former bellhop) parasites. But does Mr. C. C. L. know that most bellhops get a salary of from nine to fifteen dollars a week; that their expenses are high, as they must always be clean-shaven, neat, wear fresh shirt and collar, etc., and; since they are on their feet so much, must wear the best of shoes (which are expensive) and buy new ones quite often; and that for every twenty-five out " front " they get they run four or five house calls for clerks, auditors, secretaries, operators, and guests who say, " Get my laundry out of room number so-and-so," and walk out?

So just ask Mr. C. C. L. to remember that we " parasites " usually run about five or six errands for the dime that he so magnificently flips to us instead of the one that he happens to know about.—*Alan Wilder.*

RATS!

SHEFFIELD, IA.—The Twenty Questions in June 26 Liberty were most interesting until I came to No. 14, about the rats decreasing, and how many remain.

The answer, " About 123 millions," is just as screwy as the question, unless this is based on a personal interview you have had with the Pied Piper of Hamelin; and even then, so many millions are born before you can wink your eye, you should have stated the exact date, hour, and minute of the taking of the rat census.

Since you state the rat population is decreasing, it would be interesting to know if this is due to birth control, high price of grain, or whatnot.

I wonder if you would be good enough to tell us how many flies we have this summer? Oh, rats!—*A. H. Reetz.*

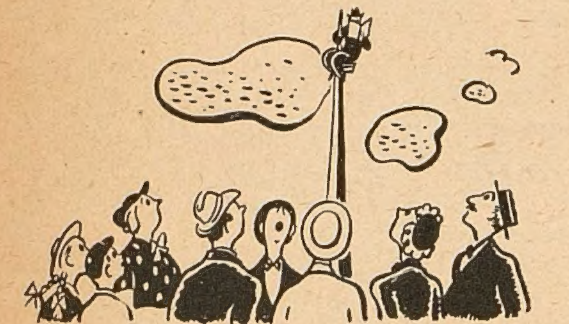
REASON TO BE LANDSICK

MARTINSVILLE, VA.—I notice, in July 17 Liberty's It Happened In column, that there is a Charleston, *North* Carolina. No wonder that the sailor referred to was landsick, because moving a community like that would more than likely upset most of us.—*T. Ashton Williams.*

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A FLAGPOLE SITTER?

SAVANNAH, GA.—Attention, E. L. E. M. (July 17 Vox Pop): Would you like to be a flagpole sitter? No? Well, I didn't think you would. I am very much afraid that this old world would be an airtight little hell (as Mr. Vanderbilt would express it) if we all had E. L. E. M.'s taste in reading. Of course, every one is entitled to his own opinion. But some have better sense than to shout it.

As for me, I congratulate Mr. Vanderbilt.—*H. S.*



IF CHRIST WENT TO BERLIN

TAMPA, FLA.—The Rev. Dr. Sheldon might give Liberty readers a very highly interesting article on the reception Jesus would receive on a visit to Berlin. Would Hitler receive Him as an emissary from another world come to restore peace and love on earth among men, or would he apply the ax?

I feel that such an article from the facile pen of Dr. Sheldon would create a greater demand for copies of Liberty than you could supply. To say the least, it would be a unique and interesting piece of journalism.—*Samuel Borchardt.*

HAMPSTEAD, N. H.—Rev. C. M. Sheldon, in If Christ Came, makes it rosy for Jesus in Washington. But if the Saviour didn't make Himself clear regarding hypocrites in high places with sweet political jobs—and smiles—Dr. Sheldon's Testament and mine aren't the same.—*C. Grover Flint.*

IT GOT BY

LANCASTER, PA.—Hearty appreciation for Mr. Macfadden's editorial labors in support of constitutional liberty, now so clearly menaced by the occupant of the White House.

If this post card gets past Jim Farley's and John Lewis' censors, please notify me!

It is a test piece!—*J. J. Bowman.*

WRONG WORD IN SPITE OF ALL ADJECTIVES

CHICAGO, ILL.—With all your adjectives, Miss Girl at the Adams Hotel (July 17 Vox Pop), you have used the wrong word in the most important connection. You say: "But he [Edward] is being degraded in every way they can think of because she is an American." The word American is entirely out of place and it should read "because she is *divorced.*" Why do you want to distort and sidetrack the honest facts in that case?—*Lois H.*

F. D. R. IS A BALLOON

BOSTON, MASS.—F. D. R. is a balloon that took off on time, soared to an altitude never before reached. Rising on the tide of his own inflation, he is holding his record height because he cannot come down. He bought a one-way ticket. He has thrown out all of the ballast long since and is now high and dry.

He had better stay up, because it won't do any good to "drop in" on the old mortgaged farm now—it has been sold for taxes.—*D. Deeds.*

ATTORNEY ANSWERS ALLHOFF FREE OF CHARGE

HOUSTON, TEX.—Fred Allhoff says: "I'd still like to know why Addie Sheatsley choked—and the guinea pigs didn't." (July 17 Liberty.)

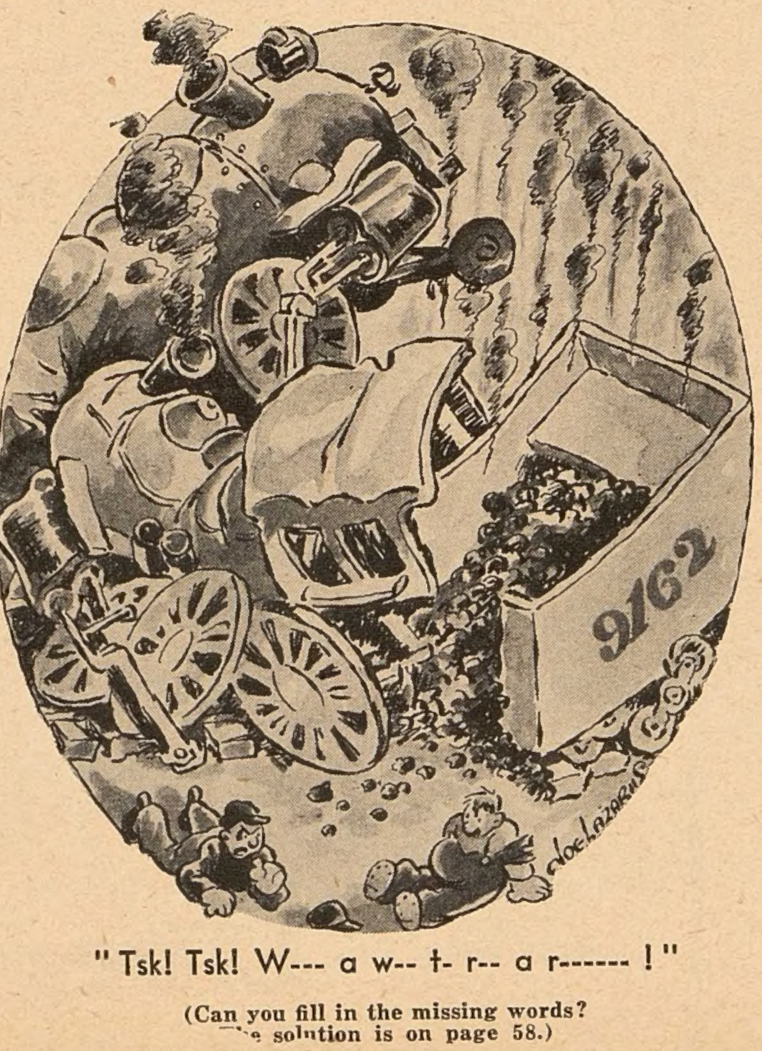
The answer is: Addie Sheatsley held her breath; the guinea pigs didn't.

A human could have that much thought and will power—a guinea pig could not.

Women with depressive insanity do very unusual things. We once knew one that would hold her breath until she became semiconscious. This woman in the same condition could have done the same.

Because I am so interested, I will not charge Mr. Allhoff a fee this time, but if he asks any more foolish questions, I will.—*G. H. Cavanagh, Attorney.*

FILL-IN STATION



"Tsk! Tsk! W--- a w-- t- r-- a r------ !"

(Can you fill in the missing words? The solution is on page 58.)

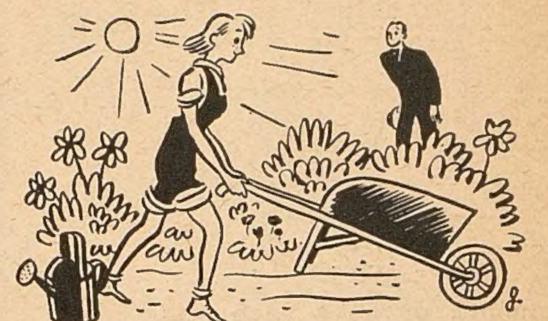
AGREES WITH POPE ON GIRLS

RAYMOND, ILL.—When I met the girl she seemed quite feminine and even girlish. Later, after things had gone a long way with us, I drove over to her home town to see her. It was a hot day and the lady had been out in the garden. Her legs were bare to the knees and all sunburned. Even the hair on her head looked as if the sun had scorched it. She looked like a farm girl who was not taking very good care of herself. A short time after that I saw the girl go through the contortions of bowling. It was then all my enthusiasm waned.

Result—I now have another girl and will marry her in two months.

A short time ago I read that the Pope of Rome voiced his objection to some vigorous activities for girls. I agree.

I would like to know if other voxpopping young men feel as I do. I think a lot of girls are ruining their appeal by overdoing things. I like tomboys when they are around fifteen years old, but when it comes to young women, I prefer them effeminate.—*Dr. Carl.*



A CLASSIC MACFADDEN PHRASE

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A persistent reader of Liberty for many years, I have enjoyed most thoroughly the outstanding editorials of Bernarr Macfadden appearing regularly.

In the July 10 issue, Shall We Throw Away our Priceless Heritage? is especially fine, carrying this classic: "Wealth, regardless of its nature, is not really owned by individuals. They control it while they live. They cannot take it to the grave."—*I. R. Burton.*

LAUGHED AND LAUGHED!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I don't know what is the matter with me today; maybe it is my funny bone working overtime, but I think the July 17 issue of Liberty is funnier than anything on the stands this week.

First, I howled at the cover; I can well imagine the feelings of the cop as he gives the dog-eye to that drill. Then Kropotkin's mention of fig trees instead of hydrants for nervous pooches—oh-o-oh, my insides, what a laugh! And the pay-off was Walter Brooks' Shake Well Before Taking. Such a refreshing story!

I just had to tell you how much I enjoyed this Liberty. I laughed and laughed—in fact, I feel another one coming on.—*Edna McKean.*

Two-Minute Stories

☆

DUVAL IS THE NAME

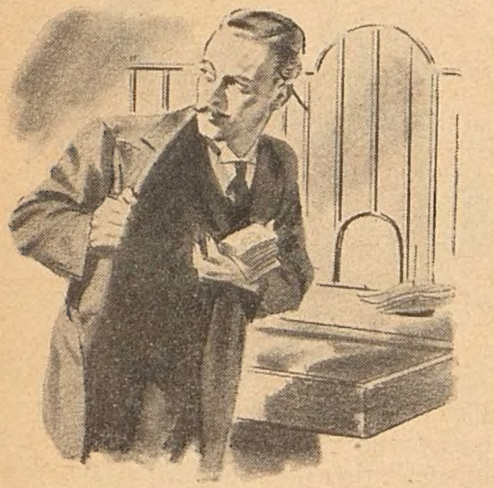
I FORGET who told me this story. A Frenchman, I suppose. For it deals with another Frenchman, Leroux by name, a bank teller in the city of Lyons.

The large sums which he handled tempted him. He decided to help himself, though he knew he would be found out. So he consulted a lawyer, inquiring casually what would be the punishment for a man who stole—let us say—two hundred thousand francs of bank funds.

"Four years," was the reply; and four years was the sentence when Leroux was brought to trial and confessed.

He went to jail—but did not worry. For after the theft he had gone to Paris and given the money, wrapped and sealed, to a notary public, using the name George Duval and asking the other to keep the little package for whatever length of time he might be gone. And he had smiled to himself, reflecting that a life of wealth and ease was well worth four years in prison.

So the prison term passed, and Leroux went to Paris, called on the notary, and said: "Four years ago I left a small package with you. May I have it?"



"Of course. What name, please?" . . .

Then suddenly Leroux turned pale. Why—*mon Dieu!*—he had forgotten the name he had given such a long time back. He cudgeled his brain; could not recall.

"Let me have the package! Let me have it! It's vital!"

He begged, implored. But the notary shook his head.

"So many clients," he explained, "entrust us with their valuables. I cannot recall them all. But—surely—you know your own name . . ."

Leroux collected himself.

"A temporary slip of memory. I have been very ill. I shall return." . . .

He went for a walk. He tried to remember; tried and tried—unsuccessfully. Then despair came to him. Four years in jail—for nothing! And all at once, crossing a bridge, he decided to end it all. He jumped into the Seine. And, just as the waters closed above his head, he exclaimed in choking accents:

"Why—I know! Duval is the name! George Duval!"—*Achmed Abdullah.*

THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

Answer to Fill-in Station Cartoon on Page 57

"Tsk! Tsk! What a way to run a railway!"

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental — a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY HAROLD ANDERSON

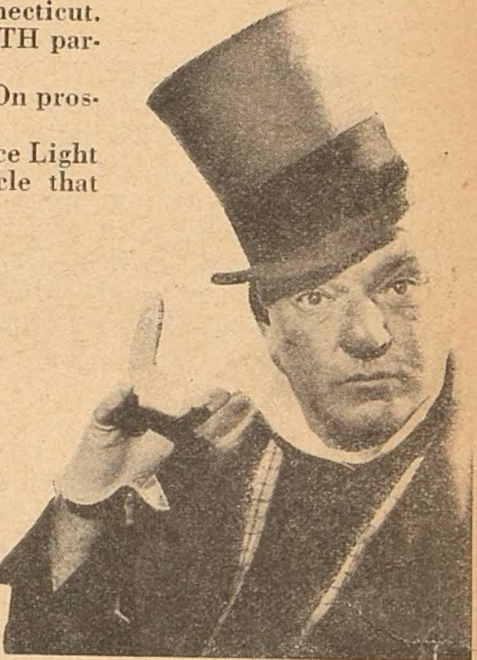
FOOLS IN LOVE

How Marriage Health Insurance Is Working

Until 1935 any couple could get married in Connecticut. Now the state requires doctors' certificates that BOTH parties are free from venereal disease.

What is the effect of this on reckless marriages? On prospects of happiness—and healthy children?

A vitally important article on this situation by Alice Light will appear in Liberty next Wednesday—an article that should be read by every parent in the country!



BRIGHT DANGER

By MAX BRAND

A chance meeting in a New York shooting gallery with a young man whose eyes were dark with fear, and Robert Hamilton was plunged into a black cloud of sinister mystery.

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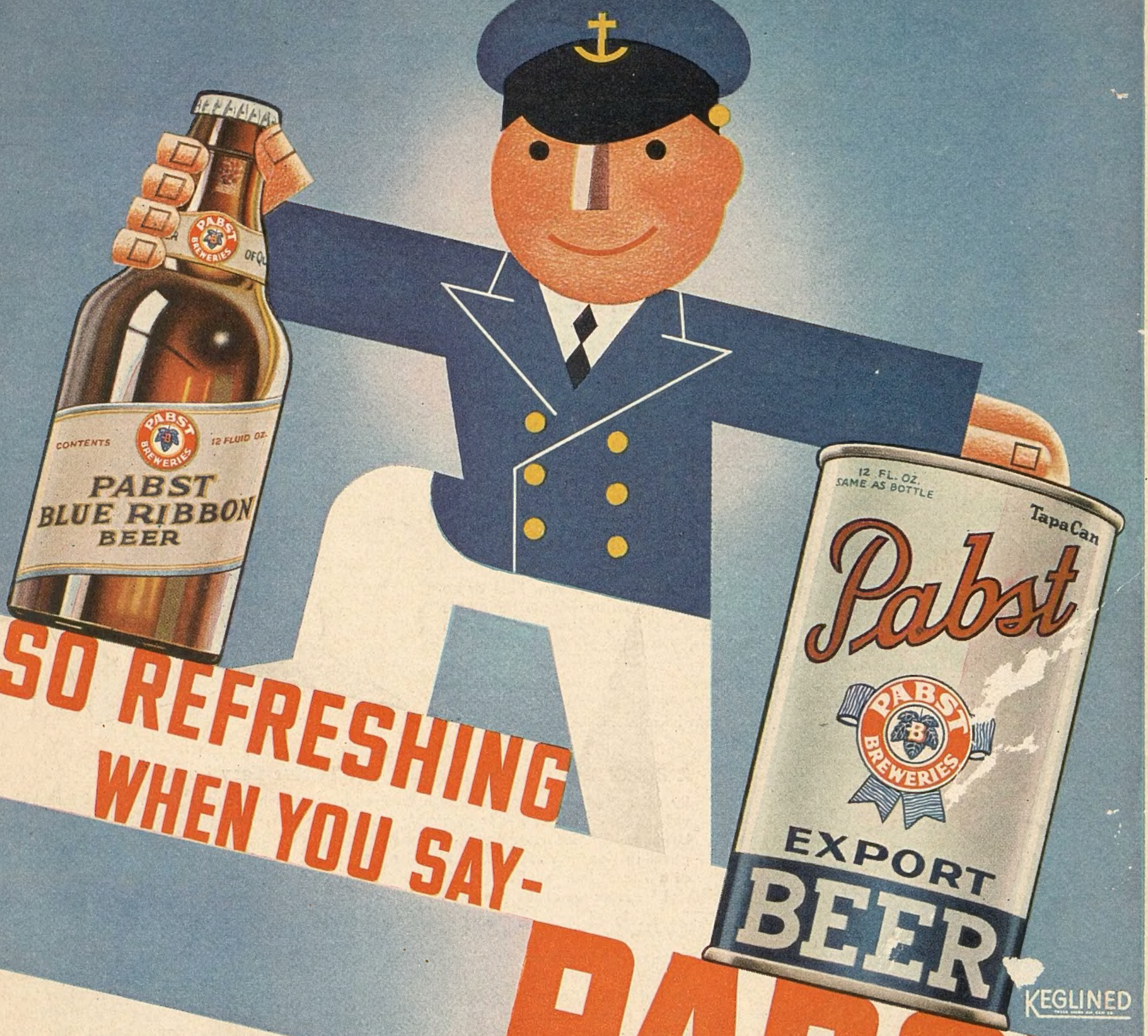
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